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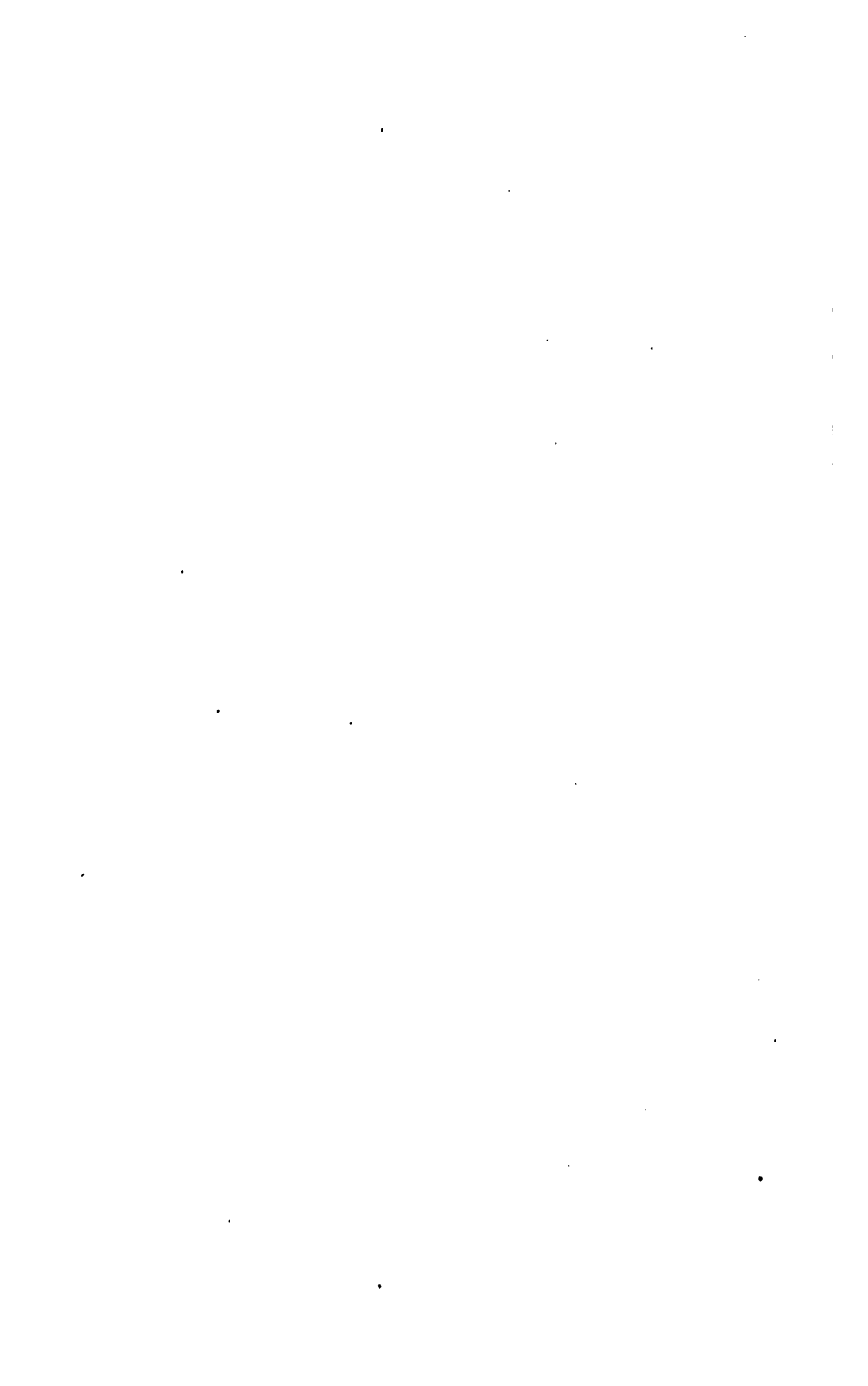
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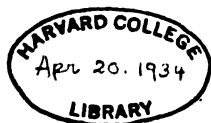
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THE
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EDUCATION. *Shaw's*

OUR subject may seem to the reader a commonplace and well-nigh exhausted one, and may prompt him to turn our pages rapidly in search of more novel and more entertaining matter. We, nevertheless, presume to invite his patient attention while we present a few considerations in connection with this subject.

We desire to consider it from a student's point of view, — although not restricting ourselves to this, — feeling that many of the defects in the modern educational systems are due to a neglect to recognize that there are these two views of education, the teacher's and the student's. It will be well to explain what we understand by these terms. By the teacher's view, we mean the theory of education as propounded by instructors and school committees, and as practically carried out in the educational institutions of the present day. By the student's view, we mean that knowledge of the inadequacy of a large part of modern education to really satisfy an earnest mind, which is gained by the student who possesses a decided aim in his pursuit of study, and who not only studies, but also thinks.

It may seem as presumptuous for one who occupies the position of a learner to attempt to advise in regard to the

proper course to be pursued by his instructors, as it would be for a soldier to dictate the particular drill to which he should be subjected. The cases, however, bear no real analogy.

The student pursues a course of study, and avails himself of educational advantages, with a view to his own improvement simply ; and it follows, therefore, that he has a just claim to be instructed in the way which shall best further his object, and that also the teacher is bound to consult the interests of the student, and to shape his instruction accordingly. But to this point we shall again refer, as we advance in this investigation.

In treating this subject we shall confine our thoughts to the two prominent questions connected with it, namely, the true object of education, and the ways in which that object may be best attained.

Education should be synonymous with intellectual growth. To say that one is an educated man, should be equivalent to saying that he is a man whose powers of mind have been strengthened by a liberal culture, whose perception of truth has been quickened and refined, and — what is more important than either of these — whose thoughts are his own. One who writes A. B. after his name, but whose mind cannot grasp a subject of prominent interest, and determine in regard to its merits, without depending upon some other mind, is a disgrace to the triennial catalogue of any college.

Education also should be such a development of the mind as will lead to active effort. A man is not truly educated who has merely acquired a large amount of learning. He may bury himself in his library, and gain thereby a reputation for diligence and application, or he may flash out on society and be hailed as a brilliant genius ; but his diligence may be only in acquiring a mass of knowledge which shall lie forever useless, and his brilliancy may be only the surface-glitter, where there is no depth. True education is a

mighty power, by which vigorous thoughts are generated, new ideas disseminated, and one mind made the medium of influencing a multitude of others. The noblest life which an earnest man can lead is one of labor for the improvement and elevation of his fellows. It finds its pattern in the sublime life of Him who left the glory which he had with the Father before the world was, to visit for mercy and redemption the lost sons of men. It is for the education which will prepare him for such a life that the student should strive; if he does not, it will be better for him and for mankind that he leave his books for the spade, and the recitation room for the field; for in the halls of learning he is but usurping the place of some noble man.

This view of education leads naturally to the consideration that, in the case of each individual, the plan of study and the system of instruction should be adopted with a view to his occupying, in the future, some definite position.

We hold it to be a cardinal principle, in the organization of mankind, that each individual is created with a nature which especially adapts him for some particular pursuit in life.

The workings of this special endowment are visible in very childhood. The young Newton carves sun-dials upon the walls of the manor-house at Woolsthorpe; Goethe spends in contemplation and romantic imaginings the hours which his companions devote to play. This predilection for particular studies or employments, if encouraged and yielded to, ripens into a strong devotion to them as the child advances toward manhood. In this peculiar constitution of the young mind we find, as it were, the raw material from which the permanent character of the individual is to be wrought. What is necessary in the earlier years of life is, that the employment of the faculties should be directed toward the good and away from the evil; that perversion of them should be checked, and every good use of them encouraged. It is at this period that the elementary branches

should be learned, and, as it is called, a "good common-school education" obtained.

When, however, the time arrives at which his study must take a wider range, the utmost care should be exercised that the course of instruction shall be such as will best further the growth of the student's mind in its natural direction. Especially is this necessary in the case of a contemplated college course. The duty of fixing upon some decided aim in study devolves, of course, upon the student himself. If he is old enough to enter college, he is old enough to have determined upon the employment which shall be the business of his life. Any one who enters and passes through college without some definite purpose, loses very much that would otherwise turn to his profit. And when the student has once settled his plan of life, he should hold it as the grand central point toward which every effort that he makes should hasten him.

Unforeseen circumstances may, it must be admitted, modify this plan, or entirely prevent its accomplishment; but, other than these, no obstacles should be allowed to dishearten him, no weariness or fickleness to make him waver. "For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed."

The objection may be brought against our theory of education, that, if carried out, it would result in the training of men of one idea,—men who should be perfect masters of some particular study, but whose minds should have no broad intellectual basis. It is true that a distortion of our idea, and a misapplication of the principle, might lead to such a result; but this could not follow any legitimate application. The point for which we are arguing is this, that in the plan of instruction for each individual one particular object should be provided for; that those studies and means of culture which will most exactly lead to the accomplishment of this object should have the chief prominence, and that other branches of study should occupy subordinate positions.

An education of such a character would give a young man an intellectual capital which would be inexhaustible, and would be an adequate preparation for a life such as we have taken as the standard.

The great and important question now arises, How shall such an education be obtained? That it is unprovided for in the present educational systems is obvious, and needs no proof. That a large proportion of those sent forth from the various colleges of our own and of other lands sink into comparative obscurity within a few years after graduation, is equally well known. That the most brilliant students frequently make the most commonplace men, is a statement which is often reiterated, and which is never disproved.

The existence of such facts argues some radical defect in the system of education.

True, this system is more perfect than that of a century ago. Granted, that by the progress of science and of literature the course of study has been made more attractive, at the same time that it has become more sensible; admitted, that the aids to research and investigation have been multiplied to a wonderful extent; still, we can but feel that there is an almost limitless improvement yet to be attained.

The directions in which this improvement might be sought are various, and of various degrees of importance. Those we now shall mention are the ones which have been most forcibly suggested in thinking upon this subject, and are presented, not with any undue confidence in the correctness of our views, but in pursuance of our design to consider this subject from a student's point of view.

It is absolutely necessary, in order that study should secure to the full its proper result, that it should be accompanied by an intense enthusiasm on the part of the student. A man whose heart is in his work will accomplish ten times the amount of study which a merely mechanical student would in the same time, and what he does will have the additional merit of being thoroughly done. And no-

where is thoroughness more required than in exertions made to acquire knowledge. One fact completely conquered and brought home to be a servant ever after, is worth more than a thousand left wounded upon the intellectual battle-field.

In order that this necessary enthusiasm may be insured, it seems to us the first, and perhaps most important requisite, that in the case of every student of even moderate intelligence the selection of studies should be left to himself. He knows his own peculiar mental characteristics; he appreciates his own feelings; he has his own tastes and distastes. He has also an object to be accomplished. He cannot fail to perceive that it will be most advantageous to him to select such a course as will arouse his mind to most vigorous action, and will strengthen and establish his intellectual powers.

Aided by the advice of experienced instructors, his choice may be made most judiciously. Then, when he has entered upon the course of study, he will take every step with the feeling that it is bringing him nearer his goal.

Every fact learned, every theory comprehended, every principle established, he will receive as a rich treasure. Every extra study that can be undertaken, every opportunity for collateral reading that can be embraced, without interfering with the pursuance of his regular course, he will welcome as a valuable aid to his preparation for his life-work. Superficiality will be incompatible with his enthusiasm; and when he has completed this course of study, he will be really an educated man.

This result is not secured, except in rare instances, under our present educational systems. This is not well. It is not enough that this result is possibly attainable in a few cases; it should be positively attainable in all. Many young men enter college feeling that their minds have not as yet been fully aroused, but conscious that in them lie the germs of future power. They expect that by the stimulus which shall there be applied these germs will be excited to vigor-

ous growth, and that the power for which they are desirous will thus become theirs. They are willing to work with their might, realizing that they are, perhaps, neither brilliant nor even quick to learn, but desirous to compensate for this lack by faithful efforts. If they were to be allowed to pursue the studies of their own choice, their resolutions would be fulfilled, and they would at length take honorable positions as men of intellect and culture. As things are, however, immediately upon their entering college the attention of these students is directed to a number of widely different subjects. The result is that they either overwork themselves in the attempt to attain thoroughness in every department, or devote themselves to those studies which are congenial to the neglect of others, and thereby incur the censure of their instructors.

In the first instance, a permanently enfeebled constitution is the almost invariable consequence ; in the other, the consciousness that their conduct is not approved drives them into a settled indifference, from which it is almost hopeless to attempt to arouse them. They perhaps pass mechanically over their college course, and obtain a degree at the end, but soon move out of sight ; and the power which under proper training they might have exerted for the amelioration of mankind is forever lost.

Another hindrance to the attainment of the great end of education is found in the present class-system. The position of the student in his class has now no necessary relation to the amount of labor which he does, nor to his faithfulness in effort. A man who has a retentive memory and a facility of expression can learn a given amount of matter and recite it with such brilliancy as to gain the applause of his instructors ; while another, whose natural advantages are not so great, although his aims may be much higher and his diligence far greater, fails to obtain a similar approval and an honorable place in his class.

If the present standard of rank could be exchanged for

one based upon the real merits of the individual as a student, and not as a reciter, toiling merit would then receive its just reward, although many a brilliant college reputation would

“dissolve ;
And, like an insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.”

The last consideration which we shall offer in connection with this subject is this,—that ample time should be allowed, in all programmes of study, for extra and voluntary work. The student should never be made to feel that he is over-worked. He should rather feel that he is under-worked. If he be such a student as we have been considering, this will prove a stimulus rather than a hindrance to his progress. The idea that students, in an academy, or in college, must be continually pressed with work in order to prevent their engaging in disorderly and disreputable pursuits, is not, we believe, correct in reference to more than a small minority. We cannot admit for a moment the feeling that the large classes in our colleges are composed of men who, if not held in with bit and bridle, would run into extravagance and folly, to the neglect of their intellectual interests. Is it not, on the contrary, this undue and ever increasing demand upon their powers which prompts many of them, whenever a moment's release is obtained, to rush to such fearful extremes? This question is, at least, worthy of serious consideration.

The principal advantage, however, which would accrue to the student from this allowance of extra time, would appear in the increased interest with which he would attend to his studies. If he were encouraged by his instructors to devote a portion of his leisure to reading or original research in connection with his studies, and could look upon this extra labor, not as a task, but as a recreation, he would come to it voluntarily, and, by engaging in it only so long as it was not wearisome, gain permanent benefit. Ample time being

allowed him in which to examine into the soundness of the theories advanced in his text-books, and to confirm or disprove them by experiment, or by examination of other authorities, he could come to definite decisions in his own mind. In this way each study would be mastered, and all that he learned would add to the vigor and power of his intellect.

We might prolong this investigation : the great subject of Education opens still broadly before us, and we have as yet entered but its borders. Many considerations, however, forbid our continuance. The reader may think our ideas unpractical and visionary ; we know that they are crude, as yet, and have been but poorly exhibited here ; they are, however, sincere. We leave them with his candor and indulgence.

For ourselves, we are looking hopefully forward to the time when the mutual relations and interests of the instructor and the student shall be recognized in all their importance ; when the instructor shall realize that his mission is not to be merely the student's overseer and taskmaster, but to be his friend and confidant in his search after knowledge ; and when the student shall cordially accept this friendship and reciprocate this confidence. That this pleasant relation may be fully secured, one element is essential in their intercourse, and that is a mutual sense of responsibility to God. This element is only attainable when into both souls is infused the spirit of the Gospel of Christ, and the instructor is interested that the student may be fitted intellectually and spiritually to answer by an earnest life the call of Him who says to us all, " Go work, to-day, in my vineyard."

HORACE MANN. *Stetson '61*

On the second day of August last this distinguished philanthropist, scholar, and statesman bade a final adieu to this scene of his long-protracted and most successful labors. Since that date the voice of eulogy which has gone forth from the press throughout the country has betokened the general appreciation of his exertions for the public good, which exists among the people to whose interests he so faithfully devoted his life. As one who enjoyed for a year the rare privilege of his personal acquaintance, and for several weeks the hospitality of his household, the writer desires to add his humble tribute of respect, however unworthy and imperfect, to the memory of the illustrious dead.

It is not my purpose to attempt a biographic outline of the life of Mr. Mann, but simply to give my own impressions of him, derived from observation five years ago, and briefly to refer to what seem the more salient points in his character.

The personal appearance of Mr. Mann was very striking. He was tall, slender, and erect, with a classic face and forehead. His noble brow was crowned with hair of that peculiar whiteness which indicates the premature bleaching of care and mental toil. His motions were active and energetic, his deportment graceful and dignified. A marked feature in his appearance was a singular transparency of complexion, with none of the sallowness which advancing years so often substitute for the ruddy bloom of youth, and which early dissipation does so much to hasten. To quote his own language, as applied to another: "His fair complexion showed that his blood had never been corrupted; his pure breath, that he had never yielded his digestive apparatus for a vintner's cesspool; his exact language and keen apprehension, that his brain had never been drugged or stupefied by the poisons of the distiller or tobacconist."

He was exceedingly ready as a conversationalist. His

mind was apparently full to overflowing of every variety of knowledge, and not confined to books. In the rapidly flowing stream of his conversation, abounding with anecdote and illustration, and often sparkling with wit, one was struck with the perfection of his sentences and the correct enunciation of every word. He was always affable, and possessed the rare power of putting every listener at his ease, and eliciting remarks from the youngest and most retiring, by allusion to subjects with which they were best acquainted.

In his personal habits the subject of this sketch was the most correct and methodical of men. The observer, on first meeting him, was never shocked with any of those disagreeable peculiarities and eccentricities of manner not unfrequently noticed in distinguished men. The sad discrepancy between preaching and practice which so often mars the fair ideal which fancy has built of a great man was never observed in Mr. Mann. His teachings and life were accordant. No one ever heard *him* deprecate the evil habits to which young men are exposed, with his own cheeks swollen with the filthy weed. No one ever knew *him* to argue in behalf of temperance, with his own breath redolent of a recent dram!

Like all truly great men, Mr. Mann was modest, and never disgusted visitors with egotism or sought to awe them with a consequential air,—perhaps the surest mark of innate littleness. He possessed by nature strong passions, but they were under admirable control, and furnished that energy and indomitable spirit for which he was distinguished, and which sustained him in the severest struggles. He coveted not the blood-stained laurel of the military hero. He was a Christian warrior, and his battle-fields were moral Magentas, his victories those of peace, “no less renowned than war.” His contests were with the giants Ignorance, Intemperance, and Slavery; and from his first espousal in early manhood of the glorious causes of Popular Education,

Temperance, and Antislavery, he never yielded for a moment to a dishonorable truce, but continued his noble warfare to the last.

It is said that every man has his hobby. Perhaps that of Mr. Mann was Physical Education. He has sometimes been censured for devoting so large a space to this topic in his educational writings. He was wont to say that half which passes for genius among men is nothing but sound health. His own health received permanent injury by excessive study and neglect of exercise while at college. He graduated at the head of his class; but, as he once told me, he purchased that distinction at far too high a price. It was only by the strictest attention to diet and exercise that he was afterwards able to prolong his life amid such long-continued and intense labor. I have been informed that when he was Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education he often labored from fourteen to sixteen hours daily for weeks at a time; but so thoroughly disciplined was his mind, and so rigid his adherence at the same time to the laws of health, that he was enabled with his enfeebled constitution to survive labors which would soon have killed men of stronger frame but less careful habits. His published lectures abound in expressions like the following:—
“Were a young man to write down a list of his duties, health should be among the first items in his catalogue.”
“Health is indispensable to almost every form of human enjoyment: it is the grand auxiliary of usefulness.” “Not only ‘lying lips,’ but a dyspeptic stomach, is an abomination to the Lord.”

The whole turn of Mr. Mann’s mind was practical rather than speculative. A man of truly religious character, his natural inclinations led him not so much to the heights of spiritual contemplation as to the region of practical benevolence. His mind did not go balloon-voyaging into the ethereal realms at the risk of falling at length like La Mountain into the depths of a trackless wilderness, but

pursued its steady course upon the solid earth. He says :—
“ Faithful work is truest worship. Deeds not words are our authentic inspiration. Divinity is revealed through duty done. The divine in his study does not reveal God to man like the acted Christianity of the humblest life.” From the wall of his study was suspended a fine painting of Channing, of whose beautiful life and teachings I have often heard him speak with the most affectionate admiration.

Besides the services rendered by Mr. Mann to the cause of popular education, his faithfulness to his conscientious conviction of duty as a legislator in his native State, his uncompromising defence of human liberty in the national Capitol, and his scathing rebuke of all time-serving politicians who proved recreant to her sacred claims,—all add to his claim upon the grateful remembrance of his countrymen. So, too, does the noble spirit of self-sacrifice, which prompted him early in life to turn his back upon the prospect of a successful public career, to undertake the duties of a comparatively humble and ill-rewarded office,—an instance of self-renunciation of which scarcely a parallel can be found in our history. Educated for the bar, Mr. Mann always scouted the idea that a lawyer should devote all his energies to shield one whom he knew to be guilty from merited punishment, and no amount of sophistical reasoning could blind his eyes to the fact that the counsellor who by unscrupulous perversion or suppression of truth turns aside from the criminal the just penalty of his crime, is in no respect a better man than he who by stealth or open violence rescues the felon from the hands of outraged justice.

It was the fate of Mr. Mann to meet with detraction ; but this, as was recently said of another, “ always awaits commanding talent and position. None can escape but those who are too feeble to provoke opposition, too obscure for jealousy.” His bitterest enemies will scarcely withhold from him the credit of sincerity of purpose and purity of aim. That he had faults no one will deny. The detection

of these I leave for that class of moral scavengers whose delight is to reveal the human frailties of the great and good.

Six years ago Mr. Mann left his native State, for whose interests he had so long labored, to serve the cause dearest to his heart in another State. At an age when most men shrink from engaging in any new undertaking of great moment, inspired by that devotion to duty which was the ruling principle of his life, he accepted the presidency of Antioch College, a new institution located at Yellow Springs, Ohio, and designed to afford equal facilities for the education of both sexes. None but those familiar with the early history of this college — starting as it did under the burden of an immense debt, and hovering for years upon the brink of bankruptcy — can understand the position of its president. To overcome the absurd prejudice against female education, to enlighten public sentiment with regard to the importance of collegiate instruction, and thus to procure the means of establishing on a sound basis an institution of broader aims than any previously existing at the West, — these were the self-imposed tasks of this noble man. His labors were incessant, and were increased by the injudicious intermeddling of short-sighted friends of the enterprise. At length the exertions of the friends of Antioch were crowned with success; but he whose hopes never deserted him in the darkest moments of that protracted struggle was not permitted by Providence to witness the fruition of his labors, but perished, as it were, at the moment of victory.

In the discharge of his official duties, President Mann considered it a duty to become personally acquainted with every student, — encouraging the despondent, and infusing something of his own enthusiasm for learning in their breasts. By this kind interest in their welfare, he secured, in addition to the respect due to his station and character, the affectionate regard of all. And thus being looked upon as a confidential friend, he seldom needed to have recourse to the

cumbrous machinery of college discipline. He has left none who will mourn his loss more deeply than the students whose ambition for intellectual and moral excellence he so loved to arouse.

He died as he lived. No selfish emotions intruded upon the tranquillity of his dying hour. His thoughts were all for others; and while the icy hand of death was laid upon his pallid brow, he grasped in turn the hand of each friend who stood beside him, and bade each an affectionate farewell.

Measures have been instituted for erecting to his memory a statue in bronze in our State-house grounds. No man more richly deserves the honor, and it is agreeable to witness the interest manifested in this movement by our first citizens and the authorities of the State.

I can no better close this imperfect sketch, which was first suggested not more by the eminent merits of the deceased than by an affectionate remembrance of personal kindness, than by a quotation from a recent message of the Governor of this State: "Among the eminent men who have given labor to the support of education, no single life has been more devoted to duty, more successful in labor, or of greater value to the Commonwealth, than that of Horace Mann."

HATS. *March 1861*

It may be a weakness, but it is certainly not one of the legs, that prompts me to take frequent walks to town and back, without any special object in view. Occasionally I take the trip alone, and then ample opportunity is offered for transacting all the strictly personal business one has with himself.

"How not to do it" was the burden of my thoughts on

the last walk. In an unguarded moment, I had promised an article to one of the gentlemanly conductors of the Harvard Magazine. By the by, modern *parlance* would term even a lightning-rod "a gentlemanly conductor;" but the reader is requested to understand the phrase in its true, and not its trite and abused sense. There was no retreating. It was plain that I must "make an effort," as Miss Tox would vehemently suggest.

Lost in the profundity of thought engendered by this peculiarly uncomfortable state of affairs, I did not emerge to the world until within a short distance of the crossing of the Grand in-Junction Railroad (so called); where, it is said, an aged female once waited in her wagon, for three hours and fifty-five minutes, anxiously looking out for the engine while the bell should ring, before she mustered up courage enough to drive across. Here it was my good fortune to meet with friend H——, himself at that moment a living verification of the statement that "the hat is the vulnerable point of the artificial integument." A host of opinions, gratuitously advanced by a knot of young gentlemen, on the opposite side of the street, upon the beaver under the crown of which his head uneasy lay, called forcibly to mind that *jeu d'esprit* of the Autocrat, and the happy design by Hoppin, of the "Port Chuck."

Reflecting on this little incident, as H—— passed on, the desperate thought struck me that here was a theme indeed. Hats are certainly somewhat singular things to write about, but have I not had to write about worse ones, was my reflection. Moreover the worse the subject, the more the credit of its treatment, if it can boast of any worth at all. Besides, whether your subject be bad or not, if it be badly handled, it becomes the scapegrace for all blame; as the Royal Jester, when his words about his master were censured, once, made excuse — "Of a truth it was the king's fault — he is no proper subject."

. There are many ways of considering hats. We

might, for instance, give an historical account of hats ; or state what we understand by the national and present use of those articles ; or, if a more interesting and at the same time more intellectual treatise is desired, we might describe an ancient Jew's (Poco's) idea of hats in general, &c., &c. But such would partake more of the nature of a college theme than of a simple, unpretending waif. " HAT [Sax. *haet* ; G. *hut* ; Sw. *hatt* ; Patagonian, tile] " may be gratifying information to the archæological inquirer, but it certainly is not of the slightest importance here.

Moreover, it must be acknowledged that an elaborate essay has been anticipated by a composition from the pen and ink of a Young American, who attended a school kept by a friend of ours, last winter, — the substance of which, if we remember aright, was nearly as follows : —

" HATS AND CAPS. — Some folks like to write about Spring and Summer, but I had rather write about something more common-sensible. Hats and caps are very useful ; they are worn on the head, except bathing hats, and percussion caps, as everybody knows. Ignorant boys may think that they grow on hat-trees away off in Australia, or some foreign country, but they don't. We sometimes hear of folks putting feathers in their caps. This is very foolish, and nobody but women and soldiers do it. The night-cap is to wear in the night time. A good straw hat, with a ribbon, costs more than a dollar ; but I know a boy what bought one for seventy-five cents. Wicked boys holler after men with white hats, that they have stole a donkey. But George Washington never used to. He was a great man."

It is useful to know that this article of clothing has, like charity, covered a multitude of sins, from the time whereof the memory of man runneth not, &c. A literary Sophomore, whose visits to the Library are so frequent that he actually knows nearly two thirds of the rules and restrictions, states it as a fact that Noah took a beaver into the ark with him, — a statement which, notwithstanding its high authority, smacks somewhat of the submarine. It is not necessary to

revert to those passages in the classics where it too often appears that the custom of passing around the hat was practised, to an almost alarming extent, in the public assemblies of Athens and Rome. Betting hats on elections was a favorite amusement in the Campus Martius. History relates that a tile, then in fashion, made such an impression on Philip of Macedon, that it became the cause of his death; and the equally sad fate of an early Greek poet shows that hats, especially for bald heads, were as necessary then as now. Yet how many, in donning them, imagine they are inaugurating as stupendous a novelty as was Gulliver's to the inhabitants of Lilliput.

“‘Watts on the Mind,’ is, I dare say, very important,” exclaims an enthusiastic Genin; “but what’s on the head is a good deal more so.” This is a professional remark, and is to be estimated accordingly; but that next to what is in the head is what is on it, does appear to be true sometimes, in more than its literal sense. All should pay attention to what they thus conspicuously wear; for its neglect, ten chances to one, is noticed and commented upon, if indeed they be not openly reminded of a “shocking bad hat.” People sometimes say they have a right to wear just what they please; but this is a mistake. If it is disgusting to see a fop, it is painful to see a man neglectful of his appearance. No one can with justice purposely offend the good taste of the community. An uncouth figure in a friend’s drawing-room would be treated as an insult. Is it any less such in the street? If the apparel oft proclaims the man, the hat alone contributes not a little to form an impression. We are hardly willing to subscribe to the argument, vigorously supported by a classmate, that an orator’s secretiveness or open-heartedness is partly shown by the buttoning or unbuttoning of his coat. But we do believe that something of a man’s character for good taste, neatness, and carefulness, develops itself in the state of the hats he exhibits. It is not to be expected that a man of good sense will humor all the

whims and caprices of Fashion ; on the contrary, there is strength of mind in steering clear of the extremes of Fashion's folly. If there is any man worthy of respect, it seems to us it is he who has the courage to wear a neat and well-kept hat, although it may be out of fashion. This kind of courage is needed to make men live more within their means.

To wear on the place usually occupied by a hat or cap something which is out of fashion, because it is out of the pale of civilization, is not, that we know of, a proof of any peculiar merit. Every day we can see from our window some fine-looking young men walking to and from Holworthy, crowned with what might seem to that well-known "casual observer" a kind of saucepans with eliminated handles, but which the initiated know to be the new style of Senior hats. They come in such a very questionable shape, that we will not comment on them, further than to give the statistics, that, on the first day of their service, three small children were thrown into convulsions ; a horse frightened ; one Goody and the same number of Freshmen induced to faint ; and twenty-three young ladies, including, of course, the one who visits the Post-office so often, were seen to smile.

How vividly one remembers the first time he ever sports a beaver ! How acute is the sensation that thrills you, — even more intense than that which followed the advent of the first pair of boots. How you would like to get across the street, and see yourself walk by ! How much pains your friends take to compliment your manly bearing, and to assure you that a becoming hat goes a great ways ; which, if the day be at all windy, you will not be inclined to doubt. These words of congratulation, and the like, are but a prelude to an inquiry if it has been "moistened," — a ceremony akin to the sprinkling of infants, though not so strictly religious. Of course, you heartily curse the inventor of the torture, which, besides other inconveniences, is calculated

to bring on a headache in about fifteen minutes. But, curse it as you will, you must confess that the cylinder is, after all, the best that could have been devised.

Putting on a beaver seems to be a good deal like dropping a letter in a post-office box,—a step almost irretrievable. Life is made up of stand-points, and the period for the adoption of the beaver, when it is honestly attained, is one of them. Taking the veil is not of more critical importance to a sister, than this should be to us. Before we put this sign of manhood on, we must put off many things to make room therefor. We must have done away with childishness, with those little puerilities which always clog an advance to manhood. We must have learned to trust our own strength more, and calculate more for the future. But in one sense we ought never to outgrow our childhood. We should not lose the heart of a boy, open, merry, and generous, as it is almost always sure to be. That a man must take pains, in his early days, to curb the cheerful, glowing impulses of youth, and turn them into gloomy, solemn cares, is more than false doctrine,—it is positively wicked. Men must think and act in sober earnest, it is true; but must they never be happy in earnest? Do not some of us in college, in our haste to be thought men, part with that only of boyhood which we ought to keep? When we adopt this outward garb of manhood, the world will challenge us to show in what right we do this thing. May we be able conscientiously to reply, In the right of our fitness for it.

OUR FUTURE RESPONSIBILITIES AS CITIZENS. *Yanderhol*
'61

IN the various institutions of learning in our land to-day, some thousands of young men are preparing themselves for the active duties and responsibilities of life. Wealth and education may do much towards smoothing the pathway, but still the journey on which they are soon to enter is not an easy one. The experience of those who have already accomplished it bears witness to the fact that many obstacles are to be encountered, many burdens to be borne, even by the select few, the favorites of Fortune. Hence it is that the season of preparation at colleges and academies derives its importance. In the petty cares and anxieties of this miniature world are foreshadowed the sterner realities that are to follow. The discipline to which he is subjected now is meant to prepare the future combatant for the time when he shall be called upon to fall into the ranks of the great army, and to take part in the warfare ever going on in the arena of life for fame and knowledge and happiness. In these tournaments and mock combats he must learn the nature and use of those weapons on which he is to rely in the coming struggle. It is here that he must accustom himself to wear the armor of determination and self-reliance. It is here that he must acquire that self-control which is to be his shield against temptation. And it is here that he may gather from the experience of the past some fuel with which to feed his own lamp, so that even from the outset it may shed a glimmer over the narrow path of duty and rectitude.

In view, then, of the importance of this course of training, the question naturally arises: Are the graduates sent forth by our Universities, year after year, generally prepared to take that station in life to which education entitles them, and to fulfil the duties incumbent upon them as members of society, as workmen in the world, and as citizens?

A young man who, with average abilities, fixed principles, and good courage, can stand on the threshold of life and look back upon a course of education in which the advantages offered him have not been neglected, has every reason to feel that his success in either a professional or business career, or as a man of letters, or in his social relations, is as certain as anything subject to the contingencies of earth can be.

But to be good men of business, to have skill or eloquence in the professions, to be well versed in literature or fitted to adorn society, this is not all that is required of a man. Such qualities and accomplishments will go far towards enabling him to play well his part in the world. But there are other requisites still, without which, however highly he may be endowed by nature or polished by education, he is still unfit for many of the heaviest responsibilities that life imposes upon him. If the summons to join the toiling millions who are amassing wealth, or building up the temple of fame, or revealing and expounding the mysteries of science, is loud and imperative,—if the duties and the pleasures of home and the social circle urge claims which cannot be neglected,—does not the State also demand of him some portion of his time and knowledge in her service? Has he no duties to perform as a citizen,—no debt of gratitude to pay to the country that has fostered him? Nay, more, (throwing aside all abstract considerations of duty and patriotism,—despatching them on the road to oblivion they have so often trodden,) in the present state of society, and under this republican government, are not all his interests inseparably interwoven with his political interests, and in a greater or less degree dependent on the maintenance of his political rights?

In order to guard these interests and maintain these rights, the first requisite is a clear comprehension of their nature, and a knowledge of the duties to be performed in support of them by their possessor. Every young man, therefore,

before attaining that age when the law pronounces him qualified to vote, and thus places in his hands a certain control over the destinies of the country, ought certainly to have acquired sufficient political information to enable him to appreciate the responsibility of his position as a citizen, and to guide him in the exercise of his privileges as a voter. Especially should this be the case with men of fortune or education,—the class to which the graduates of our colleges belong. The truth of this assertion must be manifest to any one who will look carefully at the course of events during the last few years, and the present tendency of public opinion in America. Such an observer cannot fail to perceive that confidence and respect are gradually deserting the class whose only claims to the enjoyment of them were based upon the Yankee characteristic, “smartness,” unallied with knowledge and unadorned by culture. It is true that many such men are at this moment in office throughout the country ; but the almost universal ridicule and condemnation of their conduct and their measures, and the contempt into which their offices have fallen, are sure indications that their day of power is drawing to a close. They are the representatives, not of the true and enlightened American public, but rather of that motley mob of foreign and native ruffians who infest the cities. They are the choice, not of the mind of the country, but of its muscle,—and in obedience to the laws of progress, the latter must inevitably yield to the former. This change, as I stated, has already begun. The insignia of office still remain in the hands of the ignorant and the uncultivated, but they are the emblems of an authority that is passing away. The murmurings of discontent against stupidity and corruption in the government are growing louder and louder. The truth is becoming more and more apparent, that honesty and the qualities and abilities necessary in the statesman are more apt to be found in company with education and refinement, than as the concomitants of ignorance and coarseness. The eyes of the

people are beginning to distinguish the genuine stamp of power impressed by intellectual discipline from the false mask of mere natural cunning and shrewdness. And the voice of the people will soon call loudly upon those who bear the former to come forth and assume the positions to which they are entitled, but which have been too long assigned to counterfeit merit.

I think I have said enough to prove the urgent nature of the claims which the State makes upon each of her citizens, and the importance — especially to men of education — of the acquisition of such knowledge as shall enable them to satisfy these demands. The next question which arises is, How is this knowledge to be acquired? The course of education which is meant to prepare us for the duties of life imparts no information upon such topics. Whether this is as radical a defect in the system as it might first appear to be, or whether the peculiar nature of the subjects to be treated of — mixed up, as they are, with sectional and party opinions and jealousies — renders their introduction into our schools and colleges impracticable, it is not now my intention to discuss. If there be a motive for excluding them, its existence is to be regretted; but surely this is no reason why the information so necessary should not be acquired through other channels. The task of acquiring it need not be a difficult one. The machinery of government, although apparently complex, is in reality very simple in its structure. A careful perusal of the constitution will explain its workings with perfect clearness, and enable every one to form a correct idea of the mutual relations of the State and her citizens. And as regards all other matters of political interest, — in this age when information is so easily obtained, when the country is flooded with books and newspapers, — the task of self-instruction is rendered so easy as greatly to heighten the culpability of its neglect. For neglected it certainly is, and that, too, by those who most require it. The ignorance of the majority of young

men on these topics would be ridiculous, if it did not foreshadow too serious consequences to make it a subject of mirth. This ignorance does not seem to arise from indifference, but rather from the conceit which rests satisfied with a superficial knowledge. A stranger who should step in at the meetings of some college debating society would be impressed with the idea that politics was almost the only matter considered worthy of discussion. He would hear slavery, disunion, legislative enactments, and all the questions of the day, brought up, and settled by the vote of the august assembly. He would listen to long arguments, fiery denunciations, eloquent appeals, and, if he were a foreigner, would probably feel inclined to condemn the law which keeps so many precocious statesmen from the polls until they have seen twenty-one summers. But could he look behind the scenes, he would see that the information he had imagined to be so generally diffused is in reality confined to a few,—that there are three or four oracles whose utterances are received by their followers as infallible truths, and that the majority of those who with such becoming gravity cast their votes on the “merits of the question” are incapable of sustaining their course by one sound argument. Could they be convinced of their own ignorance, and induced to investigate with more thoroughness the questions upon which they now so unhesitatingly pronounce judgment, many of them would doubtless stand convicted of error by their own reason. As it is, they drift along under the guidance of prejudice and impulse, and even when they are carried out into the broad sea of life, the sense of responsibility is rarely strong enough to arouse them to the necessity of casting overboard their faithless pilots.

A prejudice has arisen of late against politics, as involving a man in a career unworthy of a gentleman, and surrounding him with associations of a degrading nature. There is just enough truth in this to make it a plausible pretext for

shirking responsibilities, — and no more. The political arena presents a scene of strife and turmoil, it is true ; but he who enters it to struggle only for the right, and is free from the excitement of avarice and selfish ambition, will by his presence and his authority restrain the passions of others, and at the same time increase rather than diminish his own self-respect. Purity of motive and integrity of character will preserve him from contamination, no matter how foul may be the corruption around him. The path of duty may often lead through mire and filth ; but it must be trodden still.

* * * * *

From the day of the adoption of the Federal Constitution it has been the duty of every American — a duty inseparably connected with his birthright — a duty as imperative as any other which life imposes upon him — not to assume the responsibilities of manhood without being fully prepared to assume those of citizenship also. The claims of the country upon each of her sons have ever been such that to refuse to acknowledge their justice was treason ; but at the present moment this truth is forced upon us under circumstances which give it more than ordinary prominence. Her appeal to the rising generation is louder and sterner than it has ever been since she rallied her children for the long struggle for independence. Dark and threatening clouds are gathering around her now, even as then. Another crisis is at hand. The young men of to-day have as much need of wisdom and decision as their fathers had in 1776. They are to be the defenders of the State against her worst enemies, — against her apostate children. Upon them it will devolve to decide whether fanaticism and anarchy, or reason and order, are to triumph. They are to determine whether the Union, in which lies our only hope of taking that rank as a people which the God of nations has put it in our power to take, is to be sacrificed for the sake of conferring on a degraded and an alien class a benefit which they are incapable of

appreciating, and which would but let them loose to fill our jails and workhouses; or, whether we are to go on in the career of success and honor so gloriously begun, trusting to the advancing tide of liberty and civilization to remove the one obstacle to our progress, and to wash away the one stain on our reputation.

In view, then, of the mighty interests at stake in the struggle to which he is called, let no man dare to neglect to equip himself thoroughly before he enters it. Let no one prefer indolence and inactivity to the work which duty imposes upon him, lest he find, at last, when it is too late, that he has bartered away his rights as a freeman, — that he has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

ON THE WAVE. *Knowles &c*

WE wished the lapse of weeks to mellow and harmonize the pleasant recollections of the summer vacation before we put them on paper for the readers of *Maga*. This the gentle flow of time, with the regular recurrence of wonted duties, has done, and we will now attempt a transcript of the pictures which adorn Memory's walls. They present themselves to us in light and shade, with a vividness of outline, a richness of color, and a softness of tone, which we long to transfer to our verbal pictures, but which need, in their execution, more of freedom and grace than belongs to our pen. But we shall be as faithful as we can to the beautiful images of those idle, but not wasted summer days, which will be things of joy to us far into the dreary winter months of study.

The surface of the river was glassy smooth, but an almost imperceptible air lent its impulse to the sails of our yacht,

and she glided on without a ripple, and as though impelled by the unseen hand of great father Neptune and the choir of the Nereïds 'neath the waves. She slowly neared the river's mouth. A companion and myself, impatient at the delay, taking possession of the small boat and oars, had gone in advance of the yacht, and were now lying at the mouth of the river, watching her as she made long tacks and neared us with the freshening breeze. The morning was a sultry one in August, and a mistiness had been hanging over the water, which needed only the increasing heat of the sun and the rising breeze to dissipate it, and leave an atmosphere of delicious freshness and purity.

Behind us on the right bank lay the city we had just left, rising with easy slope from the river, and crowned with towers and spires that rose above the thick foliage of the numerous elms which concealed the lower class of houses. On the opposite bank a small town, built on a level, strove to vindicate its claim to importance, and utter a feeble protest against the native grandeur and symmetry of its more imposing neighbor, by a huge church and steeple, higher than any in the opposite city, and ludicrously out of keeping with the size of the place and the character of the ground. The monstrosity set forth more forcibly than a volume could the anxious rivalry of small minds when they see themselves overtopped by their superiors. On either side points of land extended their green slopes, and white beaches, terminating in black reefs, surmounted by lighthouses. Turning our eyes seaward, there spread before us a broad blue bay, bounded by a chain of islands too lovely for description, but which are always connected, in our imagination, with the Delectable Mountains. We could have contentedly spent the day in our little boat, gazing upon the picture of sea, shore, and sky ; but the breeze had increased, the yacht was bearing down upon us with full canvas, and we made preparations to board her. This manœuvre was effected with the consummate skill which would naturally be ex-

pected from a Harvard boating-man, and we joined the party on board, which now numbered twenty ladies and gentlemen.

Our course lay directly across the bay, to one of the passages which opened between the islands into the Vineyard Sound beyond. The wind, which had at starting been directly ahead, soon hauled on our beam, and, though it continued light, enabled us to steer for the mouth of the passage through which we were to pass, and which we had nearly reached, when suddenly a baffling flaw struck the sails aback ; we were becalmed, and, as the tide was against us, obliged to drop anchor. The detention afforded us an opportunity to discuss the excellent fish-chowder which our steward had provided for dinner, and was also the occasion of an incident which materially assisted our digestion, and is too good to be lost.

A young theologian had assumed the duties of Palinurus, and had performed them acceptably ; but when the anchor was dropped, he remained at the helm, under the delusive impression that we were still keeping on our course, and that the safety of all on board depended upon his skill and precision. He could dilate at any required length upon anchors of hope and other abstract and mythical anchors ; but he had n't a realizing sense of the practical effect of a real iron anchor, and so was standing at his post for a quarter of an hour afterwards with as heroic calmness as the boy stood on the burning deck. When the skipper, having discovered his situation, took him forward and explained the connection between the anchor and cable, our divinity student enjoyed the joke as well as the rest of us. It is but just to say that he was not a graduate of Harvard.

As soon as it was practicable we weighed anchor and proceeded through the strait, slowly, indeed, for we disputed every inch of our progress with an adverse wind and tide. Emerging at length into Vineyard Sound, our eyes were gladdened by the sight of our place of destination, and our

hearts cheered by the lively sea-breeze which now bellied out our sails; coats and shawls were in requisition, the ladies' ribbons fluttered gayly in the wind; the yacht shook herself, dashed the spray from her bows, leaned to the gale, and danced on over the waves to the music of as sweet voices as ever warbled the songs of Zion. For we were going to look at the great Methodist Camp-Meeting held yearly on Martha's Vineyard, and, in keeping with the spirit of the occasion, had provided ourselves with a selection of the best of those inspiring revival melodies, which thrill every heart that music can reach.

It was nearly sunset when we rounded to in the harbor of Holmes's Hole, and ran alongside of the pier nearest the Camp-ground, which was in a grove at a distance of a mile. The ladies metamorphosed the cabin into a dressing-room, and, in justice to them, we must say that their conduct on this occasion proved the fallacy of the popular idea, which has stood uncontradicted, we presume, from the time of Eve, — certainly from the time when Terence wrote; for he says, —

“Novisti mores mulierum :

Dum moliantur, dum conantur, annus est.”

The ladies, we repeat, wasted no time in making their toilets, and we were soon *en route* for our hotel, which a friend, who had anticipated our arrival, had secured for our exclusive accommodation.

The Camp-Meeting is the great event of the year to the islanders, and during its continuance every house is thrown open for the reception of visitors. Our hotel, on examination, proved to be a two-storied house, of such moderate dimensions that, in our simplicity, we wondered greatly where our company of twenty were to bestow themselves for the night. But the problem was solved. Having refreshed ourselves, we again took up the line of our march for the Camp-ground, and entered it in safety, though we narrowly escaped strangulation by the suffocating dust

which rose from the parched road and threatened to bury us like Pompeii.

The tents, whose construction and furnishing varied from a simple covering of cotton cloth with a flooring of straw, to a frame house with rocking-chair and silver door-plate, were arranged in concentric circles, the central area being occupied by a speaker's stand and rude benches for listeners. We commenced together a survey of the ground, but it is not to be wondered that our party was soon broken up into independent couples, such was the intricacy of the avenues and paths that wound through the groves, down shady declivities, and along the margin of a pond whose wavelets broke with a gentle murmur upon a smooth, sandy shore, and flashed back the soft light of a full, rising moon. The tolling of a bell, however, summoned us in from our wanderings to the evening worship. The services were of a truly Methodist character ; and we forbear to make any comment or stricture upon them, because we are not yet quite satisfied whether crazy or sane people act the more honestly. We took a final circuit of the tents to admire the effect of lamp-light upon the groups of earnest worshippers gathered within, and then rendered ourselves, according to agreement, at the rendezvous. Here conveyances were in waiting, and, bidding good night to this ephemeral city of ten thousand souls, we retraced our way to the hotel.

The little house did that night contain twenty-one sleepers, besides the landlord's family of twelve. Two lower rooms were devoted to the ladies, of whose sleeping arrangements we have no definite knowledge. But of our own we have a distinct recollection. In a room over the ladies' seven beds were extemporized, completely covering the floor, and containing on an average one and four sevenths souls each. Our party was not excessively given to hilarity, but the present circumstances were so conducive to it that all considerations of dignity were laid aside. Grave gentlemen kicked their neighbors and hurled the pillows at each

other's heads with all the ardor of Freshmen ; a monomaniac on the subject of ventilation put his theory into practice by occasionally thrusting the end of a stick through the seven-by-nine panes of a window which refused to allow itself to be opened ; laughter from our own room and feminine shrieks from below echoed the crash and rattle of the glass as it fell. Quiet at length reigned, and the slumber of the weary voyagers was profound, the stillness broken only by involuntary outbursts of laughter on the part of a juvenile, whose risibilities had been excited by the novel sight of a veritable Scotch night-cap in which one clerical gentleman had encased his cranium, and which was haunting the youngster's dreams.

Morning dawned, and an early hour saw us assembled on the pier ready to embark on board our yacht, which lay a short distance off, with her snowy sails spread, her graceful hull of pure white glittering in the sunlight, and the eagle on her stern all but clapping his golden wings to welcome us. We decided to visit Newport on our homeward voyage, and accordingly directed our course down the Sound, coasting along the northwestern shore of Martha's Vineyard, of which the westernmost point is Gay Head. A strong tide against us, and only a light wind in our favor, rendered our progress slow ; and, despite the attractions on board, our son of Harvard, actuated by a stern sense of duty, jumped into the small boat and gave his muscle a vigorous course of training, succeeding by an hour's rowing in gaining half a mile on the yacht. Our journey from Holmes's Hole to Gay Head was far more agreeable than the same journey performed behind a dilapidated "shay-hoss" appears to have been to the writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Above us was an unclouded sky ; on our right hand stretched the long, low chain of the Elizabeth Islands ; on our left, and near at hand, rose the green bluffs of the Vineyard. Grander scenes have moved within us sentiments of admiration and awe, but none ever more completely won our heart than did this by its quiet loveliness.

Our attempts at fishing proved unsuccessful, and to avoid the heat of the sun, which poured down upon the deck and was reflected up from it into our faces, we threw ourselves in a promiscuous heap upon deck, in the shade of the main-sail. Fair hands and arms hung over the lee rail, which was near the water, and sported with the blue billows as they rose and fell ; and, what was less poetical, well-polished boots, too, hung over the rail, and were now and then ducked by some audacious wave. Drifting along thus idly, at noon we passed Gay Head Light. The bold cliffs upon which stands the light-house, with its superb Fresnel light, are of great interest to geologists, and by the beauty of their appearance attract many visitors. Their perpendicular height of a hundred feet is formed of alternate strata of sand and clay of different colors, black, bright-red, and white, and when wet by a recent rain and glistening in the sunlight, they form a singular and beautiful scene. For a more minute description of both the cliffs and the light, we refer our readers to the entertaining article of the writer mentioned above.

We took our departure from Gay Head, and, discovering that our compass was untrustworthy, were obliged to guess at our course. As we rose and sank on the ocean-swell, a fog rolled over us from the sea, shutting out the land, and leaving to the view only a dreary waste of waters. When it had rolled away, a white-winged fleet of twenty yachts hove in sight directly ahead. They proved to be the boats of the New York Yacht Club, with the *Maria* at their head, just out of Newport. Our own yacht was, a few years ago, one of the fastest boats of the same club, but she now kept on her solitary way like a lone bird. Late in the afternoon we ran up Narragansett Bay, and disembarked upon the wharf at Newport. The sun and sea-air had given to the ladies' faces a depth of brown which they, but not we, thought unbecoming ; and our whole party bore such evident marks of travel, that we decided not to favor the fashionable

world at the Ocean House with our company, but selected a quieter house, and composed ourselves for an evening's enjoyment.

We can give no connected account of the manner in which the evening was spent, for there remain to us from it only confused memories of parlor, piazza, and moonlight. We slept that night on board the yacht, and awoke in the morning to find ourselves undergoing a water-cure treatment from the rain which was driving in at a partially opened side-light. The ladies came down in omnibuses, and told excited stories of an obstinate driver who had turned a deaf ear to their instructions and warnings, and had carried them down and up three wharves before reaching the right one. The dreariest of rainy mornings saw us embark. When out of the bay we found a strong wind in our favor, but bringing with it a pelting storm of rain. The ladies yielded to seasickness, and retreated to the cabin. One alone could not endure the confined air, and must be conveyed on deck. It fell to our lot to support for four hours the patient sufferer, wrapped in innumerable envelopes of shawls and sail-cloth.

It happened that in the distribution of the overcoats their number proved to be one less than the number of the applicants, and we were, as usual, the unfortunate man. There was left only a pitiful umbrella, which we opposed miserably to the wrath of the remorseless sweeping storm-fiend. We were never in a more uncomfortable situation, but we remembered that greatness had been defined as "the superiority of man to his accidents," and we resolved to be great now or never. We ignored the small streams of water that were trickling down our neck and back, the large ones that were running in at the tops of our boots; we refused to acknowledge that the water was three inches deep on the seat where we were sitting, and that we were running an imminent risk of a curvature of the spine from the cramped position we were obliged to keep during those weary hours. Our spirit soared above these trifling ills attendant upon mortality, and revelled

in the grand beauty of the storm, and the wildly rolling waves, over which our yacht bounded with such frantic speed that the fish-lines thrown out by some intrepid sportsmen were untwisted and spoiled. That was their only reward; and we were rather glad that no fish took hold, because we know of no species whose body is of sufficient tenacity to withstand such a tension as he must have been subjected to, and we are confident that had any been so foolish, no more would have been left of him than remained of the dog whose master tied him behind the railroad train. For half a day we rushed along the coast just clear of the headlands, whose rocks loomed up black and wet through the rain; and storm-tossed wanderers never greeted their native shores more joyfully than we. "You can put it in the Harvard Magazine," said one who came to console us.

BOOK NOTICE.

Ettore Fieramosca: or, The Challenge of Barletta. The Struggle of an Italian against Foreign Invaders and Foreign Protectors.
By MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co.
1859.

SIGNOR D'AZEGLIO is a somewhat ambitious man. Not only does he undertake the difficult task of writing a love-tale, which has a tragic conclusion, but also — rejecting the intervention of the translator — he aspires himself to write it in the tongue of a foreign people. When we say that, in contemplation of the first peril, he has escaped the charge of commonplace and bombast, and that with regard to the second his style is at once agreeable and correct, we pay no insignificant tribute to his powers. The volume is an historical romance. The scene is laid in Italy. And the time selected is that period when France, on the one hand, and the renowned Great Captain of Spain, upon the other, were engaged in a fierce contest upon Italian soil. The woful effect upon the land which thus became the battle-field of the two most warlike nations of Europe may be partially conceived. D'Azeglio describes it with terrible truth and power. And the high but saddened and wounded spirit of the nobler of the Italians, he depicts with a most touching earnestness. But to set off this darker portion, there is not wanting in the book matter enough to excite and enliven. There is all the fiery ardor of war, the magnificence of royal gala-days, festivals, and banquets, and the pomp of tournaments. Again we are introduced into the poetic and chivalrous society of the Middle Ages, which we have before met in the pages of Scott. The flash of spears, the clang of trumpets, the proud challenge, the romantic adoration of beauty, all those numerous fascinating images which the Waverley novels have made so familiar to our minds, are again aroused into being. In short, we may safely say for this tragic historical love-tale, — that which can be said for few love-tales, for still fewer historical romances, and for hardly any tragic novels, — that it is most amply worthy of perusal.

COLLEGE RECORD.

WE inadvertently omitted to publish the following in our last issue.

ODE FOR CLASS-DAY, JUNE 24, 1859.

BY FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD ABBOT, OF BEVERLY, MASS.

ONCE again has the earth lightly whirled round the sun,
In the jubilant dance of the spheres ;
Ever youthful, another bright gem she has won,
To flash in her circlet of years.
But our spring-tide is ebbing, our morning is o'er, —
The moment of parting draws nigh,
And our Mother — God bless her ! — stands here at the door,
To throw us a kiss and good by.

Like the arches and spires that with marble of frost
The Winter-elf builds on the pane,
Hope's castles may melt and in tear-drops be lost,
Ere our sun its proud zenith shall gain.
But Friendship has rung a sweet chime from her bells,
Whose echoes, when youth shall decay,
Like the music that lurks in the sighing sea-shells,
Will haunt us and cheer us for aye.

As the rain-drops that wed on the river's gray breast
Are divorced in the broad heaving main,
From the north and the south and the east and the west
We have met but to scatter again.
The noble old elm waits our time-honored song,
Let us join " hand to hand, heart to heart ; "
We have laughed and been merry together full long,
But the summons is come, and we part.

Yet the friendships of youth, like the Pleiads that weave
Their soft meshes of splendor on high,
O'er our paths a bright glory of starlight will leave,
And smile all the gloom from our sky.
O, cleave to the love that has hallowed the past, —
It shall hallow the future's long years !
For to-day, ere life blows her stern clarion blast,
We baptize it immortal with tears.

HARVARD GYMNASIUM.

From 1860 to 1865

It is with feelings of pleasure and pride that we record the completion of the Harvard Gymnasium: of pleasure, in anticipation of the good effects of regular and varied exercise; of pride, that "conservative Harvard" should be the first of the Colleges in this country to incorporate into its course of education an organized system of physical training. For several years the subject had attracted attention, and the students had been loud in their demands for better accommodations than were afforded by the small, though well-conducted Gymnasium of Professor Stewart. But no means of satisfying these demands was afforded till about a year ago, when, through the medium of Dr. Huntington, eight thousand dollars were given for the erection of a Gymnasium. The spot selected for the building was the little Delta at the junction of Cambridge Street and Broadway. The ground was broken March 23d, 1859. The building is in the Italian style, and was erected under the direction of Mr. E. C. Cabot, architect, Boston. The expense of the building and fixtures exceeded ten thousand dollars. The Gymnasium was opened for use on Wednesday, September 14th.

Meanwhile, most fortunately the services of Professor A. Molineaux Hewlett had been secured. He came with an experience in gymnastic training of fourteen years, the last five of which had been devoted most acceptably to the citizens of Worcester. By the fine accommodations of the new building, and under the admirable system of the new Professor, a fresh impulse was given to physical training, which, contrary to prediction, has been on the increase. The uniform courtesy of the Professor, and the personal interest which he takes in the exercises, keep alive the interest of his pupils and make the hours spent in the Gymnasium among the pleasantest. We would gladly know the name of the individual who so generously founded this new institution, that we might express to him our most sincere gratitude. Still we cannot but admire the Christian charity that giveth in secret; and we are assured that if he lives to see another generation of graduates, he will be abundantly rewarded by the sight of men with sound and healthy bodies, as well as strong and cultivated minds.

CORRECTION.

In the report in our last Number (Vol. V. page 280) of the Chess Match between Harvard and Yale, it should read "J. T. Cole was victor in five out of *six* games," instead of "in five out of *nine*," as there printed. The reader will please make the correction, and give one cheer more for Harvard.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα

Simon '61

Τὸν δ' εὖρ' ἰδρώοντα, ἐλίσσόμενον περὶ φύσας,
Σπεύδοντα ·

sings Homer of Hephaistos. So — metaphorically speaking — does night find us, as we are writing our Editors' Table. We know that, sober as we may be by nature or by inclination, here we are expected to be funny, — to be coolly, deliberately, premeditatedly funny. Every woody fibre in each several leg of our table is expected to vibrate, every separate joint to creak, with irrepressible mirth. We, however, cannot be funny.

Could all the wit within our mind be spun
Into a thread as large as it could maké,
The smallest needle's eye would be to it
As frigate's hawse-hole to a fishing-line.

Shakespeare. (?)

The idea of being funny upon compulsion! Just fancy a man, or even an editor, sitting down to soberly manufacture a pun.

Such a pun would be worse than the attempt of a hen — ["There is one, now," said the punning editor. We looked at him in blank amazement. We knew that he meant to make a pun. We pun-gently pun-ched our pun-y brains for fifteen minutes, without success in interpreting his remark. Finally, however, it flashed upon us that, in the language of ancient Hellas, *ἐν* means *one*. Eureka! we shouted, and looked toward the paronomasiac editor. He had vanished.] — to crow.

The preceding paragraph illustrates itself.

But, seriously now, is it just to expect that Mirth shall always take the goblet as the honored guest at our editorial feasts, while we are striving as faithful hosts to entertain those who monthly sit at our board? Nay, rather let our Table be spread with viands tempting to all who honor us by their presence.

And now,

Ὅφρ' ἂν ἐγὼ φύσας ἀποθείομαι ὅπλα τε πάντα,

let the reader kindly partake of the frugal repast that we set before him on our Table.

The fall of the leaves is again reminding us of the rapid passage of the years. It is always a solemn season. True the poet asks,

"What is there saddening in the autumn leaves?"

and feels that there is much so lovely in the varied foliage, and so pleasant in the murmuring wind, that he can yield himself to the poetic spirit of the time,

and find a pleasure in the thoughts which it calls forth. But to those who mark their passing years with sorrow, the fading of the leaves reads a mournful lesson, and the wailing of the wind sounds with an inexpressible sadness.

We, as students and as men, must, if we are true to ourselves, mark the lesson of this season of decay. It appeals to us in counsel and in warning. With many of us, the spring of our lives is rapidly merging into the summer. The summer, when it has come, will not continue long. The autumn of life, with its fading energies and dying vigor, will then quickly prepare us for the coming of the winter. Brothers, where are we all? When the summer of our energies is ended, and the harvest of our efforts is past, what shall the record be?

We wish to add a word to what was said in the Editors' Table in the last Number, in reference to voluntary contributions. We fear that many who would like to contribute are waiting until they can find a subject upon which they can write enough to fill eight or ten pages of the Magazine. To any such we would say, that if they have only enough to fill as many lines, we wish them to send it in. A choice thought is often all the better for being condensed into a pithy paragraph, instead of amplified into an essay. A felicitous translation of some verse from an ancient or modern poet will often answer most pleasantly that call for "more copy" which is so terrible to editors. At any rate, let us have all that you can write. Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, or Senior, all are welcome alike, and the Editors' Table has drawers enough to hold all your manuscripts, and the University printers have paper and type enough to print them all. (Provided, always, that the editors have money enough to pay them for so doing.)

We now invite your attention to the following

SPECIAL NOTICE.

With this October number of the Harvard Magazine, we commence a new volume. This step has been taken in order to make the yearly issue of the Magazine coincide with the collegiate year. Hitherto, when a new class subscribed they must either pay for back numbers in which they have no interest, or they must be content to wait till the end of their first term before they could receive any numbers, and when subscribers graduated they must either have the remaining numbers mailed to them, or be content with an unfinished volume. But now four volumes of the Magazine will completely cover the college course, and each new corps of editors will begin a new year of the Magazine. This will give to each volume a unity of character which it has not hitherto possessed. Subscribers to Vol. V. will receive the numbers of Vol. VI. to January, 1860, and if then they wish to renew their subscriptions, they will receive the remainder of the volume for one dollar. The subscription to Vol. VI. is now open. New subscribers will receive the July and September number gratis; and that it may be bound up with Vol. VI., the index at the end of the volume will be compiled with reference thereto.

With the present number we give the Index to Vol. V.

THE
HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.

NOVEMBER, 1859.

No. 49.

“OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE.” *FENNELL '6*

As the man who carries from college extensive scientific acquirements, poetic sentiments, and noble aspirations, sometimes finds in his country home those who, while they boast none of these, can yet teach him many useful lessons in plain common sense, so, with all our superiority over the ancients in the theory and the arts of life, there are still many departments of practical wisdom in which we may gain valuable instruction from them.

The dignity of work, the nobility of labor, has in modern times been the theme of just and numerous eulogies. All nature, we are told, sets us an example of industry. Wherever we find life we find activity, and the one so exactly in proportion to the other that we are almost tempted to say that activity is life.

The plant strikes its roots into the soil and spreads out its leaves to the sun. Drawing its materials, in their rudest state, from earth and air, it decomposes them in its myriad laboratories, and, combining them anew, makes them all conduce to utility and beauty.

The animal, as he acts more intelligently, acts also more vigorously. This activity, of which the ant and the bee are familiar examples, is seen continually increasing as we

ascend in the scale of existence, from the boa, that makes a hearty meal periodically and spends the rest of his time in profound repose, to the eagle, who seems to delight in the motion of his rapid wings.

Lastly, man, the noblest, is also, when true to himself, the most active of all things in the lower world. With him idleness, unless it proceed from stupidity, is sure to produce insanity or suicide. Life becomes insipid, and the man is "tired of having his shoes pulled off and on."

We are further reminded of that injunction, which would be so stirring were it not so trite, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, *do it with thy might*," and many others which rest upon the same high authority.

All this must be admitted to be sound ; and still it cannot but be felt that Americans, as a rule, work too much. The mechanic wears out his muscles, the merchant unsettles his brain. We are suffering mentally and physically from our incessant, unremitted activity.

Have we, then, attained the whole truth when we have shown labor to be good and noble? Because we are to work diligently, does it follow that we are to work always? It is evident we must make addition to our creed in this respect. The same great teachers from whom we have learned the worth of industry stand ready also with a lesson of rest.

Nature, by a long period of cold or drought, checks that busy action which would else be the destruction of the plant. The constant succession of day and night forces upon all animals a period of repose. For man himself, though his inventive power renders him almost independent of solar light and heat, yet even in his case, when the exacting mind would destroy its faithful ministers by unceasing toil, a power beyond his own gently withdraws them from his control and lulls them into a peaceful slumber.

Nor is this all the lesson. We find that the powers whose action is thus suspended are not thereby diminished. The

plant wakes from its long sleep to a life as free and active as before; the beast comes from his lair with a vigor far superior to that with which he returned from the chase; and man finds his nerves and muscles, all his energies, so refreshed that he murmurs an involuntary blessing on him "who first invented sleep."

That other source of knowledge, always above, but always in unison with Nature, speaks of rest always as good and noble, from that which reigned when the Great First Cause "ceased from all his works," to that which, in the distant future, shall cover the renovated earth with gladness and peace.

Thus, in seeking the pedigree of Labor, we have been at the same time tracing the descent of a younger brother; the same records establish the nobility of both. If work is an important and universal rule, rest is an equally universal and important exception.

What, then, is the true rest for man? The repose of the body is forced upon him by an imperious necessity, conquering his own inclinations for his own good. But there is another kind of rest, not less important, which we are apt to disregard, because less inevitable.

The mind, though it disdains to think of repose, does seek and demand seasons of diversion. The faculties strive to escape from the perpetual censorship of the will. Memory casts longing glances towards the past; Hope looks wistfully forward into the future; Imagination toys with them both; and Fancy, Love, Joy, Fun, and a hundred other little sprites, begin to shirk their appointed tasks, or their dreary confinement, and trip away to the green fields and merry old woods that open so bright and free in the distance.

Doubtless they might pass an hour of innocent enjoyment, and do their work all the better when they returned. Even Will, tired of his constant watch, is inclined to let them go and seek a quiet nap himself; but his prudent

dame, Reason, reminds him of work to be done, of the necessity for discipline, of the importance of asserting his own authority. Though very fond of having his own way, he is no match in argument for his better-half; so all are whipped back to their several tasks, and the operations of the mental household go on again with a systematic and sullen monotony.

Is this wise? Should this restraint be always imposed upon our own thoughts? May it not contribute to cheerfulness, health, and contentment to allow them sometimes to roam unchecked, if they will but stay within the bounds of virtue? Such at least is the testimony of experience. Who has not felt more of a man for ten minutes' conversation with some vivacious friend who has made him forget, for the time being, the existence of books and scholarship? Who has not returned with a stronger and holier purpose to life, from half an hour's converse with his own secret musings?

Such relaxation is no indolent waste of time. The impression that it is so, is a relic of that ultra-utilitarianism which considered the man idle, when his hands were unemployed, and regarded reading itself as barely an innocent amusement. We have restricted the censure somewhat, and call only those moments wasted which are devoted to no special work of mind or body. Yet even these are not necessarily so.

I am not idle when I sit at my window on an Indian-summer noon, watching the warm tints which the sunlight spreads over hill and plain, the varied hues of the autumnal foliage, the shifting, shadowy glories of the clouds, drinking in the beauty of the scene, reading the lesson of the dying year. Nor am I idle when I chat with my friend, though we do eschew philology and metaphysics by mutual consent; for that communion of minds, which the social instinct craves as earnestly as the intellect does knowledge, is going on without restraint; common hopes, fears, or fan-

cies, or those made common by the touch of affection, are passing back and forth, and all unconsciously, perhaps, as the insect builds the coral wall, we are cementing a friendship which shall lift us above the restless surges of our rough and uncertain life into the light of a calmer and purer heaven.

Nor, again, am I idle, when I suffer my book to lie neglected on my lap, while my mind follows a different train of ideas, inferior perhaps to what I might read, but yet so original as more strongly to assert to me my own personality.

This is not idleness, or if it is I am sustained in it by good example. It is doubtless to the indulgence of such seasons that the poems of Gray owe their meditative sweetness; it was doubtless at such times that his matchless *Elegy*, and his verses upon Eton College, where the romance of all school-boy life is treasured up, were suggested to him. It was in great part such indulgence, in the Coffee-house and at the Exchange, that gave Addison the power to teach virtue in an age of licentiousness, and to infuse into his writings that tranquil and enduring beauty which has made them models of taste down to our own time. It was at such seasons that Cowper planned his poems, and Newton made his discoveries. I might add Moore, Wordsworth, Walton, Shakespeare, and Chaucer, and doubtless, could the private life of all whose writings are at the same time great and beautiful be known, we should find that, while the greatness might be the result of toil, their beauty might no less surely be attributed to leisure. Even Luther could pause in the midst of his intense activity to notice "how calmly the little bird nestled on its perch and confided itself to God." Supported by such authority, no one shall be allowed so to convert a special necessity into a general principle as to cut me off from this source of improvement and delight.

While every man has certain faculties which fit him for a special department, and which it is generally his duty to

employ diligently in that pursuit, there are no less certainly other faculties, and a different field for all, which he has no right to neglect. To the student these periods of leisure are of the utmost importance, as the great means of preserving him from arrogance, pedantry, and ultraism. Looking away from himself, his books, his special department, he learns to appreciate the greatness of universal knowledge, the littleness of human learning, the weakness of human judgment, and he becomes, if a less accurate scholar, at all events a better man.

I would not have it supposed that this article has been written through any fear lest the majority of us should do too much work. That is not one of the "ways" of "Old Harvard." But it is essential to the "dignity" of leisure that it be made such conscientiously. A man can never truly enjoy that which he feels to be stolen.

Let us consider recreation our right, and make it enter so consistently into our plans of study and usefulness, that we may feel that we are as much doing our duty, when we lay down our books as when we take them up. Let us abjure study during vacation as heartily as we pursue it in term-time, try how much the bow gains in elasticity by being awhile unstrained, and, in the full indulgence of our tastes and affections, seek the real advantages of the season of rest. Thus we shall save ourselves the sorrow of broken resolutions, when the wearied physical powers fail to fulfil the brave purposes of the mind.

That our relaxation, however, may be at the same time free and safe, we need first a purpose, a plan of life which shall banish indolence, and next a moral sense so acute, so wakeful, that, like the sense of touch when we sleep, it shall keep watch at all the outposts, and give instant alarm of the approach of foes.

With these precautions, let us strive to have labor and rest as wisely and harmoniously blended in our lives as are day and night, summer and winter, in the course of Nature.

Thus, working industriously and conscientiously while we work, resting conscientiously and tranquilly when we rest, we shall be able to

" Come from the land of dreams
With love and peace to this world of strife,
And the light, that over that border streams,
Shall lie on the path of our daily life."

FROM MYTHOLOGY TO HISTORY. *Stearns' Co.*

CERTAIN of the poets, by different devices, have contrived to have their chosen heroes transported over and beyond the earth's surface, and to see marvellous sights "else not seen by mortal eyes," and have thus opened to them sources of pleasure denied to the common herd. Mephistopheles's mantle and a little inflammable air serve to convey Faust, under the direction and guidance of his invaluable friend, the arch-fiend, through the light ether to whatever places of dissipation and crime that somewhat eccentric and very obedient minion may desire. So Festus and Lucifer, mounted upon the rather ominously named steeds of the latter (of which Lucifer remarks to his friend,

" Thine is named RUIN ;
And DARKNESS mine,")

ride over the earth's surface in company, and in a single hour survey all the nations of the earth. Shelley goes even further, and shows us the spirit of Ianthe taking "French leave" of the body for a few hours, and accompanying Queen Mab in her ethereal chariot through the regions of space to her mysterious "Hall of Spells," from which she views at leisure the various scenes and occurrences on earth. But those who take a trip down the ages (for the preceding

examples authorize the use of the phrase) have to trust themselves to guides oftentimes no less eccentric and uncontrollable than these, yet of a nature which a moral and sober gentleman would rather prefer to the wild cicerones so much beloved of the poets. Named in order, these are mythology, legends, traditions, chronicles, and history. They are to us the expositors of the ages through which they conduct us; and we may find them by no means inadequate representatives of their times.

Yet these guides have too often been the subjects of the most unbounded criminations. The grave historian will settle himself down very complacently among his bundles of time-colored papers and his musty volumes, and forthwith the deep voice of the judge is heard rising from this cellar of literature, and pronouncing these unhappy culprits to be utterly unworthy of credence, and solemnly consigning them forever to the dark dungeon of oblivion; and from his sentence there is too often no appeal. This is but the natural reaction from the excessive confidence imposed in them in former times. Yet perhaps, after all, they are not deserving of such severe treatment, and we may find some redeeming traits which shall serve to cover a multitude of sins. We may find that they show us all that we could wisely desire in their respective provinces; that they furnish the lover of literature with the material for his most elaborate and pleasing performances; and that some idea of them is by no means a blemish to the other acquirements of the scholar. Indeed, we are gradually becoming better acquainted with the worship and religion of the Druids; with the tales of Arthur and his Knights of the "Table Round;" with the traditions which gained the admiration of our unpolished ancestors, and with the spirit and nature of the over-credulous chronicles which have transmitted their deeds to posterity. Enough, then, if we understand the use of this knowledge, its importance, and its bearing in reference to the peculiarities of the nations concerning which we study.

And in seeking this bearing, we find that the character and influence of the imagination over the rational mind is quite a sure index of the condition of the people. In the very rudest times, men commence to search for the origin and first cause of all the creations in the midst of which they are placed, and, feeling about blindly, they stumble, as it were, upon the most fantastic and monstrous hypotheses. In fact, at this period the imagination works almost entirely in the region of the superhuman. Gigantic gods, whose forms and attributes are such as to impress a silent awe even upon the unfearing savage, stupendous workings among the elements of nature, terrific scenes of war and commotion in the heavens, spirits dark and fearful in their nature, wandering over the face of the earth, — these offsprings of a vigorous and unrestrained imagination possess and hold the minds of the listening barbarians; or, enticed by the more pleasing and agreeable aspects of the world around them, they wander as far from the true in setting forth beings of ideal beauty and gods of mild and attractive attributes. The condition of society is also favorable to the unbounded development of this faculty. The man wanders solitary among the scenes of nature, and, being a child at heart, he allows his wild fancy to depict all that he sees or hears with exaggerated details, and clothes the Author of all with terror or love, according as his own mind conceives of these his works.

Of such an age there is no history. It is like childhood, — full of strange musings, of aimless exertions, of wanton acts, and changing purposes; and each individual lives for himself and by himself. From the mythology of the time we may learn all that it has worth knowing. This strange guide, abounding in contradictions and absurdities, disregards the surface of things, and points us at once to their origin. The monstrous tales of the Edda, the elegant and poetic mythology of Hellas, the dark systems of Buddhism, Brahminism, and Parseism expose clearly enough the charac-

ter of the people among whom they originated. They show us the marked features of their minds. All looked at nearly the same things; they beheld the works of nature around them; they listened to and watched the changes which were constantly transpiring; they gazed upon the same heavens by day and by night; they all undertook to explain these objects in their nature and their origin; they started from the same facts and arrived at the most widely different conclusions; and the character of their minds is sufficient — and alone sufficient — to explain the diversity. In one race we find ideas of vastness and power predominant; in another, the poetic and beautiful is remarkably developed; in a third, there is simplicity and trust; in a fourth, terror and fear. The intellect, the passions, the taste, — of these we find that now one and now another exercises the controlling power. These are the circumstances which mythology points out to us, and these general facts are all that we can require in regard to an age where events cannot display the least variety or interest.

The period through which we follow this guide is more remarkable than any that succeed. It forms and fixes the character of these in a great measure by giving a form and fixity to the national worship. The gigantic offsprings of the imagination are its peculiar province, and when it has once closed none of the after ages venture to change materially its magic creations; they gaze at them, admire them, reverence them, and perhaps attempt to explain them in milder and more philosophical terms than those earlier times conceived of. But the hand must not touch those rude and massive productions to alter one important and distinguishing characteristic. It is as the old man, in that beautiful paper of Addison's, creeps up and down before the paintings of the masters, touches them again and again with never-wearying patience, without erasing or adding anything to them, and seemingly almost without any effect, save that the shadings imperceptibly grow mellow and mellow,

that these are adapted to the different succeeding eras yet remaining in every essential part what they were in the beginning. "I could not," says the essayist, "forbear looking upon the face of this ancient workman, and immediately, by the long lock of hair upon his forehead, discovered him to be Time."

The next "heat," if we may so style it, is made with the Legends. Our guides are perhaps as fantastical, obstinate, and bantering as the incognito Knight of the Fetterlock found the jester Wamba in his long ride through the forest to Coningsburg, and perhaps, too, will in the end prove fully as serviceable as did that quick-sighted companion. They conduct us through a region still peopled with the creations of the imagination, but, though superhuman agents continue to take part in the transactions of the heroes, the personages we meet with are for the most part human. Nevertheless, giants, affrights, serpents, wild beasts, and dragons present themselves as antagonists to man's advancement. It is from this era that the epic poets of after ages most legitimately draw the material for their productions. The great activity, the quick passions, the physical strength of these earlier periods furnish the best possible matter to be formed and moulded into consummate works of art by the mental activity and development of later times. Moreover, those stratagems so invaluable to the epic writer, the miraculous occurrences, and the divine interferences which serve to disentangle the most intricate and perplexing combinations of circumstances, are supplied, or at least allowed, by the times of which he treats. And, besides, the tales which he adopts are not the fruits of a single generation. One furnished the crude materials, others in succession enlarged upon, improved, and remodelled them until the era of legends finally closed. At length, at a later period, a mind arises which combines them in a single production, and adds the polishing and refining of genius and taste. What has thus received the sanction and approbation of the ages

must contain something of general, of universal interest; and when these legends breathe the *national* spirit and embody the *national* thought, they are the most fruitful source from which the artistic lover of literature can draw if he seeks to win the interest and gain the approval of his countrymen.

The legends divide our attention between the gods and the men; they unite them for the accomplishment of certain designs and bestow upon the latter godlike virtues and strength more than human; they conduct us over a territory in which the wildness of nature has been a little entrenched upon, its luxuriance a little restrained, and its irregularities a little controlled, and themselves, in harmony with all that pertains to their time, they lead us to the most extensive point of view and show us the scene in all its rugged wildness.

But as we pass on we meet with the traditions. Before they appear, the gods have bidden a final adieu to the earth. But the love of the marvellous is scarcely less strong among men than before. Mad adventures, incredible achievements, prodigies of strength and valor, are related, and in place of the gods have arisen superstitious beliefs which fill all nature with signs and wonders. Some of these are finely described by the little novice in the "Idyls," narrating the omens which her father saw attendant upon the coming to Arthur's court of Queen Guinevere, as he himself went thither:—

“ As he rode an hour, or may be twain,
After the sunset, down the coast, he heard
Strange music, and he paused, and turning — there
Aft down the lonely coast of Lyonesse,
Each with a wild sea-light about his feet,
He saw them, — headland after headland flame
Far on into the rich heart of the west;
And in the light the white mermaiden swam,
And strong man-breasted things stood from the sea,
And sent a deep sea-voice through all the land;
And still at evenings on before his horse
The flickering fairy circle wheeled and broke

Flying, and linked again and wheeled and broke
Flying, for all the land was full of life."

And, when arrived at the hall,

" Every knight
Had whatsoever meat he longed for served
By unseen hands; and even as he said,
Down in the cellars merry bloated things
Shouldered the spigot, straddling on the butts
While the wine ran."

Such weird fancies as these serve to entice and interest the men of this era; and the recital of the deeds of the heroes stirs the blood, and awakens the strongest feelings of the soul. This is the proper age of Romance; and all the elements necessary for its highest and most complete development are to be found here. The author is not bound to the narrow limits of probability, but all the magic, the preternatural occurrences, the gloomy or awe-inspiring scenes of nature, almost undisturbed as yet by man, are at his command; and moreover, he may contrast, in his different personages, the fiercest passions and the mildest and most pleasing graces, the roughest manners and the most winning ways, the ingenuous nature and the crafty and intriguing spirit.

In regard to the preceding periods, the remark of the historian Hume is fully applicable: "That the adventures of barbarous nations, even if they were recorded, could afford little or no entertainment to men born in a more cultivated age; and it is rather fortunate for letters that they are buried in silence and oblivion." So that thus far our guides have fulfilled all that could reasonably be expected of them. The next stage which we see is filled only with human actors, who live, love, labor, suffer, and die in a plain and somewhat unimaginative manner; who are never frustrated in their designs by a message from Jupiter or Brahma; who are never urged to lofty enterprises by the presence or command of Thor or Odin; who are never called upon to encounter dragons or affrights. But at the same time there

appears a regular society, an organized state, the acts, regulations, and economy of which may be of use as an example to succeeding generations, however crude and imperfect they may be. And at this juncture the chronicles appear, which point out to us faithfully the course of events, but yet do not so far depart from the primitive simplicity as to hide the condition of the popular mind, the popular feelings, and the popular tastes, behind the glittering pageants of the courts and the wars and intrigues of the chiefs and princes. We have still the simple tales which find credence among the common citizens, mixed with the papers of state and the campaigns of the generals. We have the character of the people set before us, not in pompous phraseology, but in the very materials which emanated from that unpolluted fountain.

We have come "*to history*," and found a development in the guides who conduct us at the different stages, as well as in the society. The dividing lines between the eras are much less sharply marked than may have appeared, but the distinguishing trait of each in its climax of excellence is the characteristic of the era, and we have sought after this. The rest of the way belongs to History.

Perchance some very acute critic may pronounce that our subject is not "*local*" enough. We consider that to be "*local*" which best chimes in with our pursuits and tastes, and therefore a literary subject must be "*local*." The attention is naturally directed to this topic by many works often mentioned, and some recently published. The investigations in regard to the antiquities, beliefs, and legends of the North American Indians, which never cease to be a subject of interest, and recently rendered more popular in the poem of "*Hiawatha*;" the attention at present drawn to the stories of Prince Arthur by the publication, in Mr. Wright's "*Library of Old Authors*," of the "*Morte d'Arthur*," by Mr. Bulfinch's "*Age of Chivalry*," and, more than all, by the "*Idyls*" of Tennyson; and the general interest

in regard to subjects of a like nature, — an interest which the corresponding periods of Grecian development have never failed to command, — are sufficient to give the subject a local claim in the minds, if not in the society, of College.

THE SWALLOWS.* — A SONG. *Stevens '66*

FROM BÉRANGER.

Air de la Romance de Joseph.

A WARRIOR wept on the Moorish shore,
 Captive and bent by shackles down;
 "I see you now," he said, "once more, —
 Ye birds that flee from winter's frown.
 Dear swallows, led by hope of rest
 To this burning clime beyond the sea,
 In France you left your loving nest:
 Of my country speak ye not to me ?

"A token from that little vale
 Where humbly life was cradled long,
 O bring to me ! for I bewail
 Long absence from that dale of song.
 You have seen our cot, hard by a stream,
 Which murmurs with sweet melody;
 You have seen it there, where lilacs dream:
 Of this valley speak ye not to me ?

"Perchance 't was there you first saw light,
 Beneath the roof where I was born;
 You pitied there — a tender sight! —
 My mother weeping all forlorn;

* This elegy, so filled with regret for the domestic roof, has recently received a new consecration. Many French soldiers of the African army, prisoners of the Arabs, assembled together one evening to sing the song of the Swallows; but it was impossible for them to sing through the song: their feelings stopped their utterance and tears filled their eyes. Thus the Hebrew captives, by the rivers of Babylon, wept in remembering Jerusalem.

The shadow of my coming form,
While dying, she believes to see ;
She lists, then weeps, like wildest storm :
Of my mother speak ye not to me ?

" Is my darling sister yet a bride ?
Did village swains, in chorus gay,
Repeat her praises as with pride
She merry dances, Queen of the May ?
Have they returned, my comrades dear,
Who marched with me in martial glee,
To wield the sword and hurl the spear ?
Of my comrades speak ye not to me ?

" Perhaps the stranger o'er their graves
Along the valley wends his way,
And in my cot as master raves,
While terrors on my sister prey.
For me my mother prays no more,
And fetters everywhere I see.
My country's swallows, I implore,
Of her sorrows speak ye not to me."

EXTEMPORE SPEAKING.

Columbian

The Art of Extempore Speaking. Hints for the Pulpit, the Senate, and the Bar. BY M. BAUTAIN, Vicar-General at the Sorbonne, &c. With Additions, by a Member of the New York Bar. New York : Charles Scribner. 1859.

" SPEECH is the distinguishing peculiarity of man, and speeches the crowning attribution of the American variety of the human species," was the remark of one of our leading journalists in a recent editorial. And, indeed, lack of fluency can hardly be called an American failing. The facility and readiness of speech displayed by our lawyers and politicians is often a matter of astonishment to foreign-

ers who visit the country to examine our institutions and customs. We are emphatically a nation of talkers. We celebrate every event of local or general interest, from the erection of a flagstaff to the laying of the corner-stone of a national monument, from the reception of an escaped convict to the recurrence of the birthday of a great poet, by the same unvarying round of speeches and harangues. We give great dinners to intriguing politicians, military heroes, or a wonderful chess phenomenon, and append, by way of a dessert, speeches, both extemporaneous and prepared, from men of local and national renown.

This *cacoethes loquendi* pervades all classes from the highest to the lowest, and there is a prevailing opinion abroad that our presidents are selected with especial reference to their oratorical qualifications. The recent efforts in this way of some of the aspirants for the office would seem to afford reasonable grounds for this belief. In conducting the affairs of government, and in all business of a political nature, this national propensity is most strikingly displayed. There was a double edge to the satirical remark of the London Times, which defined the difference between European and American diplomacy, by saying, "that in the former more was meant than was said, and in the latter more was said than was meant."

To publish a book on extempore speaking for the use of such a people might seem, at first sight, to be a work of supererogation; bearing wood into the forest, or, as the vernacular has it, "carrying coals to Newcastle." But there is a vast difference between talking much and talking well, and the fluency of far the larger portion of our political, forensic, and after-dinner speakers bears about the same relation to true eloquence, that the noise produced by the random touches of a child upon a piano does to the harmony of a great composer.

Although from the time of Aristotle to the present day treatises of more or less merit upon rhetoric and oratory,

and also the speeches of the great Athenian and Roman orators, which perhaps afford better means of instruction than any didactic treatise, have not been wanting to us, yet there is no reason for believing that the orators of modern times have surpassed, or even equalled, those of antiquity. Demosthenes and Cicero yet remain, and in all probability ever will remain, as models for imitation in this department of literature. Nor is there anything more remarkable in this than in the fact that some of the most shining lights of poetry and sculpture have been furnished us by the ancient pagan world. For oratory is, as has been said, one of the fine arts, and that one, too, which requires for success a greater combination of qualities than any other. The orator, as well as the poet, "is born, not made." Yet as the poet of the present day must learn the rules of metre, and the full and proper significance of words, so the orator must superadd to his natural qualifications many others which can be acquired only by assiduous study and practice, and the object of this little book of M. Bautain is to facilitate, in some degree, the acquisition of these.

If the commendations of the press were any trustworthy evidence of the worth of a book, I fear that the present volume would soon fall into oblivion. For, with the exception of a few brief notices from certain leading journals at its first appearance, it has been passed over almost in silence. But I fancy that not many intelligent persons are misled by newspaper criticism of the present day. It is generally understood to be the way in which editors pay for their libraries, and the idea that it is necessary to do anything more than to turn over the leaves of a book, in order to write one of these "notices," would be considered an insult to their understandings. So all that can reasonably be inferred from a lack of them, is that the booksellers have neglected to present the editors with a copy. It is in fact a sort of negative evidence in favor of the book, inasmuch as its publishers seem by this to say that they are

willing to let it stand upon its merits, without resorting to the system of puffing.

Let no one be deceived by the title of this book of M. Bautain, and fancy that it belongs to that class of cheap publications so common at the present day, which profess to lay down exact and precise rules for the attainment of every object,—from the taming of a horse to gaining the affections of the other sex, from the learning of a foreign language to the transmutation of metals. The author is very far from believing that it is possible to reduce eloquence to a system of rules and precepts which every man shall be able to follow, and those who have taken up the book with the expectation of finding some precise and definite directions which will enable them to become orators, will find themselves disappointed. Nevertheless, to those who do not misapprehend the object of the book, it will well repay perusal.

M. Bautain being himself an eloquent orator and writing upon the subject of oratory, it might naturally be expected that the style of the work would be somewhat superior to that of a mere didactic treatise. Accordingly we find that, although written for the purpose of affording practical benefit to the youthful aspirant for the honors of the forum and the rostrum, and therefore necessarily plain, it rises in passages almost to eloquence. Especially is this the case in some of the few digressions which the author indulges in,—such, for instance, as those in which he deprecates the tendency of the modern positive system of instruction, and vindicates the claims of the classics to a place in a liberal education.

The sentences of this author bear no resemblance to the detached, enigmatical, aphoristic expressions which are so characteristic of Carlyle and Emerson, and which, as an acute reviewer has observed, is a “practical evasion of all the difficulties of composition;” but the connection of each with that which precedes and follows, and also its bearing upon the whole subject, is clear and obvious. There are

many who affect to think such kind of writing as this to be easy enough, and, moreover, that it evinces no great depth of mind or originality of thought. In their opinion, that only shows profundity which requires a great deal of hard thinking to be understood. I do not care here to argue this point, but would refer all such to Whately's preface to Bacon's Essays, where this question is pleasantly discussed.

Compare this treatise on Extempore Speaking, in regard to style, with another work recently translated from the French. Michelet's *L'Amour*, — upon which, by the way, the press have lavishly bestowed those commendations of which they have been so niggardly to M. Bautain, — and there will be seen more clearly the difference I wish to point out. The abrupt, exclamatory, and oracular sentences of Michelet impress one with the idea that he is straining after effect, and desires to attract attention by the singularity of his style; while the smoothly flowing, but yet vigorous and racy, periods of M. Bautain, none of which — so nicely are they (to speak anatomically and etymologically) articulated together — could be omitted without leaving an obvious gap to be filled up, cause the reader to almost overlook the singular beauty and clearness of the diction. The style of the latter may be as artificial as that of the former, but it is of that kind of which it may be truly said that it is *ars celare artem*.

The first chapter of the book is devoted to an exposition and definition of the subject, wherein the author precisely marks out and limits that of which he is going to speak, in order that there may be no misconception of the object of the work. Having fairly stated this, he next proceeds to a consideration of the qualifications necessary for a public speaker. These he divides into two kinds, those which pertain to the mind and those which pertain to the body, and each of these divisions he subdivides into two others, natural and acquired. The second chapter is devoted mainly to an exposition of the natural mental qualifications requisite for

the orator. This is perhaps one of the most useful portions of the book. For, as Quintilian says of the *stilus*, that it is not less useful when employed in erasing, so of this book, although its primary object is to teach how to speak, yet if any, from a careful and attentive perusal of it, shall, from a conviction that they lack these *natural* qualifications, be deterred from entering upon public speaking, not only they themselves, but the general public, who are so often bored by addresses and speeches from those who were evidently designed by nature for other vocations, will have much reason to be indebted to M. Bautain.

The remaining chapters of the first part treat of the acquired mental, and the natural and acquired physical, qualifications requisite for success in public speaking. The second part gives more specific directions in regard to the division of the subject, and the preparation and arrangement of the plan for various kinds of speaking, the determination and conception of the subject, the intellectual, moral, and bodily preparation before speaking, the various divisions of the discourse, from the exordium to the peroration, and then a concluding chapter upon some useful precautions to be observed after the discourse is finished.

Although, as may be seen from this *résumé* of the chapters, an eminently methodical work, yet it is very far from being merely a dry collection of precepts and rules to be observed by the tyro in speaking; neither is it a collection of vague generalities, the truth of which all would be inclined to admit, but whose practical use many might be disposed to question. The author has chosen the happy mean between being too precise and too general, and has furnished us with a book which may be read with profit by those designing to engage in public speaking, and also with pleasure by those whose tastes lie in another direction.

Not so much can be said in praise of the additions by the American editor, which increase the cost of the book, but add little or nothing to its intrinsic value. The work of

M. Bautain is emphatically an original one, *sui generis*, and there is nothing with which we can compare or liken it. But the additions by "a member of the New York bar" do not possess this merit. The first chapter, which treats of the logic of the orator, is nothing more than a compilation of some of the more familiar rules of logic, illustrated by examples, and any one who has even the most superficial knowledge of the science will find nothing new here. The second of the chapters added gives directions for training the voice, which, though useful, would be more appropriate in a treatise on elocution than their present place. The third, and last, is a collection of some of the common rules of order and debate, of which it may likewise be said that they possess but little pertinency in their present connection.

The animated and lively style of M. Bautain, who abounds in illustrations and similes, bears no resemblance to that of the author of the additional chapters, which is somewhat dull and prosaic, and the tacking of these two incongruous elements together reminds one of nothing more than the attempt of prudent housewives to eke out a scanty pattern of a woollen carpet by a border of cotton or hemp. Moreover, the "member of the New York bar" has adhered so closely to the purpose with which he set out, which was to be "strictly practical," (a purpose of which it may be remarked, by the way, that, if it is *always* borne in mind, not unfrequently renders books exceedingly dull and tiresome,) that his additions will be read with but little interest save by those who are designing to engage in public speaking; while, as was before said, M. Bautain's remarks will afford pleasure to the more general reader.

I have spoken thus at length of this book, because, as it seems to me, the subject of which it treats is worthy of more attention than it receives here in Harvard. That its importance has been overrated by many cannot be denied. There are some who seem to think that fluency, or readiness of speech — the power of statement or expression, as they

term it — is the *summum bonum*, the crowning cap-sheaf of all intellectual attainments. But this is not our characteristic fault. We are apt to look with suspicion upon all extemporizing, and believe only in that which is down in black and white. We have supreme faith in the inspiration of our manuscript. In some of the other American colleges prizes are given for proficiency in debate, and in nearly all of them there are debating-societies which bring out and develop this talent. But there is nothing of the sort here. Societies are generally considered by the “powers that be” as a necessary evil, and meet with but little favor among students; and if Harvard graduates of the present day become in after life fluent and ready speakers, it is not owing to any fostering care bestowed by *Alma Mater* upon the means and appliances calculated to make them such.

That this readiness of speech is of some advantage will not be denied by any one. He who enters upon professional or political life with power to speak nothing save that which he has previously committed to writing, will find himself at an immense disadvantage when compared with his more fluent associates and adversaries, and be doomed to suffer many and serious inconveniences. The vapid declaimer will often accomplish in a few brief moments what it will take him days of weary labor to undo. For a ten minutes’ speech at the fitting time will often effect more than piles of disquisition a week, or even a day later. And if he ever comes in contact with a true orator, one who, besides an affluence of words, has also extensive and varied knowledge, and both conjoined with logical accuracy of reasoning, he will feel how immeasurable is his inferiority. In a government constituted like ours, where every man may be called upon to exercise the functions of a legislator, he will find himself debarred from many places of honor and emolument on account of this very deficiency. And even if he does not enter upon professional or political life, there is scarcely any department of science, or any branch of mechanical indus-

try, in which he will not find it advantageous to possess, at least in a measurable degree, this faculty of off-hand speech.

But besides the obvious material advantages to be derived from this faculty of extemporaneous speaking, there is another, perhaps as important, though of hardly so tangible a nature. I refer to the influence which it exerts upon our style of writing. It was but a short time since that I heard the expression "Harvard College style" used as a sort of contemptuous phrase to designate a kind of writing which was elegant and polished, but which lacked force and vigor. Now it is by no means to be inferred that these qualities cannot coexist. The glitter of a weapon makes it none the less useful. The Damascus blade of Saladin is as effective as the ponderous sword of Richard. Yet sometimes ease and grace may be attained at the expense of strength, and without assenting fully to the justice of the criticism implied in the phrase, or undervaluing the importance of words, it may perhaps be admitted that there is a tendency here to devote too much attention (comparatively speaking) to the niceties of speech. We are apt to spend more time in seeking for a choice phrase or an elegant arrangement of words, than a striking thought or a strong argument. Our sentences become elaborate and their meaning somewhat difficult to understand. Is not this owing, in part at least, to the little attention paid here to extemporaneous speaking? This is what gives directness and point to expression. In the midst of debate there is no time for the construction of involved and intricate periods, or for exercising an enervating over-fastidiousness in the culling of words; but our sentences become clear and compact, and we use plain, homespun, Anglo-Saxon derivatives, which, for all the purposes of ordinary speech, are by far the most effective.

The difference between the style of one who always writes but never speaks, and one who always speaks but never writes, is very great. The first is more smooth and polished, the second more concise and forcible. The one lacks

power, the other beauty. Speaking generally, the two qualities of grace and strength can only be acquired by practice both in writing and speaking. The two must mutually correct each other; and any system of education which neglects or ignores either of them is faulty.

Probably very few of us even expect, or perhaps even desire, to become great orators. To "wield at will the fierce democratic,"

"The applause of listening senates to command,"

or to leave behind a name which shall be a synonyme* for eloquence, are privileges vouchsafed to but few. To attain great success in oratory not only requires much study and practice, but also a rare combination of natural gifts.

Yet, on the other hand, some degree of fluency in speech is to be desired, and can be attained by all. Though silence may be the "perfectest herald of joy," yet there are times when both permanent advantage and immediate convenience are promoted by talking. In the present age taciturnity seldom gains for any one a reputation for wisdom; but, on the contrary, frequently induces the belief that he is a dunce. Two classes of men keep their coffers closed,—those who have them filled, and those who have nothing; and the world, not being over-charitable, is full oftener inclined to suspect that the latter is the case than the former. An opinion prevails among the "vulgar" that every student in college, or a graduate of one, who is, of course, an "educated man," is capable of making a short speech upon any subject, with the slightest possible preparation. Hence he is often called upon to "make a few remarks." Sometimes he cannot well refuse. There is a moral necessity that he should say something. But even the *very* moderate degree of fluency required for these occasional efforts can only be attained by some previous practice. It is, then, of importance that this faculty of extemporaneous speaking be culti-

* "Ut Cicero jam non hominis nomen, sed eloquentiæ, habeatur."—QUINT.

vated early in life, before we become so wedded to particular forms of speech, or modes of thought, that it is difficult or impossible to change or modify them. It has been asserted that it is impossible for any one to master a foreign language which he does not commence until after he is twenty years of age. But whether this be true or not, it is certain that language is more plastic under our efforts at an early period of life.

The chief danger to be apprehended from the attempt to develop this faculty when we are quite young is, that we are apt to attach too much importance to its possession, and if we chance to gain some proficiency, trust too much in it. Young men who can talk easily and fluently at local celebrations, picnics, &c., not unfrequently fancy they are on the highway to oratory. It cannot, however, be too strongly insisted upon, that knowledge is the only sure foundation of true and lasting power. Words are powerful only as they represent thoughts. We not unfrequently hear persons say that they have ideas in their mind, but cannot find words to express them. Now I would not go so far as to say, as many do, that a person cannot clearly conceive an idea which it is difficult or impossible for him to express in words. Any one who has had any experience in translating from foreign languages knows that not unfrequently he can fully comprehend the meaning of the author, but yet is at a loss for words to clearly convey his idea to another. And I believe that this is sometimes the case with our own thoughts. Yet it cannot be denied that this excuse is often put forward when the real fault is that we have no idea to express. We must first have something to say before we learn *how* to say it. The ancients thought that an orator should be a man of universal knowledge, and though, from the vast extent of science and literature at the present day, it is manifestly impossible that those who take "all human knowledge as their province" should acquire more than a superficial acquaintance with any department, yet it is desira-

ble, nay, essential rather, that the orator of our times should be, so far as the two qualities can be united in one person, both comprehensive and profound. He must have breadth as well as depth, extensive attainments and thorough learning. These are the characteristics which distinguish the truly eloquent orator from the merely fluent speaker. "*Sit igitur orator vir talis, qualis vere sapiens appellari possit.*"

THE WEED.

Wigglesworth

"Stinkingest of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind."

READERS of Maga, attention! I desire to speak a few words to you with regard to the "small vice," smoking. You have all heard of the two lecturers on Temperance, of whom, one delivered the speeches, the other served as a "horrid example." Now I wish to take this Janus-headed office upon myself; and first, to serve as a "horrid example," let me, like Methodist preachers, "tell my experiences."

At the age of eight years I was induced by an elder associate to smoke my first cigar. Finding that it produced no effect upon me, and being puffed up at the thought that I was not affected while my instructor was severely afflicted with a rush of chyle to the head, I took it into my silly pate that I was cut out for a great smoker, and we two would spend the greater portion of every afternoon sitting in a secluded spot, puffing "short-sixes." I was at length infected with that fearful mania, the idea of coloring a pipe, and would smoke from twenty to thirty pipes a day; but becoming impatient that the oil came through no faster, took finally to solid plug. This was the climax; the narcotic "nigger-head" asserted its influence over that of the

Anglo-Saxon, and, with swimming eyes and aching head, I was compelled to take to my couch for the rest of the day. Impressed with the idea that it showed spunk, I stuck to it; but, as the "Autocrat" justly observes, "Pluck survives Stamina," for each half-dozen pipes being attended with the same result, I became thin, my steps unsteady, my eyes weak, my muscles flabby, and I awoke in the morning with a raging thirst. I saw my error, and was saved in time; and now, for the sake of others, sacrifice myself on the altar of publicity. "Crede experto:" the advice of one who has been through the mill is worth that of a thousand who merely surmise its ill effects.

This mania for coloring pipes is particularly prevalent in college. Men begin by taking a pipe as a consolator in their troubles, to calm their minds; whereas in reality it only produces a morbid stupor, deadening the senses to all external impressions. In the next stage he gets attached to his "dudeen," his "black doctor," his "cob," his "yard of clay," or his meerschaum, and thinks he will color it, and in the last stage, we behold him a confirmed smoker.

This is no "Counterblast," issued as a companion to the article on Temperance in *Maga's* September edition. I have no society to propose, I do not possess the ready pen of the author of that article; a "plain blunt man," I address a few words, direct from the heart, to those in whom I feel a kindly interest.

Let me now state a few of the ill effects of the use of Tobacco. Ye, whose highest aim it is to shine in "Wisdom's pleasant ways," it will cloud the intellect. Ye, who pride yourselves on your muscle, let me tell you it stunts the frame, relaxes the sinews, enters the lungs, and spoils the "wind" you think so much of; induces consumption, the loss of saliva needful for digestion, renders you pale, sickly, and emaciated. To singers let me say, it injures the voice. To handsome men, "ye lady-killers," I must speak of its spoiling the teeth, infecting the breath, and weakening the

eyes. To all ; it injures the body, on the health of which depends, in a great measure, the health of the mind ; it leads to bad company and to drink ; it shortens life, deadens the senses, renders you nervous, wastes time, is very expensive, and intensely dirty. "'T was a sad hour when polished Europeans caught its use of naked savages on our continent, for the hand on the dial-plate of civilization turned backwards a great way."

"It lodges in the tissues of the system, scents and discolors it, giving it a hue like that of an Egyptian mummy." Can you not choose a process more pleasant to the world at large, if you must thus "baconize" your bodies ? Fiery dragons, devils, and gentlemen of that kidney are the only ones represented as emitting fire and smoke on all around ; in which class, pray, do you wish to be set down ?

"Affect in things about thee cleanliness,
That all may gently board thee as a flower."

Though the cost of this expensive habit is the slightest consideration of all, let me nevertheless say a word on this point also. Young men with good sets of teeth and no prospects, small means, and expensive habits, let me inform you that your three six-cent Havanas a day amount, between your twentieth and fiftieth years, to over \$ 10,000, — a little item worthy of consideration. "New York city pays \$ 10,000 a day for cigars, \$ 8,500 for bread. The American church expends annually \$ 5,000,000 on this vile narcotic, \$ 1,000,000 on benevolent objects. The United States in this manner worse than wastes annually \$ 25,500,000."

Is not the bondage in which we are held by this plant — which is used only by the vile, bloated, squatty, loathsome, green tobacco-worm, and by poor human worms more to be pitied than loathed — worse than the thralldom of the poor African, whom we pity so much ? The oppressed Ethiop has his full revenge on his masters, as in the fields of the sunny South he cultivates for their use this "abomination in the sight of the Lord."

Listen to Rush, Waterhouse, and Twitchell. "This habit causes inflammation of the throat, spoils the voice, gets disease into the lungs, brings sleepless nights, irritable minds, fiery passions, impaired judgment, and loss of memory. It is a violation of physical, intellectual, and moral life, it injures the teeth and breath, it squanders the liquids of life, and thereby induces biliousness, a sunken cheek, a cadaverous eye, a discolored skin, debility, trembling joints, and has power to load the system with apoplexy, epilepsy, palsy, heart complaints, cancers, and sudden death." Physicians have said, "Not less than twenty thousand die among us annually from the use of this narcotic."

As Paul said to Timothy, so say I to you: "Keep yourself pure." Drop the habit at once, totally, entirely. Is it not less painful to die by one stroke, than by inches, as you are now doing? Would you shorten your terrier's tail by inches? "Touch not; handle not;" — "He that subdueth himself is better than he that ruleth a city."

LINES.

Not in the juice of the sunny plain,
Where the grape in clusters lies;
Not in sparkling wine of gay Champagne,
Did I drink to thy bright eyes.

Not in a beaker of old Tokay,
Long hoarded for ages past,
Drank I to the moments I spent with thee, —
Those moments, too happy to last!

But though I had quaffed that magic wine
Which poets so oft have sung,
Whose smallest drop, 't is said, will recall
Sweet memories to old and young,

No happier thoughts my mind could have filled,
No dreams of beauty more bright;
For of *thee* I thought, of *thee* I dreamed,
Till I saw the morning light.

A NIGHT IN A HAUNTED HOUSE.

ON a winter evening, when the thermometer stands at ten degrees below zero, and the wind comes howling and shrieking round the house, when everything outside is cold and desolate, and all within is cheerful and bright, I have a fondness for arranging myself as comfortably as possible, and then indulging in castles in the air. I draw up my lounge in front of my blazing fire and fill a pipe. Then, having extinguished my lamp, I stretch myself out at ease, and while the rich, warm, ruddy glow of the fire circles round me, I watch the flames as they dance and flicker in the grate and betake myself to "linking fancy unto fancy."

One evening, while thus pleasantly engaged, I was startled from my reverie by a knock at the door. "Come," I shouted, and in walked my old friend Jack Henries. Jack and I had been quite intimate, but latterly — though our friendship for each other was as warm as ever — we had not been thrown much together. He was rather an eccentric fellow, — fond of poking into all sorts of out-of-the-way places, ever on the look out for an adventure, and, as generally happens to such men, adventures were never wanting to him. Jack would find an adventure, have a glorious time, and a good story to tell, where another man would cut his throat from sheer *ennui*. In short, as the illustrious Wilkins Micawber would say, something was always sure to "turn up" for him.

Our greeting over, Jack deposited himself in my easy-chair, and, with a pipe between his lips, soon began to blow a vigorous cloud. Each having many inquiries to make, and numerous events having occurred since we had last met, a brisk conversation followed; and the night wore on towards the "wee, sma' hours," as we still talked with undiminished vigor, while we recalled the old days in which we had frolicked together, and the friends we had formerly

associated with. Old stories were told, old jokes cracked, and the portrait of many an old familiar face was brought up from the lumber-rooms of our memories, where, in some unknown corner, it had long remained hid even from our own gaze, retouched with a loving hand, and made to shine forth with new lustre. At last, however, there came a pause in our conversation,—one of those pauses which frequently occur, even in crowded assemblies, when every one ceases talking at the same time, as if by magic, and all is still for a moment. Just then the wind gave a long, mournful wail, and beat furiously against the window. We sat in silence for some moments longer, each thinking of the strain that had just died away, till, at last, Jack, looking up, said, “I think I never before heard the wind *speak* quite so plainly as it does to-night—except once.”

“When was that?” I asked.

“On the night that I slept, for the first time, in a haunted house,” replied he.

“Suppose you recount your ‘hair-breadth ‘scape,’” said I; “it’s a long time since you told me any of your adventures; but first fill your pipe, and let me mix a ‘cheerful tod’ for us, lest perchance the terrors of your story prove too much for me.”

“I have no ‘terrors’ to tell,” replied he, “except such as were of my own imagining; but don’t let that deter you from carrying out your present good intention.”

Accordingly the “tod” was mixed, and when we were comfortably settled again, Jack began:—

“I spent the greater part of last summer at a little rocky island, just off the coast of——. It is about twelve miles out at sea, and is the most barren, desolate-looking spot you ever saw. There are but two houses on the island,—the Hotel, and the one in which I had what you are pleased to call my adventure. I will first try to give you some idea of the aspect of the house.—It stands about fifty or a hundred feet north of the Hotel, completely exposed to the fury

of the wind, which sweeps round it at times as if it would tear it to pieces. It is a small, square, two-story house ; its sides gray, and its roof black from exposure to the weather, with here and there a shingle dropped out, and a board fallen off through decay. The windows are small, without blinds, — ricketty and worm-eaten. The weeds grow rank and tall about its sides ; the wooden stoop has fallen to pieces, the doorsteps are mouldy, and the clapboards, scarcely supported by the rusty nails, threaten to fall on your head as you pass by. The doors creaked fearfully when you opened them. The rooms had a close, musty smell, and silence and rats reigned supreme in them. Lights had been seen moving about in the different rooms at night, voices had been heard calling aloud the names of persons who had formerly lived there ; and it was impossible to keep the inside doors shut, though they were fastened ever so carefully. It had its legends, too, as a matter of course. One of these was, that a lady, entering the parlor one day, found an old woman, with a red shawl on, sitting before the fire. Supposing that it was some one who had come over from the Hotel, the lady walked up to speak to her, when, behold the beldame vanished into thin air, without even so much as saying, " Good by ! "

Another story was (and this was strongly vouched for as true), that the daughter of the landlord of the Hotel, who with her husband had formerly inhabited the house, while sitting one afternoon knitting in her chair, was taken up bodily, chair and all, whirled round twice, and then set down again.

At a watering-place so secluded as that there is generally one topic of conversation which is all-absorbing for the time being, and about which every one talks when other topics fail. Our topic, just then, was Spiritualism. It was about the time that some of your professors here at Cambridge were creating such an excitement on the subject, and we were all deeply interested. The question was fully dis-

cussed, and circles were formed nightly for the purpose of moving tables, chairs, &c., but, I need not say, with very poor success, none of us being professed mediums. The Haunted House, as a matter of course, came in for its share of the conversation. Everything that had ever been heard concerning it was raked up, and told with additions to suit the fancy of the narrator; and all, even the most incredulous, agreed that it was, at least, what the Scotch call an "uncanny spot." Consequently we were much surprised one morning to learn that it was going to be inhabited. The Hotel was quite full, and therefore some ladies, who intended visiting the Island, had ordered a couple of rooms to be fitted up in the house, and shortly after took possession of them.

For some time everything went on quietly, but, at last, rumors began to creep about that all was not going on well over at the house. Loud noises were said to have been heard at night, heavy furniture had been moved, and doors had been found open in the morning which were carefully closed the night before. Matters were brought to a crisis, at last, by one of the ladies rushing over to the Hotel one afternoon in an agony of fright, and giving the following reason for her terror. Let me briefly describe to you first the part of the house where the incident occurred. As you enter the front door, you come directly upon a flight of stairs leading up to a landing, on each side of which are the rooms then occupied by the ladies. Passing along this landing, and going through a low doorway, you come to the head of a second flight of stairs, which, running down the side of the wall, leads to the kitchen and out-rooms.

She was standing, she said, near the door of her room, when she heard, as she thought, the rustling of a silk dress on the back stairway. Supposing it to be one of her friends, she called to her, but received no answer. She called a second time, and again there was no reply. She then walked to the head of the stairs whence the rustling pro-

ceeded; just as she reached there the noise ceased. She looked down, but could see no one. Very much startled, she rushed from the spot and hurried to the Hotel. On hearing her story, the other ladies declared that they would not spend another night in the house alone, and desired that some gentleman would pass that night there, and on the morrow they would leave the place.

As I had always wished to spend a night in a *bona fide* haunted house, I offered my services and presence, and they were accepted. Accordingly, taking with me a pipe, a book, and a few other things, about ten o'clock I marched over.

My room was on the second story, just at the head of the back stairway I have spoken of above. It was a small, square room, uncarpeted, with but a single window, and that destitute of blinds and curtains. It contained no furniture except a bed and a bureau. The bureau stood at the head of the bed, directly in front of the window, and partially obscuring it. Setting down my lamp on the bureau, I undressed myself, got into bed, and, taking my pipe and book, prepared to read myself to sleep. Everything was soon as quiet as if all life had departed from the place, except the wind, which blew furiously.

I had read for about a quarter of an hour, when I heard a tap against the window. I looked up, but could see nothing, except the black panes; the darkness seemed to have acquired density, and had piled itself up in masses against the glass, so that nothing outside could be seen. I waited for a moment, and then went on with my reading. Presently I heard another tap, and this time, perhaps because my senses were more on the alert, it seemed somewhat louder than before. I still read on, saying to myself that it was nothing but the branch of a tree, forgetting there was no tree of such a height on the island. Soon, however, I heard a third tap, and now it sounded as if a gravel-stone had been thrown against the glass. I got up, moved the

bureau, opened the window, and looked out. The night had partially cleared up, and the wind had lulled somewhat, but still large masses of black, fantastically-shaped clouds were hurrying across the sky, now obscuring entirely the bright face of the moon, and now leaving it to shine forth in full splendor. "Surely," thought I, "this must be Walpurgis's night, and these clouds are the demons, hastening to their assembly." I put my hand out, expecting to have it come in contact with the limb of a tree, but I could neither feel nor see anything of the kind. I then examined closely the side of the house, but could find nothing that would in any way account for the noise. I closed the window and went back to bed, feeling somewhat more sober than before. I tried to resume my reading, but in vain; for do what I would my mind *would* revert to the noise, and I repeatedly found myself seeking to discover some cause for so singular an occurrence.

My lamp was one of those gas-lamps which send forth the flame from an opening in a bulb in the top. The light came forth in two long, slender jets, which flickered fearfully at every little gust of wind. And at times the flame would decrease till there remained but a single speck of blue light, which gave an air of indistinctness and mystery to everything surrounding. My door was wide open, and I must confess that at every moment I half expected to see some shape, undefined and horrible, emerge from the wall of blackness outside and stalk into the room. In despair of controlling my thoughts, I finally closed my book, and prepared to compose myself to sleep. Scarcely had I begun to doze, before I heard a noise on the stairs just outside my door, which, I would have sworn, was the rustling of a silk dress against the wall. For a moment I was tempted to cover my head with the bedclothes, but, mustering all my courage, I got out of bed, and, taking my lamp, which seemed to be almost at its lowest ebb, I walked towards the door, resolved to discover, at any rate, whence the noise arose.

Just as I reached the door, the rustling ceased. I looked down the stairs, but, beyond the circle of dim rays cast by my lamp, there arose, impenetrable to the sight, a wall of darkness, thick and solid, as of ebony. Never before did I fully comprehend Shakespeare's term, "thick night."

I stood for a moment with my lamp flickering in my hand, walked down a step or two, and then turned to go back. Just as I turned, my lamp went out, and I was left in total darkness. An icy shiver came over me, and I almost thought I felt the impress of a cold hand on my neck. Groping my way along, I hurried back to my room as fast as I could.

By the time I had relit my lamp, the rustling had commenced a second time; again I went to the door, and again, just as I reached there, the rustling ceased. I walked out, went down the stairs, and looked into the room below, but could see nothing except that same horrible darkness,—and the stillness was like death. As I turned to go back, the rustling began again. A thought struck me,—and, as I walked up the stairs, I held the lamp down near the side of the stairway. When I came to the place where the noise was most distinct, the jets of flame flickered and waved more than ever; I looked down and found a split in the foot of one of the boards forming the side of the stairway; intersecting this split was a large splinter, and this, vibrated by the wind, created the sound which had caused so much alarm.

Ashamed at having allowed so trifling a thing to excite me so much, I went back to bed, and — my imaginings all laid to rest by the elucidation of the "fearful mystery," and very well pleased at having spoiled so excellent a spirit-story — I fell into a sound sleep, from which I did not wake till late next morning.

I gave my explanation of the rustling, and told my story, at the breakfast-table, with the utmost nonchalance; but, for all that, I hardly think I should care much about spending another night in the Haunted House.

THE GRAVE IN THE BUSENTO. *J. E. Odo.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF PLATEN.

ON the shores of dark Busento, at Cosenza whisper nightly
Hollow strains, that from the water hear an echo breathing lightly.

Lo! the ghosts of countless warriors glide along the gliding river,—
Their great Alaric lamenting, pride of Goths, now gone forever.

Far from home his form was buried ere his years were fully ended,
Ere the silver streaks of old age, with his golden locks had blended.

On the shores of dark Busento, wearily his faithful warriors
Toiled, until the sluggish waters slowly brake their ancient barriers.

Then his resting-place they hollowed in the channel of the river,
Where his form, girt round with armor, by his steed might sleep forever.

Round him piled his arms and treasures; heaped the earth upon his grave,
That above the buried hero the long river-grass might wave.

Now the army's toil the river to its course at length restores,
And Busento's foaming billows beat upon his former shores.

"Alaric, our pride and sorrow, sleep the bravest of the brave,
Where no hound of Roman race can reach thee, or molest thy grave."

Thus they sang, and, loud resounding, rung the strains from shore to shore,
Bear them on thy waves, Busento! sound them forth for evermore!

THE PRISONER'S SOLILOQUY. *Stevens*

MY eyes are burning, and I feel their light
Is like the madness of the lightning's might;
In their hot sockets restlessly they roll,
Like fevered visions in a maniac's soul.
O, could I weep from my o'erflowing breast,
My tears might lull my torture into rest!
But mine 's the anguish and the ghastly fears
Which may not know the luxury of tears.

'T is like a dream, — methinks he heaved a sigh,
And said to-morrow's sun would see me die !
I could not hear the rest, — my reeling brain
Was filled with spectres and with racking pain.
I strove to fly, to hide the awful sight, —
My chains forbade me with their fiendish might,
And then I fell, — the midnight of my mind
Had not a star beneficent and kind,
But all was lurid horror, — grim Despair
With frantic cry sprang on me from his lair,
Then all was still.

My senses teem
With horrors, — 't was not, could not be a dream.
It must be true, — my terrors plainly read
My doom in that wild, murderous deed.
The good old man — how like an angel there !
How pure and sacred seemed his snowy hair !
Sleep brooded on his brow with peace serene,
And on his face there glowed a heavenly sheen.
His breathing sounded like the rustling wings
Of cherub, as he calmly soars and sings.
I could not slay him, — cowardly my hand
Let fall the dagger, and I was unmanned.
When suddenly a demon seemed to rise : —

“ Spare not, thou coward ! ” shrill he cries,
“ And thou shalt be a prince ; for gold, gold, gold
Is in this chest in flashing heaps untold.”

I raised the dagger, found his beating heart,
And plunged the steel, then saw up-gushing start
The sacred blood — O Heaven !
Can this foul crime, this murder be forgiven ?

I cannot die ! Away, grim Death ! avaunt !
No longer stab me with thy bitter taunt.
Cease, cease thy horrid laughter at my woe ;
It is my death-knell, and my pulse moves slow.
I will not die ! I'll wrestle with thee, Death !
Thou shalt not rob me of my trembling breath.
Can nothing bribe thee ? nothing make thee fear ?
I'd give the world to live another year !

COLLEGE RECORD.

ORDER OF PERFORMANCES FOR EXHIBITION, OCTOBER 18, 1859.

1. A Latin Oration. "De Napoleonis Tertii et Caesaris Triumphis. Edmund Wetmore, Utica, N. Y.
2. An English Version. From the Oration of Lycurgus against Leocrates. William Henry Pettee, Newton Upper Falls.
3. A Latin Version. From Fisher Ames: "On the Treaty with Great Britain." Richard Stone, Newburyport.
4. A Disquisition. "The Monastic Republic of Mount Athos." Stephen Minot Weld, Jamaica Plain.
5. A Disquisition. "The Character of Atticus." William Sumner Appleton, Boston.
6. An English Version. From an Oration of Cicero against Verres. Henry Pickering, Cambridge.
- *7. A Dissertation. "The Mathematician and the Philosopher." George Willis Warren, Boston.
8. A Greek Version. From G. W. Curtis: "Fair Play for Women." Wendell Phillips Garrison, Boston.
9. A Disquisition. "The Brahmins." Edward Crosby Johnson, Boston.
10. A Disquisition. "Hunting-Life in Africa." William Converse Wood, West Roxbury.
11. An English Version. From Demosthenes: "De Falsa Legatione." Jeremiah Wesley Boyden, East Boston.
12. A Disquisition. "Ecclesiastical Statesmen." George Henry Whittemore, Cambridge.
13. A Greek Dialogue. From Allingham: "The Young Advocate." Henry Pickering Bowditch, West Roxbury. George Hart Mumford, Rochester, N. Y.
- *14. A Dissertation. "The Opening of Eastern Asia to European Influence." George Everett Adams, Chicago, Ill.
15. A Latin Version. From Brougham: "On Law Reform." Leonard Case Alden, Boston.
16. A Dissertation. "The Poetic and Scientific Love of Nature." Silas Dean Presbrey, Taunton.

* Omitted.

17. A Latin Dialogue. From Molière: "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." Joseph Bradford Hardon, Newton Corner. Lewis Stackpole Dabney, Fayal, Azores.

18. An English Metrical Version. From Auersperg: "The Last Poet." James Kent Stone, Brookline.

19. A Disquisition. "Scientific Investigations into the Origin of the Universe." Calvin Milton Woodward, Fitchburg.

*20. An English Version. From Cicero: "De Natura Deorum." Joseph Hetherington McDaniels, Lowell.

21. A Dissertation. "Caricature in Literature." Henry Austin Clapp, Dorchester.

22. An English Oration. "Individualism." Henry George Spaulding, Dedham.

WE regret exceedingly that we have to record the resignation of our honored President. At the meeting of the Board of Overseers, held October 29th, 1859, James Walker, D. D., LL. D., resigned his office as President of Harvard College, the resignation to take effect at the end of the present college term.

* Omitted.

EDITORS' TABLE.

MAY '60

THE business editor haunts me. Like the gad-fly of Iro, he pursues me with unrelenting goad wheresoever I go. In my dreams last night I beheld his stern visage. I heard his reproachful tones prophesying woe to Maga. For is not to-morrow the Calends of November? and as yet the printer has not seen the first article for the November number, neither has the recreant editor put pen to paper to prepare his editorial. Ill-starred youth! To avoid the terrific vision, I hide my head beneath the sheets. I cut prayers. For cannot my watchful Mentor, from the eyrie of our tuneful choir, pounce upon me ere I can escape from the chapel! I lie close all day; but this evening I steal forth beneath the friendly shades of night, and — meet the business editor. I wait not his menacing words. I flee in the direction of my chamber. But lo! I find myself entangled in a crowd. Burying myself deep in the surrounding mass of Hibernians, I experience a feeling of momentary relief and safety. And forthwith I find myself listening to the harangue of a lantern-jawed, tawny-bearded, long-cloaked man, whose visage and person receive a strange and novel appearance from the glare of the portable gas-lamp in front of him. He is descanting upon the evils of dimness of vision and enfeebled memory. "These," cries the ardent, but somewhat ungrammatical pharmacopialist, "these is all caused by various disorders of the stomach, of which there is many kinds, such as —" &c., &c. Two of his miraculous and infallible dandelion pills were, however, warranted to cure the most desperate cases.

But in his neighborhood stood a much more interesting orator, with a small table before him, divided into numerous compartments. This gentleman, in a lower, but no less determined and untiring key, set forth the merits of his merchandise. His tone was most peculiar, — now quick and vigorous, now lengthened into a prolonged and emphatic cadence. "Here, gentlemen, you have the paper of songs, which may be read across or otherwise, as may best please yourselves, and which ah-ghine (again) makes one. And here you have the twenty-dollar bill, which ah-ghine makes two. And here ah-ghine you have a plain silver ring, which ah-ghine makes three. And here ah-ghine you have an elegant wedding-ring, stamped on the in-side, which ah-ghine makes four. And here ah-ghine you have a cent, containing four *sil-ver* spoons, the smallest ever m-a-d-e or mannyfacterd, which ah-ghine makes five. And here you have the magic cards, which, ah-ghine makes six, and which are not playing or ga-mbling cards, but afford an in-nocent di-ver-sion for the winter fireside. And here ah-ghine you have the song-book, containing R-I-V-E R-B-N-D-E-N songs, toasts, sentiments, and r-e-citations, as sung in the most distant parts of the Union, which ah-ghine makes seven. And all this package ah-ghine is to be sold for only T-B-N cents."

Out of curiosity, I purchased one of these bundles and brought it to my room to examine. But, having carelessly neglected to lock my door, the business editor made an angry inroad, pitched my half-examined prize into the fire, and

bade me "write," in his own peculiarly thunderous tones. Our business editor is physically a man of thew and sinew. I have therefore submitted, and he has just retired, leaving me to write about

EXHIBITION DAY.

Great is *Alma Mater*, and greatly to be praised, both she and all her institutions. Prominent among the latter stands Exhibition Day. Grand and pompous are ever these semiannual displays. Fair unto the eye and refreshing is the sight of the ladies from the neighboring metropolia, thronging those benches where erst the student crowds were wont to listen to the inspiring words of prayer and praise sometime before the December sunrise. Full of kind promise and prophetic of a brilliant future for New England are the reflection and ability then and there displayed by the semi-bearded orator, to the wonder and astonishment of the audience.

Tuesday, October 18th, 1859, derogated not from the manifold glories of its predecessors.

"The morning dawned full darkly ;"

but what of that? It only furnished an opportunity for the enterprising class of '60 to cap the climax of their many triumphs by finally triumphing over the elements. This feat they accomplished with their customary *éclat*. So attractive was the programme of performances, that even feminine ardor was not to be damped by clouds over-head nor by mud under-foot. And when, towards eleven o'clock, the venerable President passed through the door, the vigorous clap which accompanied his progress testified that the audience was as numerous and as enthusiastic as usual.

We have, perhaps almost unconsciously, distantly insinuated the presence of ladies. It is true, we believe, that there were some present. You demand more full remarks upon this point? How, I ask, can one whose mind must continually dwell upon Fichte's theory of Fatalism, upon the genesis of our idea of causation, and other similar topics, — how, I demand, can one wrapt in such all-engrossing inquiries find time to notice the trivialities which you desire? Moreover we regret to say that this grand feature — the presence of ladies — was much more distinctly visible, than the numerous congeries of lesser features of which it was composed. In fact, from the student quarter of the room nothing could be seen save a sea of bonnets; and a youth might easily have remained in unhappy ignorance of the presence of his own mother, did he happen to be unfamiliar with this portion of her attire. But stop! — we will not be so ungrateful as to forget to extend our thanks to the fair damsels who occupied the side-seats beneath the windows. These, as being very conspicuous and subject to a most rude system of staring, must have been peculiarly obnoxious to the modest and retiring diffidence of our young lady friends. Fully appreciating this fact, we would most sincerely and thankfully express our grateful sense of the self-sacrifice which caused these seats to be filled with such amazing rapidity. With regard to these, at least, we can indulge in a more careful and personal inspection. "What a bewitching face is enveloped in that orange-colored bonnet with the ver-

million ribbons!" "and what a pair of eyes are peeping out of the scarlet bonnet, with the sky-blue roses and the pea-green veil!" "O, lovely! but —" Our impertinent remarks are very properly broken in upon by a dull, droning sound, proceeding from the Pierian eyrie, where we sagely suspect that "Music, heavenly maid," barely half awake, is uttering semi-audible groans at some nightmare's hideous phantasma. This cheerful prelude is followed by the solemnly uttered announcement, — "Expectatur oratio," &c. The speakers succeed, and display the customary admirable combination of humor, thought, pathos, and eloquence. But far be it from so humble a pen as mine to undertake to depict the glory and the beauty thereof.

We will pass to the consideration of another very charming feature of this most delightful day. We of course refer to the revival of the good old custom of giving spreads, which has of late been falling into most undeserved desuetude. Two members of the Senior Class displayed their liberality in this line. Having discussed much in our "great-hearted soul," (Homer,) we concluded it to be consonant with the editorial dignity to dispense with the mediation of the Freshman who acts as our reporter, and to attend the festivities in person. Even so we did. And we experienced the most pure and elevated satisfaction in observing the universal joy which beamed upon every countenance; in listening to the kind compliments, the pleasant words of congratulation, of which A.'s and W.'s friends were profuse; and finally — in eating ice-cream and jelly. Of course we did the polite, and strove to maintain the editorial reputation in the eyes of the fair sex. One young lady we furnished, by request, with a piece of ice-cream. But to the honor of our forethought be it observed, that this piece was by no means improperly large, nor, after its consumption, were we impolitely urgent in pressing another. For we sagely and providentially reflected that what was not eaten at that moment might disappear comfortably down our own throat an hour afterwards, when silk dresses had yielded place to black coats. This wholesome and pleasant prognostication proved accurately correct; for scarcely had the rustle of the last silk dress been heard passing out of the Holworthy doorway than the throngs of students who had been on the watch, like so many harpies, from the neighboring rooms, swarmed around the "festive board." And straightway game, fruit, oysters, and ice-cream disappeared in rapid and indiscriminate succession. In a short time a hungry fly would have found it difficult to satiate his appetite where two hours before the skill of the swarthy African had spread the ample banquet. And later in the afternoon the ancient granite of University was often called upon to re-echo the vigorous and novel chorus of "Beautiful Star." Startled by the sounds of mirth and jollity, the sun looked smiling forth just before his setting; and, as he sunk beneath the horizon in a flood of gold and crimson light, there closed a happy day for the student-world.

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BUCKLE'S HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN
ENGLAND. *March '60*

THERE can be no question but that the History of Civilization in England is a powerful book. Theories and principles have been put forth in it which have never before been published to the world. And they are of such a character and such pretensions that it is of the first importance that their truth or falsehood should be clearly and incontrovertibly established. Of the great ability of the author there can be no doubt. The very vastness and magnificence of his design indicate an extraordinary grasp of mind. The list of references is truly marvellous, not for quantity alone, but for quality. Works on science, metaphysics, and religion; the histories and books of the obscure tribes of Kamtschatka, Bokhara, Thibet, and Ashantee are found liberally scattered amongst them. It is impossible not to attend with respect to the words of a man whose powers are attested at once by so grand and unparalleled a design and by such unlimited and varied research.

When we give Mr. Buckle credit for originality of ideas and theories, we should explain more fully what we mean by these words. The claim of originality is put forward upon all occasions, possible and impossible alike, with or

without justice, as the case may be. A writer upon a certain subject turns aside from the highway which has been beaten by previous writers upon the same subject; he strikes out for himself a little pathway through the brambles and briers of the neighboring fields, and, without ever wandering so far as to lose sight of the grand turnpike, he returns from his short circuit, and claims to have explored untrodden and undiscovered regions. Mr. Buckle does not rank among such petty explorers. He is in very truth a great and original discoverer, — a Columbus in the realms of thought. For even in the present advanced stage of human knowledge, when it would seem impossible that any great branch of study could have entirely escaped the notice of men of learning and reflection, he has discovered a new science, — the Science of Man. The human frame, with all its wonderful organization of bone and muscle, has been studied and reduced to a science by the anatomist. The workings of the mind, and the laws which govern them, have been traced, though with somewhat inferior success, by the metaphysician and the logician. But the moral and intellectual principles which govern the understanding and the passions of man, and which are exposed in the actions of masses and in the characteristics of races, which cause all the actions and reactions of nations, their impatient and incomprehensible rushes after one object or another, their wild, uncontrollable frenzies, their national likings, aversions, manners, social habits, and forms of religious belief, — the laws which govern all these things have never been explored. And indeed how chimerical does the attempt to do so seem to be! How endless is the bare preparation for such a study! What a hopeless chaos is presented to us when we look at the unlimited mass of matter furnished by the history of little more than two thousand years. In the individuality of every national literature, which is but the index of the national mind and mode of thought, in the divers systems of social rank and relations of man to man, in the

numerous methods of government, in the multitude of religions and superstitions, what various and countless principles do we see at work. We must study all the varieties of character of different nations and races, and we must see how far we can account for these upon natural principles, and how much we must refer to the arbitrary action of the Deity. Then we must see all this confounded by the migrations of nations, the appearance of new races, the disappearance of old, and the amalgamation of the new and the old. All these things, their causes, effects, and influences upon one another, we must study and master. Is it not enough to make the boldest spirit pause, the clearest head whirl? What a more than Herculean task it were to reduce all these multitudinous facts and principles to anything resembling law or method! What numerous capacities of the brain are required for gaining an acquaintance with the most diverse subjects. What a vast extent of reading and research is necessary to procure even the preparation absolutely indispensable for entering upon the work. In contemplation of it one might well exclaim with a sigh, that the years of man's life are threescore years and ten.

But even by a powerful stretch of the imagination, suppose all the knowledge acquired, then how are we to take the next step? How or where are we to search for laws which shall account for all the facts which we have discovered? How probable does it seem, that in this worse than Cretan labyrinth we can find the subtle clew which can guide us through its mazes? We see no trace of anything which supposes the existence of method or regularity to any great or controlling extent. It seems not unnatural to set aside the belief in any fixed code of laws or principles. The chaotic mass of our material looks as though we might after all not erroneously refer everything to chance. And thus we find ourselves propounding the doctrine that chance is the governing principle in human affairs. But this principle, however it may have been cherished by philosophers,

has always been repudiated with indignation by the great majority of mankind. The fact is, it impugns too much our idea of our own importance; it is not sufficiently flattering to our self-conceit. It is very evident that this world was made for our own peculiar benefit; and it seems absurd to suppose that so much pains were exhausted in the construction of its divinely-perfect mechanism simply to the end that Chance might have its inhabitants as playthings; as a Noah's ark is given to a child. We are as fond and as proud of the stanch little planet which bears us through space as is the sailor of the craft which bears him through the ocean. We will not permit her importance or her dignity to be called in question. We deny *in toto* the idea of Chance reigning as mistress supreme and arbitress of human affairs.

If then we agree, as I suppose all men are ready to do, to reject this notion, we have left only two theories. We must either adopt providential government or a fixed system of laws and principles. And here let us fairly develop the meaning of these two phrases, that when we arrive at our conclusion we may escape the charge of atheism. In thus recognizing the theories of a providential government and of a system of fixed principles as distinct from and incompatible with each other, we would by no means have any one suppose that into the first system we introduce a Supreme Being as indispensable, whereas from the second we entirely reject him, and set up in his place an arbitrary list of abstractions, which we are pleased to call laws or principles. This is by no means the correct distinction. In each system equally we must admit the existence of the Deity. The distinction lies in the different relations in which he appears towards mankind. In the first system, by virtue of his omnipresence, he appears as the daily attendant of every man in the world. By virtue of his omniscience he takes cognizance immediately and directly of every action, however trifling. And by virtue of his omnipotence he works in the thoughts

and passions of every individual; and he causes, *by an immediate and direct exertion of his will*, every fact to spring from a chain of antecedent facts, and to give birth to a chain of subsequent facts. In short, he is the all-pervading spirit, whose presence alone it is which can keep our world in order. And if he were for a moment to remove himself from this special supervision, all things would be resolved into abnormal chaos. This is the true doctrine of the Providential government of the world. On the other hand, in the system of government by fixed principles, it is supposed that every fact in its cause and in its effect, instead of emanating directly from the Deity, is the result of the existence of some fixed principle. Thus the revolutions, migrations, and forms of religion, government, and civilization of different nations are the result, in accordance with fixed principles, of the various characteristics of national intellects. And again these varieties of national intellects depend upon certain facts of nature, with which they in turn are connected by other fixed principles and laws. Thus we see that our world is governed to a certain point by laws; and that within this point there is no necessity for the immediate intervention of the Almighty. So long as he in his omnipotence is content to will that those laws remain in unimpeded operation, he may entirely neglect the world and mankind, without our being able to perceive the change. But to say that this theory of fixed principles is subversive of belief in a Supreme Being is simply absurd. The principles could never have made themselves. They required an Almighty power to call them into being. And since we believe in the perfection of our God, we must believe that he has so arranged his laws that all human affairs shall be as well managed as if he were himself the immediate supervisor thereof. The one or the other of these theories has been adopted by almost every man, according as the peculiar constitution of his mind has dictated. And their comparative merits with reference both to reason and religion have

called forth no little controversy among men. But if a systematic series of laws and principles of unvarying uniformity can be found which shall fully and satisfactorily account for all the facts which we have mentioned, we ought in common reason to abandon the theory of providential government in favor of the only remaining, and thereafter the only possible theory,—that of fixed laws and principles. To prove the existence of such principles, and in a certain measure to state and develop them, is the object of Mr. Buckle's volume. Of his success or failure every man must judge for himself. But let every man judge for himself; and let him not be led into a blind condemnation by the hue and cry of irreligious tendencies.

The chain of argument running through the first part of the volume in which Mr. Buckle defends and unfolds his theory of dominant fixed principles is briefly this. We see at a glance that every country, every branch of the human family, has its own peculiar form of civilization, which is, of course, inseparably interwoven with and partially dependent upon the national character. Each people has its own peculiar tone of thought as manifested in its literature, its own peculiar devotional instincts as shown in its religious superstitions, its own peculiar form of government for which it seems by nature adapted, and, finally, its own peculiar system of social rank and distinctions. And all these may be traced through ages alike of barbarism and of civilization in the history of each individual race. Now to what are we to attribute these varieties of national character? Shall we simply say that God has so created the nations, or shall we search for the causes in the system of nature,—of the external universe? Mr. Buckle pursues the latter course, and finds, as he thinks, sufficient causes to account for all the phenomena which he observes. He says that the four physical circumstances upon which the character and the form of civilization of every race depend are climate, food, soil, and the general aspect of nature. The

first three of these influences work in a necessary conjunction, and they affect at once the physical and the mental characteristics of the man. The chain of their operations is as follows: First they affect the populousness of the country, and thereby the proportion of the workmen to the work; this affects the rate of wages, and this again affects the accumulation of wealth; upon this depend the growth of luxury, the progress of learning, and the system of social distinctions; and these great principles, of course, finally determine the character of the people and the form of their government. We next consider the general aspect of nature. Upon this Mr. Buckle observes, that, where it is peculiarly grand, magnificent, and terrific, the effect is to give to man a painful and servile consciousness of his own inferiority; he feels, as it were, crushed beneath the overwhelming powers which are manifest around him. His intellect, his reasoning faculties, are depressed and palsy-stricken, whilst his imagination and his superstitious fancy are developed to an unnatural extent. On the other hand, in countries where the face of nature is more tame, and the phenomena of nature are more simple, regular, and intelligible, the effect is precisely reversed. The reasoning faculty gains strength, vigor, and activity in its pride of self-dependence. The imagination, having little to feed upon, is starved and stunted in its growth. All this is illustrated and proved by reference, on the one hand, to the inhabitants of India, where nature runs riot in her fantastic exuberance, and delights to accumulate objects of wonder and terror, and, on the other hand, by reference to the inhabitants of Europe, where there is comparatively little to awaken a lively sense of wonder or of awe. All this, which I have stated in a few lines, is elaborated by Mr. Buckle through several chapters. But I have been obliged to treat it thus briefly in order to have room left for the discussion of a matter of infinitely greater importance.

This matter is Mr. Buckle's treatment, or rather his entire

neglect of Christianity. I call this a matter of the greatest importance. For whatever opinions we may adopt with regard to the Christian religion, yet its connection with modern civilization must be a matter of grave import. Mr. Buckle's course of procedure has caused him to be called many harsh names. He has been pronounced an infidel, and his book has been stigmatized as promulgating doctrines entirely subversive of Christianity. As to whether Mr. Buckle personally believes in the divinity of Christ, it is impossible from his work absolutely to determine; and, indeed, it is a matter of very little moment. But it is a question of consequence to decide whether he is right or wrong in refusing to admit Christianity among the motive forces at work in promoting modern civilization. His chain of argument is this. The progress of society is twofold, moral and intellectual. We have, however, no proof that the intellectual capacity of man is on the increase. We must therefore assume it to be stationary; and then this twofold progress resolves itself simply into a progress of *opportunity*. That is to say, we are in advance of the men of Edward the First's time not because we have been born with greater abilities, but simply because we have the benefit of the thoughts, inventions, and experience which have been accumulating during the intervening generations, — we have a better *opportunity* for bringing our faculties into play. This theory may be readily accepted as true; and thus progress in civilization resolves itself into an *increase of knowledge*. Now between moral and intellectual knowledge there is this difference. Moral knowledge does not advance; we know no more of the general principles of right and wrong than did men at the time of the Conquest. Since that day not a single item has been added to the list of moral truths. On the contrary, not a year has passed without augmenting the intellectual knowledge of mankind, without lengthening the list of known intellectual facts.

It is evident, then, that morally we have made no pro-

gress, while intellectually our progress has been rapid. From this Mr. Buckle concludes that our advance in civilization must be wholly and exclusively due to our intellectual progress. And this is the argument by which he defends the rejection of Christianity from any active influence in the promotion of modern civilization.

But there seem to be two facts for which he has not provided. In the first place, so thoroughly has Christianity permeated all the nations of Europe, that its influence is by no means only moral; it has also become highly intellectual. We might as well undertake to pour a quart of vinegar into a basin of water without altering its taste, as give to a people a religion which like ours enters into the daily life and becomes the sole study of many writers and preachers of the highest ability, and expect that its influence will not be seen in the tone of thought, the intellect, and the character of the people. Our civilization is directly affected by our intellectual progress; but this intellectual progress itself receives a powerful impress from its connection with Christianity. We must be aware of a great difference between modern civilization and the civilization of ancient Rome. When we reflect, for example, upon the fearful depths in which Roman society was sunk in the days of Heliogabalus, the loathsome excesses, the luxury, the debauchery beneath which all true force and elevation of character lay stifled, we feel that there was some important element wanting to complete the symmetry of that civilization which could have such a conclusion. We see, too, that it is absolutely impossible for any such state of affairs to recur among ourselves. We are conscious of a vigor and a purity in our civilization which render such things totally out of the question. And to what are we to refer this fact? I think there can be no question but that it is due to the influence of Christianity. It is impossible to doubt but that this supplies to us that one element the want

of which it was which proved so fatal to the Romans of the Empire.

A second fact remains to be considered. Mr. Buckle says that we have discovered no new moral truths, *therefore* we have made no moral progress. The correctness of this conclusion may be called into question. The *discovery* of new truths is not indispensable for moral progress. If old truths are more widely communicated, more fully appreciated, this alone will be sufficient to produce progress without any actual discovery. People knew a thousand years ago that it was wicked to commit murder. But if, since that day, the consciences of men have become more sensitive upon this point; if the wickedness of murder has been more powerfully brought home to men's minds, so that it is held in much greater detestation, and is not committed with one twentieth part the carelessness and frequency prevalent in those days, then it may be correctly said that in this matter the world has made moral progress; although it is perfectly true that we *know* no more about the criminality of murder than was known then. That much progress of this kind has really been made; that the maxims of morality have very sensibly increased their power and extended their sway, I take to be a self-evident fact. And I therefore think we may justly maintain, despite Mr. Buckle, that the world has made moral as well as intellectual progress; that this moral progress is due to the Christian religion; that it has been of great assistance in civilization; and therefore that *Christianity has been and is a powerful motive force in the advance of civilization.*

Mr. Buckle's notions with regard to scepticism have also, I believe, given much offence. I have not discussed them here, not because I was ignorant of their importance, but because it would have been impossible so to do without most egregiously overrunning the proper limit of a Magazine article.

AURORA BOREALIS.

11 Oct 1859

THE day is gone. In silent shade
The earth and sea sleep side by side ;
Long shadows float upon the tide,
Her tresses on his bosom laid.

Chaste Night moves up the deep-blue vault ;
Long, fluttering robes of star-beams pale
Stream round her on the silent gale ;
Her feet the zenith press, and halt.

There standing still, she scans the North :
And lo ! a pale and crescent light
Floats up the sky, and billows bright,
From Arctic winter sprung, burst forth,
And, rolling up the crystal sphere,
Break wildly o'er the silent stars
That, like lone rocks and pebbly bars,
Are strewn in that celestial mere.

But when their gilded crests grow pale,
And cold their warmly glowing light,
The sable battlements of night
A thousand gleaming darts assail.

From out the glacier-castled North
A gleam of arms breaks on the sight ;
Blue quivering rays of frosty light
Like shafts of unseen bows speed forth.

They flash upon the astonished sky,
Pursue each other from the shade ;
The cloudy shields they pierce and fade
Kindle again, and onward fly.

But far above those battlements
Bright clouds of colored light now lie,
Like floating banners lifted high,
To be a signal of defence.

Brief is the siege. In wild alarm
The scattered lights flee from the shade,
And on the dim horizon fade,
While from above, serene and calm,

The stars look down ; and in the shade
Still earth and sea sleep side by side.
Long shadows float upon the tide,
Her tresses on his bosom laid.

THE GOOD-NATURED SOCIETY. *1895*

SOMEHOW on a sudden I became conscious to myself of being an ill-natured man. I found that I had too much bile; not that I had a very great deal, but altogether more than was necessary. It seemed strange at first that every one else should have known this of me, while I myself had not found it out till now. But a reason was soon suggested. Society are more or less courtiers to the individual, and often will not tell him his faults to his face, but conceal them from him. When he hears them spoken of behind his back, as he certainly will, he treats them as malice or exaggerated fact. Hence it is not impossible that, like Geraldine, we may carry a hump upon our shoulders for years and not dream of its existence.

I set myself to thinking vigorously, which ended in my becoming a member of the "Good-Natured Society," and, I may add with perfect propriety, an influential member thereof. In fact I founded the Society, and with striking unanimity was chosen President, Secretary, and General Manager. It fell upon me alone to do all the work, which might seem to have been somewhat unjust had I omitted to mention the fact that the circle of members was painfully select, indeed restricted to that most singular of all numbers — one. The object of the society, which was set forth very lucidly, as the Secretary informed the General Manager, by the President at the first meeting, was to gain a more cheerful disposition, and to give the rein as little as possible to fault-finding and complaint.

"This imaginative society is sheer nonsense," says some one; "even with a real one of many members you could further such an object but little: your present scheme is idle and vain." It may be that this objector is correct, but a society appears to me to be quite like a system of pulleys, by which you can gain power. When reduced to a single

member it becomes as a single wheel and cord; you gain nothing, but you change the direction of the motive force. My expectations were nothing more than that the direction of my efforts would be altered, and that in the pride of a pet idea, as a dignified officer, I might do more good than by a direct application to the object at hand.

"We had a splendid dinner, to-day," exclaimed an undoubted descendant of Captain Dalgetty; "a whole turkey disappeared." "Who were at the table?" "Myself and the turkey." Our meetings were held on the same extensive numerical plan. Reports of progress were always in order. In accordance with a system, which has now become in a degree old-fashioned, the officer's salaries were only paid on condition that they acted up to the spirit of the constitution; and, as an incentive to all, a reward of merit was given to any who could conscientiously claim an improvement in the art of becoming good-natured. One rule was strictly enforced: No one was allowed to belong who made complaint of want of time to do his duty; for want of time is accounted as a special plea for laziness. It may not be out of place to insert here a report handed in by the Committee on Nuisances.

"The committee would respectfully present the following Report of one day's proceedings in their department:—

"Dressing in a hurry for prayers, two buttons burst off with a simultaneous explosion. Stood this like a martyr. As chum was asleep, and no one could hear us, we reasoned that there was no practical use in making lamentation. Bell nearly done tolling, we rushed to the door with fearful precipitancy. It would not come open, being fastened outside (John rooms in our entry), and our twentieth prayer was cut. The Pres., Sec., and Gen. Man. of the G. N. S. came very near forgetting what was due their high position, and swearing outright. But after holding a special meeting it was voted that we climb around into the window of the next room, which was accordingly done.

Our chuckling satisfaction was dampened by discovering that they were screwed in too. This discovery, however, produced so violent a reaction that your committee narrowly escaped dying of laughter. We finally got open the door, and went down to eat a cold breakfast.

"The parenthetical remark above, to wit: 'John rooms in our entry,' is pregnant of meaning. John is a good fellow, but he is a sort of perpetual Sophomore. He has been for some time President of the Douse Institute. We find it difficult to keep up an organization against his influence, but we are happy to say that, under these most trying circumstances, we have succeeded thus far much better than we had anticipated.

"At all times during the day the committee are annoyed by a multitude of callers of the peripatetic mercantile profession. To judge from their personal appearance, they were unmistakably what Diabolus would call *Αὐτόχθονες*, or what Western tax-gatherers would class as 'Real Estate.' By experience we find that the quickest way to dispose of them is to try and borrow some money from them.

"Your committee feel it an imperative duty to enlarge a little upon Diabolus, as it was from his machinations that we sustained the greatest danger of a relapse. We would state that he is an amateur punster, and that, besides the inherent torture of his puns, he feels himself obliged to pump up such crimson blushes for them, that the whole company not only feel ashamed of themselves, but are inclined to be angry with the cause of their discomfiture. He has lately struck what, in his pleasantry, he terms a vein of poetry, and we are obliged to serve as his Mæcenas. We feel it our duty to bring to your notice the following specimen, which Diabolus read to us without any provocation whatever for so doing: —

A BALLAD.

Ride in his omnibus. — PLAUT.

Wood Ribbons was a Cambridge man,
Who did a driving trade
Before that golden egg (to some),
The Union Road, was laid.

He always had a taking way,
His dealings always fair ;
The start and end of all his work
Were done upon the Square.

Next to his horses came his 'bus,
The idol of his soul ;
His mind and thoughts for forty year
Revolved about its pole.

But progress struck out iron roots,
And Stiles his cars adjusted ;
Though Wood took on, he soon took off, —
His trade had omni-busted !

The Railroad tendered him a place,
But like some learned instructor, —
He shook his head and slowly said,
“ Wood is a non-conductor.”

For many a day his mien was sad,
'T was plain what it did mean ;
He'd seen the change, and now resolved
That he would change the scene.

Once more he starts from Brattle Square,
Unawed by fear of evil ;
With daring voice, he cries aloud,
I'll drive you to the Devil !

The only one who steps aboard
Mounts on the box beside him,
With fiendish grin upon his phiz,
As though he would deride him.

'Drive, Ribbons, drive, I laugh to think
I have your damnéd soul ;
You said it well, for hottest hell
Shall be your final goal.'

The steaming horses plunged ahead,
The coach flew like the wind ;
In second's time they vanished all,
And brimstone smelt behind.

" We cannot with certainty state what would have been the result of this formidable attack upon our equanimity, had the infatuated author not vanished from our sight at the conclusion of his reading, as though he had gone down through a trap-door. If we had withstood it, ours would have been indeed a great moral victory.

" The usual perverseness of pins at the bowling-alleys has at last been corrected by sawing them down, a proceeding deeply to be regretted, as they have ever afforded fine opportunities for the exercise of our principles. Several other mishaps, which might have proved obnoxious to an outsider, we endured without any special exertions.

" All of which is respectfully submitted."

..... We know we are not alone when we indulge in the thought of what our choice would be should any of those fairies, of whom we believing read in childhood, allow us the gratification of a limited number of wishes. We never failed to bring forward as a prominent one that of having a good and kind disposition. There are certainly few things more worthy of attainment in life than the esteem and love of others. As would naturally be expected, there are different degrees of sensitiveness in this respect, all the way from the misanthropic mind on the one hand, to an equal extreme on the other. But though the former class may hate mankind, they are often far from unwilling that they should be the object of some one's solicitude and love. Many who are classed with the latter are thus universally

kind-hearted from mere matter of policy, because they find the perseverance and self-denial requisite for becoming so is repaid by the popularity and influence which they gain. We dislike the motive of such persons, since they are but pretenders; but if they have pretended so well that no one has ever suspected them, they cannot have worked much harm.

But the only way to make your wish come true is to make a reasonable wish, and then work it out practically. We can all of us better our natural disposition, — a thing which, in the first place, we believe to be far from bad or depraved. Bacon says: "The inclination to goodness is imprinted deeply in the nature of man." Good nature has died out in some men, because they have never fed and exercised it.

Fault-finding is a habit more easily acquired and harder to be rid of than any other we can mention. It exists not only in words, but in looks and actions. A single reflection will convince one that it almost never can further any possible end. There are scores of times every day when a cheering word is just as easily spoken as a depreciating one, and yet it is withheld, or the latter given. If the habit is the result of thoughtlessness, it prejudices its possessor, for his intentions will seldom be charitably construed. That there are occasions when censure and rebuke are necessary nobody presumes to deny. But it is a good practical rule always to speak well of anybody or anything when you can conscientiously do so. Whenever a fault must be noticed, be sure that your imagination does not distort and exaggerate it. And then an unpleasant word can be said in such a way that it goes full home, and yet gives no pain. Such was the gentle yet firm reprimand which Washington, by order of Congress, gave Arnold for his conduct while stationed at Philadelphia, — one of the noblest instances on record.

A TALE OF HEROISM. *Garrison*

THERE is no more interesting period of our history as a republic than that embraced between the years 1830 and 1840. The agitation of the question of Slavery, beginning nearly at the former date, awoke a guilty nation to a consciousness of its guilt, and to the most strenuous efforts to keep it out of sight, by the suppression of discussion, of free thought and speech. This is the period of the triumph of mob law in America; of the attempt, on the part of Congress, to abolish the sacred right of petition; of the public offering of rewards by the legislatures of Southern States for the assassination of Northern abolitionists; of the intensest prejudice against the free people of color; of the violation of the privacy of the mails, under the sanction of the Postmaster-General; and, in short, of unrestrained violence to life, limb, and property, not only without the disapprobation, but even with the connivance and applause, of the government, the clergy, and the people of these United States.

In 1832, there had been established, at a short distance from Cincinnati, a Presbyterian theological institute, known as Lane Seminary, which began with a handsome number of students, and gave promise of doing great things for the West. The now venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher had embarked his whole soul in the enterprise, and had been chosen President of the Seminary. All went on smoothly till the beginning of the term, June, 1833, when the two great questions of Colonization and Immediate Emancipation, which were warring with each other in the world without, began to be talked of (very naturally) within the Institution. A flourishing Colonization Society had existed almost from the start; and at this time there were, perhaps, but two Abolitionists, so called, in the Seminary.

On the 1st of February, 1834, the students resolved to

debate publicly the following questions, each by itself: 1st. Ought the people of the slaveholding States to abolish Slavery immediately? 2d. Are the doctrines, tendencies, and measures of the American Colonization Society, and the influence of its principal supporters, such as render it worthy of the patronage of the Christian public? The Faculty, alarmed at the bare thought of such a discussion, advised, as strongly as they could without commanding, that it should be indefinitely postponed, representing that they did not wish the Seminary to take either the one side or the other, as by so doing it might offend the public mind, which was particularly sensitive on the subject of Slavery, and might alienate the support of many of its patrons.

But the students were in earnest, and, on the 4th of February, the debate on the first question began. It lasted nine evenings, of two and a half hours each, and was most emphatically a discussion of facts. Of the disputants, eleven were born and bred in Slave States, one was the son of a former slaveholder, and one — a native of Africa — had been a slave, but had purchased his freedom "with a great sum," and had earned enough beside to carry him through the Seminary. For documents, they had a complete set of the African Repository, then, as now, the organ of the American Colonization Society, Colonization pamphlets, the tracts and papers of the Abolitionists, &c., &c. The debate was conducted in an orderly and becoming manner, without ill-feeling or bitter personalities. The first question was unanimously answered in the affirmative, with the exception of four or five, "who had n't made up their minds," and who therefore did not vote at all. The second question, having been also debated for nine evenings, was decided in the negative, only one man dissenting, but four or five, as before, declining to vote.

The immediate effects of these debates were as follows. On the 10th of March, 1834, an Antislavery Society was formed, having for its President the son of a slaveholder,

and an heir to slaves; for its Vice-President, Marius R. Robinson, then of Tennessee, but now of Ohio, and lately editor of the *Antislavery Bugle*; and for its managers, among others, Theodore D. Weld and Henry B. Stanton, of New York,—names too well known to require anything beyond their mention here. The object of the Society was thus stated:—

“Our object is the immediate emancipation of the whole colored race, within the United States; the emancipation of the slave from the oppression of the master, the emancipation of the free colored man from the oppression of public sentiment, and the elevation of both to an intellectual, moral, and political equality with the whites.”

In preparing for the debate on the second question, a friend to Colonization became converted to the other side, got dismissed from the Institution, and established a school for the colored people in Cincinnati. Stimulated by his example, and despite the odium which such a proceeding was sure to bring upon them, his fellow-students formed “a large and efficient organization” for the same purpose; “established a Lyceum among them, and lectured three or four evenings a week, on grammar, geography, arithmetic, natural philosophy, &c.,” and instituted an evening free-school, to teach reading, which was in operation every weekday evening. To this be added a circulating library and reading-room, and three large Sabbath-schools and Bible-classes.

So extraordinary an exhibition of high moral convictions and actions could not fail to excite the attention, and draw down the animadversion of a servile press and literature; but the students were not slow nor unable to defend their course, whenever it was needful. The government of the Seminary, however, soon began to feel the outside pressure, and, on the 20th of August, 1834, a report was presented to the Executive Committee and accepted, from a Committee appointed to consider “the proceedings among the students

on the subject of Slavery," which deemed the discussion of Slavery in the Seminary to be dangerous, and closed with the following resolution:—

"*Resolved*, That rules should be adopted, prohibiting the organization, in the Seminary, of any association or society of the students, without the approbation of the Faculty; prohibiting the calling or holding of meetings among the students, without the approbation of the Faculty; prohibiting students from delivering public addresses or lectures, at the Seminary or elsewhere, without the leave of the Faculty; prohibiting public statements or communications to the students, when assembled at their meals, or on ordinary occasions, without the approbation of the Faculty; requiring the Antislavery Society and the Colonization Society of the Seminary to be abolished, and prohibiting any students from acting as members thereof; and prohibiting any student from being absent from the Seminary, at any time, in term time, without the leave of the Faculty, or of such person as they shall designate for that purpose; and providing for discouraging and discountenancing, by all suitable means, such discussions and conduct among the students as are calculated to divert their attention from their studies, excite party animosities, stir up evil passions among themselves or in the community, or involve themselves with the political concerns of the country; also, providing, as in other cases, for the dismissal of any student neglecting to comply with these regulations."

In order to strike at the Antislavery Society, it was thus found necessary, *invita Minerva*, to abolish the Colonization Society at the same time. Action on the report was deferred till all the Faculty should be on hand, but in the mean while the report was published.

Early in September, the Board of Trustees met and adopted the report, adding thereto an Order, empowering the Executive Committee "to expel any student from the Seminary, 'whenever they shall think it necessary so to do,' thus making expulsion not consequent upon the violation of law,—not a legal penalty,—but the exercise of arbitrary power, dictated by the caprice of a body of men who have no intercourse with the students." On the 15th, the laws

were promulgated. Most of the students trusted that the Faculty, and especially the President, would arrest their operation, on their return, which the Trustees had not awaited; but when Professor Stowe came back and acquiesced, the majority of the students immediately demanded and obtained regular dismissals from the Seminary. Those absent during the vacation asked dismissal as soon as they returned. Every member of the Antislavery Society withdrew, although, in most cases, the sacrifice was great. Many were almost or quite out of funds, or already much in debt, and were obliged to borrow, or to sell their furniture for a song, to enable them to reach home. Bearing in mind that between forty and fifty of them were from four hundred to eight hundred miles from home, we can appreciate, in some measure, the heroism of the sacrifice.

The Order before referred to was particularly intended for Theodore D. Weld, who had taken a prominent part in the debates, and, immediately after its passage, it was moved that he be expelled, because he had introduced Abolition into the Seminary, and would endanger its prosperity by remaining a member. While this motion was pending, and while the other students were leaving or had left the Institution, Weld went to the Faculty, and told them he should not ask for his dismissal, until his case had been settled. After many delays and postponements, the question was finally acted upon, and Weld was exonerated. He was then honorably dismissed, on his application to that effect.

On the 17th of October, the Faculty published a Declaration, of which Nos. 3 and 4 read as follows:—

“3. But while associations for free inquiry and for voluntary public action will, within these limits, be approved and encouraged, associations for social public action, too absorbing for health and the most favorable prosecution of study, and bearing upon a divided and excited community, and touching subjects of great national difficulty, and high political interests, and conducted in a manner to offend needlessly public sentiment, and to commit the Seminary and its

influences, and this according to the unregulated discretion of the students, and in opposition to the advice of the Faculty, we cannot permit, without betraying the trust reposed in us, and disregarding the laws and usages of all kindred institutions.

"4. In respect to the two Orders, passed by the Trustees, we regard the dissolution of the two societies as called for by the necessities of the case: and the second Order we regard as simply vesting the Executive Committee with trustee powers in certain cases, and not intended to interfere with the appropriate duties of the Faculty, or the rights of students."

Towards the close of the year 1834, was issued "Statement of the Reasons which have induced the Students of Lane Seminary to dissolve their Connection with that Institution. Cincinnati, 1834." We make the following extracts:—

"Free discussion, being a duty, is consequently a right, and, as such, is inherent and inalienable. It is *our* right. It *was* before we entered Lane Seminary: privileges we might and did relinquish; advantages we might and did receive. But this *right* the Institution 'could neither give nor take away.' Theological institutions must of course recognize this immutable principle. Proscription of free discussion is sacrilege! It is boring out the eyes of the soul. It is the robbery of mind. It is the burial of truth. If institutions cannot stand upon this broad footing, let them fall. Better, infinitely better, that the mob demolish every building, or the incendiary wrap them in flames, and the young men be sent home to ask their fathers, 'What is truth?'—to question Nature's million voices,—her forests and her hoary mountains,—'What is truth?' than that our theological seminaries should become bastiles, our theological students thinkers by *permission*, and the right of free discussion tamed down into a soulless thing of gracious, condescending sufferance.

"By the right of free discussion, we do not mean that we have the right to employ for that purpose the time appropriated to other duties, nor that we have the right to occupy the public rooms without permission, nor to conduct the discussion otherwise than in the spirit of Christian kindness, nor to suffer preparation for the exercise to interfere with the regular duties of the Institution. But we do mean,

that, during hours expressly devoted to that object, or during intervals of time unconsumed by other requisitions, we have the *right* to select and investigate in concert, or discuss, subjects *of our own choice.*"

With regard to the Order, which was justly deemed arbitrary and tyrannical, the Statement says:—

"Such power lodged in such a body, and thus exercised, is despotism full-grown and to the life. The Pope excommunicates, only 'when he thinks it necessary so to do.' The Inquisition order to the rack, only 'when they think it necessary so to do.' The Divan consign to the bastinado and the bowstring, only 'when they think it necessary so to do.' The Star-Chamber and the Council of Ten tortured, banished, and brought to the block, only 'when they thought it necessary so to do.' Eighteen hundred thirty-four has nominated a new candidate for the catalogue, and added another star to the constellation. The Executive Committee of Lane Seminary thrust from the Institution 'any student, when they think it necessary so to do.'"

The Statement goes on to prove that the students had not neglected their duties to the Seminary for the discussion of Slavery, either in the way of lessons or of respect and obedience to the Faculty; that their debates had not damaged the prosperity of the Seminary, by keeping those away who would otherwise have joined, but that their own expulsion had; that the discussions had been the cause of no ill-feeling or animosity; and that the Antislavery Society was as legitimate as many others, to whose establishment no exception had been taken. It says, in conclusion, "We withdraw from Lane Seminary because the authorities will allow us no alternative but abandoning the cause of universal liberty and love, or withdrawing from Lane Seminary." This Statement was signed by fifty-one students, several others being unable to sign, because of absence.

A reply was published by the Faculty shortly after. It was designed to show that the discussion of Slavery was likely to injure the Seminary, because of the exceeding deli-

cacy of the public mind upon the subject; to complain of the equality with which the students mingled with the colored population of Cincinnati, in utter disregard of the prevailing prejudice against color; and to justify the regulations of debate, conversation, &c., suggested in the report which had proved the Apple of Discord, and which had been sanctioned by the President and Faculty. The names affixed to this Statement, were

“LYMAN BEECHER,
THOMAS J. BIGGS, } *Faculty.*”
CALVIN E. STOWE, }

And now for the results of the withdrawal. The theological class of 1833-34 had numbered forty; four days after Commencement, 1834, only two had re-entered. The literary class during the same period had numbered sixty, of which only five had re-entered. Sixteen young men arrived to enter, but eight of them refused to, after they had learned the course of the government. Of the students who withdrew, the majority went off into the wilderness, to Oberlin College, then just established, on the principle of perfect equality of sex and color,—a principle which it maintains to this day. Their accession gave a great impetus to the college, and to it we are indebted, in no small degree, for the continued existence, prosperity, and benefits of that noble institution of learning.

Mr. Weld accepted an appointment of the American Antislavery Society as agent for Ohio, at a salary only half as large as was offered him from another quarter; and the historian of America, who shall write after Slavery is no more, will record his speeches, lectures, and writings as among the most effective instrumentalities in the overthrow of that abominable system. It is worth remarking that Dr. Bailey, late editor of the *National Era*, is said to have had his attention first called to the subject of Antislavery by the action of Mr. Weld and his fellow-students.

Lane Seminary, it is hardly necessary to add, disappointed the hopes of its founders, and not least of its President, who ceased his connection with it somewhere about the year 1842. Its sixth annual report gave the whole number of students as thirty, while the officers numbered twenty-eight! We believe it still exists, though we think that many of our readers will hear of it for the first time; but if there is any one who does not know of the existence of Oberlin, he is indeed ill-posted in the progress of education in America.

Our task is nearly ended. The tale whose simple recital we have given needs no ornament of ours to lend it weight. It carries its own moral, and cannot be too often repeated. It particularly addresses itself to us, for its heroes were students like ourselves. The question of Slavery is by no means settled yet. Within these walls, it is true, we are not hampered as were the students whose history we have been considering. The Faculty of this College are wiser than the Faculty of Lane Seminary in 1834; but it is only because they have had the experience of thirty years to make them so. For the change in public sentiment which has taken place within that period, and which is visible in the church, the pulpit, and the press, is visible in Harvard College also. Because of this change, we have seen the first authoress of the century, the daughter of President Beecher and the wife of Professor Stowe, rise to her high position through an Antislavery novel; and the pastor of Plymouth Church can draw no greater audiences, than when he is announced to speak on the subject of Slavery.

We live in comparatively tranquil times. The prejudice against color is fast dying out; the mob law is no longer triumphant, at least in the North; we are free to think, to speak, and to write. These are inestimable privileges. Let us not forget, as we enjoy them, those students of Lane Seminary who helped secure them to us, by braving that prejudice and by suffering from that mob law.

SOMETHING THAT SHAKESPEARE MISSED. *Amos*

BEING desirous to read all I can, and improve my mind during the short remainder of my college life, I have imposed it as a duty upon myself to read the criticisms on new books, in a variety of journals, and to collect from all some notion of the merits of the publications of the day, by which I may be enabled to see my way clearly through the labyrinth of literature. The other evening — when I had been reading up the views taken in a great number of criticisms, of a few of the most recently published works — I thought to myself how great were the disadvantages under which, among our forefathers, both writers and readers lay, when the appeal made by every book was straight home from the writer to the reader, and there were no journals to advise a reader what to think about the works he read, or to instruct a writer, as he went along, by pointing out to him his merits and his faults. Only think, for example, of what Shakespeare lost, in this way. Ben Jonson might review favorably in the Oracle of Apollo; but such reviewing was merely indiscriminate puffing. Had the Oracle of Apollo been a literary journal, or a newspaper, opinions expressed in it might indeed have been of inestimable service.

Let us shut our ears for a few minutes to rare Ben's notions of sweet Will, and suppose that Hamlet — which, for the sake of argument, we will call his first work — has been distributed, with leaves uncut, among the critics.

A friend collects for him, while he is out of town, the reviews that appear during his absence; and at the end of a few weeks, when he has come home, he takes them in his lap one evening after tea, and nestling snugly in his easy-chair, is instructed.

“Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. By W. Shakespeare. It was the deliberate and characteristic opinion of a celebrated

political economist, that those early incursions into Britain of the 'warlike Dane,' whose piratical flag Charlemagne had wept to behold upon the translucent waters of the Mediterranean, were to be ascribed to the continued overpopulation; the rigidly enforced law of primogeniture offers, however, a more feasible solution of the interesting and important problem. Denmark has been always peculiarly interesting to the inhabitants of Britain; and the fact, that the scene of action is laid there, constitutes not a little of the merit of the play. Perhaps the author might have succeeded still better, if he had taken Iceland for a background to his plot. Upon this point, however, let us allow him to be, upon his own behalf, the better judge; and since the tragedy is to be called that of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, we will make no further comment on this head.

"The plot of Mr. Shakespeare's tragedy, though on the whole well constructed, is exceedingly involved, and it is still more difficult to follow, from the circumstance that two of the principal characters are mad, a third is foolish, and a fourth is a ghost. This is a most talkative ghost; the ghost of Hamlet's father, who is addressed by his son as a 'true-penny' and an 'old mole.' (By the way this fault of introducing slang terms upon every possible occasion is a prevailing one, and very seriously mars the whole performance.) The great complication of the plot seems, however, to arise out of the introduction of a king of Denmark, who is a fratricide, and, as Hamlet is himself made by the author most truly to say, 'a king of shreds and patches.' He is called also, elsewhere, a 'paddock,' a 'bat,' and a 'gib'! By the omission of this character of King Claudius the plot would be greatly simplified, and the interest of the play would be more strictly centred upon Hamlet.

"If this play should ever be reprinted, (and it certainly has merits which warrant a belief that it may deserve a second edition,) we trust that Mr. Shakespeare will consider it worth while to effect this slight alteration. He would thus obtain

space for exhibiting his hero from an interesting point of view, which he has in the most unaccountable manner wholly overlooked.

"His Hamlet is a German student. When the play opens, he had come home for the vacation from the University of Wittenberg, and is on the point of returning thither; but the king having remarked, in the somewhat affected language which our poet usually adopts when he is not vulgar, that

'For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire,'

he stays in Denmark, and we lose the fine æsthetical development, which, by a shifting of the scene between Wittenberg and Elsinore, would bring us into contact with the German Universities of the year 500 A. D. This year, we find from internal evidence, is the period illustrated.

"We have taken some exception to Mr. Shakespeare's diction, and it is a point to which we must direct his closest attention. He is a writer who, if not as a dramatist, yet in some other walk of art may hope to achieve something, for he is not destitute of imagination; but we predict for him certain failure, if his language be not better chosen than we find it in the tragedy of Hamlet. There remains much to be learned by an author, in whose play a king, having buried a slain courtier in haste, and reflecting that he had been unwise in not having given him public obsequies, expresses this reflection in such words as these solemnly uttered:—

'We have done but greenly,
In hugger-mugger to inter him.'

"We lay this work down — immature as it is — not without expression of the pleasure we have had in its perusal. If we have appeared to dwell upon its faults, we have done so because we believe Mr. Shakespeare competent to under-

stand them, and still, with a promising career before him, young enough to succeed in their correction. The tragedy is one that will repay perusal."

The next paper is taken up, and the Swan of Avon finds himself afloat upon a very sunny stream. The critic blazons Shakespeare as the "new poet," and claims to have discovered him as such. The notice is long, and full of extracts. I give only a few portions of this remarkable criticism.

"Observe again," it says, "the amazing subtlety of the address of Horatio to Hamlet, when they for the first time meet after the night of the ghostly revelations. 'Hail to your Lordship!' The meaning of Horatio's remark is: Heretofore you have been a prince fostered by sunny weather; now your sky is clouded, and there will fall upon you, not soft rain, but the pelting and pitiless hail. 'Hail to your Lordship.' The storm must come. Horatio wishes it. The ghost wishes it. In this line we have the key-note of the entire drama.

"Again, what is there finer, in the whole range of literature, than the reply of Hamlet to Ophelia's question as to the dumb show preceding the mock play? 'Marry,' he answers, 'Marry, it is miching mallecho.' He had before said to her, 'Get thee to a nunnery, go;' but that was in an antecedent state of the development of his Life Drama: now he says marry, and the word *because* is understood, — for here there is an aposiopesis, — 'Marry, (because) it is miching mallecho.' Here we are so much lost in admiration of the sentiment, that the perfection of the chain of reasoning in the first instance escapes ordinary observation; nevertheless, it is well worthy of careful study."

Now, only think how Shakespeare would have been pleased with liberal appreciation of that sort! But since by these songs of triumph the poet might be led to forget that he is fallible and human, it is well that there is here and there a critic ready to keep undue exaltation of the mind in

check. Such a critic our bard finds in the next review that he takes up. So, still snug in his easy-chair he reads, and finds himself summarily dismissed in this fashion : —

“Hamlet. A Tragedy. By William Shakespeare.

“The author of this ill-written play is one of the many instances of young men with good average parts who have totally mistaken their vocation. Hamlet is a melodrama of the worst school. Let it suffice to say that of the dozen characters it contains, exclusive of the supernumeraries, eight are killed by poison, sword, or drowning, during the course of the piece ; and one appears as a ghost because he was killed before the play began ; killed, too, as it must needs be, so horribly that, as his ghost does not forget to describe,

‘ A most instant tetter barked about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.’

There remain only three persons alive, two of whom are insignificant courtiers, and the third has only been persuaded by the earnest entreaties of the dying Hamlet to postpone an act of suicide, that he may remain alive for a time to act as a showman of the dead bodies of the other *dramatis personæ* ! ‘ Give order,’ he says, —

‘ Give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view ;
And let me speak.’

“ But the most absurd thing in the whole piece is a soliloquy of Hamlet’s, which, if it mean anything at all, is utterly beyond our comprehension.

“ It were needless to say more. If our remarks give pain to Mr. William Shakespeare, we are sorry for it. But at whatever cost of pain to individuals, literature must be purified of such trash as this.”

Perhaps, O reader, you may feel disposed to laugh at, or pity, these poor fools of critics. Take heed then, — *cave a signatis*, — and be careful how you criticise this article.

THE LOST LAURELS. *Notes to*

THE winter snows have passed away,
The fields are clothed in green,
And on the waters of the Charles
The Harvard boat is seen.

Each eve she leaves the river's bank,
To glide upon the wave,
And the sparkling waters kiss her prow,
And her sides with gladness lave.

Six children of the College
Pull their fair mother's pride, —
Six stalwart sons of Cambridge,
Six men of muscle tried.

Perhaps you think it's a jolly thing,
To row in Harvard's crew,
But then, kind friend, remember
The training they've to do.

They cannot taste of sumptuous fare,
They cannot take their ease,
Parade their own peculiar style,
Or turn in when they please.

They have to run and leap and row,
And row and leap and run,
From the rising of the morning star,
To the setting of the sun.

One morning while these *muscle* men,
Were speaking of the race,
They noticed a deep shade of gloom
Upon their hostess' face.

Good Mrs. B——, the students cried,
What evil has befall :
Relate to us your sad mishap, —
Come, Mrs. B——, do tell !

A tear dropped from the good-wife's eye,
And slowly trickled down,
And her face put on a sadder look,
As she passed the oat-meal round.

"Last night I had a fearful dream,
Which I cannot quite recall,
And the thought still haunts me that some ill
Will your good boat befall."

Ha, ha! ha, ha! the students cried,
"What ails you, Mrs. B——?
Did the lobster that you ate last night
With your stomach disagree?"

She turned and smiled a mournful smile,
And slowly left the room,
And the dream, and she who dreamed it,
Were both forgotten soon.

Once have we seen the Harvard fouled,
On Mystic's winding stream;
And once victorious on the wave
Our noble boat has been.

The waves of Lake Quinsigamond
Upon their bosom bear
A form that cleaves the water,
As the wild-fowl cleaves the air.

How quietly she glides along,
How neat her rowing gear,
How tunelessly her oars' dip
Salutes the listening ear.

For like a strain of music sweet,
Or low melodious song,
With measured rhythm of oars' beat,
She smoothly glides along.

Almost a thing of life she seems,
As gracefully she skims,
Cheered by a thousand voices,
Upon the blue lake's rim.

For again she rides victorious,
The lady of the lake ;
And the joyous ripples dance and shine
Upon her sparkling wake.

The flags now hang in Union Hall,
Enjoyment rules the day ;
'Midst laughter, jest, and merry song
The time swift glides away.

Next morning, lounging near the door,
A musing Senior stood,
And anxiously he scanned the sky,
And the swift-passing cloud.

Then as he felt the rising wind,
And marked the bending trees,
He spoke some words in angry haste,
Against the passing breeze.

Alas ! alas ! unlucky words,
O would they 'd ne'er occurred,
For Old Boreas whirling by
Their angry import heard.

He puffed his swelling cheeks with rage,
With very ire he roared,
And o'er his raging spirit then
The tide of anger poured.

" Bold child of Cambridge ! " thus he cried,
" Your triumph here is o'er ;
You conquered proudly yesterday, —
You 'll conquer here no more."

Stunned and confused, the student turned,
And slowly reeled within ;
Some swore that madness him possessed,
Some said 't was whiskey-skin.

Alas ! alas ! I cannot dwell
On such a painful theme ;
Nor can relate the saddest sight
That e'er mine eyes have seen.

Suffice it that a mournful crowd
Walked back that evening drear,
"For shattered was fair Harvard's shield,
And broken was her spear."

Yet not by mortal arms she fell,
For such could not prevail,
The elements o'erpowered her,
And not the strength of *Yale*.

RELIGION AND LITERATURE. *Continued.*

Among the saddest signs of the times, to an earnest thinker, is the entire, or almost entire, separation of Religion and Literature. The mightiest moral forces now working upon the mind and heart of the individual, and through him upon the varied interests of society, are either acting separately, or are brought into actual conflict. Now what is the reason of this? Are they so opposite in their nature and objects that they must avoid each other, or if brought into contact, it is the contact of stern conflict? Are their spheres of action different? No; they both work upon the human mind. Are their objects different? By no means; the object of both alike is the elevation and happiness of mankind. What, then, is the reason that they do not co-operate? It is evident that they should. The whole matter may be referred to two prominent facts. Our best writers do not acknowledge the claims of Christianity, at least in their writings, and Christians ignore the power of the pen.

It is urged by many that religion throws no light upon the subjects of our literature, and makes its appeal to a different set of faculties from those influenced by it. This is, I think, a great mistake. We should all ridicule the man who attempted to carry the principles of mathematics

into the study of metaphysics, or to apply the rules of geometry to the study of ethics. Here there would be an evident incongruity. But religion is not a particular science entirely disconnected with all others. It is a vast and comprehensive scheme, extending its ramifications into all the subjects of thought treated of by our deepest thinkers and most profound writers. It is the central sun of the systems of thought which revolve about it, and upon which it sheds its light. All the questions affecting the interests of man are so intimately connected with Christianity, that it must require an effort on the part of a writer to leave it out of sight, and to prevent his views being modified by its great truths.

Again, the truths of Christianity are so extensive in their application, that any treatise upon subjects affecting the welfare of the individual or of society, which does not recognize these truths, must be, not only defective, but false, at least in part. Assuming that the principles of Christianity are facts, ultimate truths, assertions and principles at variance with them must necessarily be false. Now do we find such assertions and principles in the writings of our best authors? Do we not find a spirit pervading nearly all of them utterly hostile to the spirit of Christianity? Let us see. If we arise from a careful perusal of the New Testament teachings, and take up Carlyle or Emerson, as representatives of philosophic and profound thinking in literature, or Thackeray, Bulwer, or Dickens in the realm of fiction, we can feel the great incongruity of thought and feeling. We find ourselves, before we are aware of it, called upon to decide which have truth upon their side. We need not reason out the difference: it forces itself upon us in every page.

In the writings of our best novelists we find two remarkable manifestations of this anti-Christian spirit. First, the men and women held up for admiration are never Christians. They may be benevolent, honest, just, any one or all

of these, but they never profess to be actuated by love to the great Founder of our religion, or to be acting in obedience to his precepts. Nay, they often present traits in direct opposition to his teachings, and these very traits, by the force of a splendid diction, are made to appear praiseworthy.

And, secondly, in these books, the professed Christian is a canting, sneaking, snivelling, hypocrite. Such a man they hold up as the highest type of Christian, and through him present the whole system of Christianity to the ridicule of their readers.

But I have said that the blame rests not only upon authors, in ignoring the claims of Christianity, but also upon Christians, in not acknowledging the moral power of literature upon the people, or not perceiving the bearings of Christianity upon its topics.

For even Christians themselves are apt to take partial, one-sided views of their religion. Too many regard it merely as a thing of the feelings. They know that, at one time in their lives, a strange change took place in their feelings, that their thoughts and affections were, by a mysterious power, turned into a new channel. This mysterious power they call religion. Now no one can deny that Christianity is a spiritual power, and that these may be some of its workings. But this is not the whole truth. Christianity is likewise a system, a vast assemblage of truths, affecting man in all his relations to his God, and in all his varied and complicated interests as a member of the human family. This intellectual view of Christianity many Christians never take. This is specially true, of course, of the illiterate men who constitute a large part of the Christian Church; men of whom Christ says, "I thank thee, O Father, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." To these Christianity rarely becomes a matter of thought; it never takes a deep hold upon their mind, — only upon their feelings

and affections. They fail to see its bearing upon the stirring and important questions of the age. Now it is just this view of Christianity which should be introduced into our literature. A great majority of Christians, then, are incapacitated for this work, either by their lack of mental power and cultivation, or because they fail to view Christianity in this intellectual light.

But there is no doubt that there are men of genius and intellectual culture, some thinking Christians, in the church. Why do not these devote themselves to the great work of Christianizing our literature? But I have already occupied too much of your time, my readers, (if any such there be,) and will pursue the subject no further, only adding one more crude thought. Men are inclined to use those means to advance their interests whose effects are most immediate, or most apparent at first sight. And we may be as short-sighted in regard to the interests of religion as in other matters, and prefer more demonstrative, and, apparently, more active forces, to the noiseless but mighty workings of a literature whose only utterances shall be truth, not platitudes, but thoughts as striking and vigorous as true.

Such a co-operation of these, the two most active forces in the moral world, is a great want in this age of earnest inquiry. We need a Christianized literature, and we need, too, thinking Christians.

THE TRIALS OF SICKNESS. *Bullard.*

DEAR OLD BOY:—

Your pithy epistle came to hand safely, and I hasten to allay your tender solicitude in regard to my continued absence from our beloved University. Three weeks ago, you remember, I made my usual Saturday pilgrimage to my family, who, I regret to say, so far from justly appreciating

their privileges, rather dread the arrival of a young man who speaks in a nearly unintelligible tongue, and whose whole conversation consists in spicy anecdotes of "our class" and "our men," all of which naturally awaken the horror and indignation of his elderly listeners, but are received with favor by the youngsters. Well! our midday spread over, I composed myself for a nap. None of your romantic College naps, commencing with a pipe, — seated in an easy-chair with feet perched on the mantel-piece, — interrupted a dozen times an hour by visitors or Jews, — and just getting fast asleep, when bang goes that Four-o'clock bell, — a hurried rush for the pony, and off we go. No! nothing of that sort, but a good, comfortable, home snooze of two or three hours. On awakening, I found myself unable to walk without great pain, and by the next morning could not move an inch. My anxious mother summoned the doctor, who informed me that there had been a "Temperance Movement" in my right knee, and that I must resign myself to a long sickness. It seems that in the knee there are two sets of water-vessels, which perform the duties of lubricating the joint. As fast as one of these vessels collects water, the other proportionately absorbs it. Therefore, when the knee receives any severe injury, the vessels are deranged, — the water overflows, and the knee swells. Such, my dear fellow, is my present predicament, and here I am on my bed fretting and fuming. And as to diet, just think of a man's precipitating myself from the luxury of Cambridge living into a cup of tea and three slices of dry toast per diem! Why, man! I am just as well as you, — all but this confounded knee! Enter the Doctor, — a pleasant man and skilful physician, although not remarkably communicative on the subject of when one is to get well; nor do his ideas in regard to aliment at all agree with mine. You may remember the doctor described in Gil Blas, who gave his patients nothing but water for every kind of disease; well, my Doctor seems to have a mania for what are

called Epsom salts, and in my case this delicious drug answers for both food and drink. "How are you to-day, my boy?" (Boy! Fresh insult!) "In a very bad state, I declare! Getting hungry are you? Well! you may have a little gruel! When shall you get well, eh? Perhaps in six weeks; may be three months. Mrs. N., give that boy an ounce of salts daily! Good day." And off he goes, leaving me of course happy and encouraged. Here is one of my many trials, which will fully show you the fearful agony of my situation. Little girl rings at the door. "Mrs. N., mother sends this fruit to Master Jack, and hopes he will be out soon." — "Give my love to your mamma, my dear, and tell her that Jack is doing very well, and is delighted with her kind present." This is all heard by the aforesaid Master Jack, who blesses both the little girl and her mother, and enters enthusiastically into all their hopes. Enter Mrs. N., with large dish of pears and Black Hamburg grapes fresh from the greenhouse. Mrs. N. cuts off half a pear and three or four grapes, and places them before the excited and rapacious invalid; then, smiling, affectionately but firmly says, "Too much fruit is unhealthy for sick boys," and carries the remainder away never to be again seen. The unhappy youth gives a sickly smile of acquiescent generosity, and in his despair performs a war-dance with left leg, and finally succeeds in wrenching his knee again. The same scene occurred on the arrival of a dish of jelly, sent by an intelligent friend, who has an eye to the good things of this life, and seasoned the jelly accordingly.

As I write this, the jelly is being demolished by affectionate relatives. You must know that there are dwelling in the room adjoining mine two youthful cherubs, — one a female of eight months, — the other a lad of the interesting yet exciting age of three. Nature has blessed these darlings with remarkably strong lungs, and I fully agree with the poet, who sings

"There 's music in the air,
When the infant Morn is nigh."

First the female indulges in an extemporaneous anthem, chiefly in the upper notes,—then the boy yells,—finally they both join in a concerted duet, which sounds to my poor ears like neighboring thunder. These performances commence precisely at sunrise and end at sunset, with gratuitous exhibitions every hour or two during the night. The only revenge I obtain is in making hideous faces at them when they are brought to receive the fraternal kiss, and in advising the use of Oil of Birch in liberal quantities. The doctor has just called, and my mother suggests the use of elastic protectors for my knee. “Yes! Better get them for every joint in his body,—clumsy fellow,—break his neck next. Continue the salts. Good morning.” Such, my dear fellow, are a few of the heart-rending scenes through which your unhappy chum daily passes. Your second letter has just been brought in by a perfect Hourì of a waiting-maid. (You must see her, Old Fellow, she’s a stunner!) What do I read? You say that I owe you fifty cents? Is this a subject to write about to an unfortunate cripple? Or is it delicate to hint that I am not over particular in settling such trifles? *Et tu, Tommy!* And that confounded washerwoman has been asking after me, has she? Mercenary creature! And I suppose by this time that the coal, wood, and matches, and I don’t know what, are all out. Oh! You can’t imagine how I want to get back to the room and the fellows again! And the Goody! Ah! I see her now, her airy figure dancing into the room, tripping lightly from couch to couch, and I hear your hurried cry of “For Heaven’s sake, open that window, Jack! What a dust!” And yourself, old fellow, how do you sagaciate? The same old obstinate, cautious, obstinate, practical style of life, I suppose, with an occasional rush of a morning to Wiley’s for soda-water, or a frequent communication with the pump, eh?

You will have the pleasure of seeing me in a couple of weeks, knee, bandages, cane, and all. To my intimate

friends, the bare announcement that I shaved myself with my mother's button-hole scissors this morning, will be a sufficient answer to all inquiries as to my health, spirits, etc.

With regards to my own adored E., *amigo mio*, L., Tommy R., and the Class generally,

I am your affectionate Chum,

JACK NEVERSAYDIE.

EDITORS' TABLE. *known Feb 61*

As the professed aim of our Magazine is to be a true index of the feelings of the students, we could not but give public expression to the strong indignation that has been felt by most of the students in regard to the late depredations upon the New Chapel. These feelings have only been privately expressed, although many wished to call class-meetings to denounce publicly the outrage. But there was little need of this, as the private expression of indignation was so unmistakable. Still we wish, not only for ourselves personally, but for many others, to protest against any such invasion of consecrated ground. It is no weak nor superstitious desire of the human heart to have some place that shall be dedicated to holy uses only, some inner shrine at which should be revealed only the deepest feelings of the soul.

Each one of us in the silence of his own breast raises such an altar, and shares it not even with his nearest friend. So most were glad when by a generous donation we were allowed a new place of worship, and it was consecrated forever to holy uses only; and we could not see this chapel entered at night, the Bibles stolen, and even the ornament of the sacred desk removed, without a strong feeling that a sacred place had been violated, and that there was now nothing which we could look upon as safe from careless depredation. We say careless, for we believe it was thoughtless, and that no one could deliberately violate that which so many wished to look upon as sacred. The ingratitude of the feelings that prompted the deed will, perhaps, seem to many the worst part of it. For those at least who had attended services in the Old Chapel were thankful enough, at first, for the commodious and well-ordered arrangements of the New Chapel, and we all hoped, then at least, that we should never see it abused. But it seems that a short time only has blotted out all such feelings in some. If we must have madness, we would like to see a little method in it, and not have it spend itself regardless of every feeling of propriety or gratitude. We happen to know that the Class of '59 — at least, those of them who were interested in such things — resolved never to make any depredations upon the Library or New Chapel, and this, although they had abundant opportunity and sufficient means for accomplishing either. This action was prompted by a feeling of propriety and of true respect for that which deserved it, and it is an example worthy to be followed by all who find pleasure in this phase of College life.

THE oasis, Thanksgiving, has been journeyed over. The Editor, like the reporters for the daily press, always anxiously watchful for something which he may convert into an item for the Editors' Table, carefully observed the movements of the representatives of Harvard who tarried in his native city during Thanksgiving week, and reports. The Freshmen manifested becoming humility, and ventured into the streets only in the evening. The Sophomores defied even the Editor, promenading the principal street in broad daylight with the most shamelessly striped pants. The Juniors devoted themselves pertinaciously to

calling upon their various young lady friends; it is said, by way of antidote to the misanthropic and misogynic tendencies induced by a too constant perusal of Byron, whose most splenetic works they were reading up in preparation for their next theme on Misanthropy. The Seniors, who were tarrying in this goodly city, not for the week alone, but were making protracted sojourn, under the auspices of the teacher of our Academy, as some one with shrewd facetiousness remarked, "by advice of the Faculty, for the benefit of the sea air," — the Seniors, we say, and we name them with reverence due, for what more majestic being than a Senior of Harvard College! — the Seniors, we repeat, — really, the sentence has become so Thucydidean in construction we are unable to finish it. Allow us to deliver in familiar words the great thought with which our brain is in travail, and which chokes our utterance. 'T is this, "There's but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." The John Brown orator illustrated it, who, in a flight of fancy, depicted in graphic words the wife of that unfortunate old hero, "prostrate upon the couch, holding to her eyes a handkerchief soaked in tears, while a number lie beside her already soaked and (pathetically) two or three more lie waiting to be soaked." But to apply the old saw to our naughty Seniors. The Daily Chronicle of our city announced that "a contest at Football came off yesterday afternoon between the Students of ——— Academy and those of the High School, the former being assisted by several *lads* (our magnificent Seniors, actually!) from Harvard College," and, after chronicling the defeat of the Academicians, added: "We regret to state that one *lad* from Harvard College, named H——, was thrown down and had his arm broken." It also came to our knowledge that J——'s shirt sleeve was rent off, stripped into ribbons and distributed among the victorious townies, trophy at once of the victory, and memorial of the noble conquered. Amid these tumescences and turbulences, the placid Editor moved with conscious dignity and grandeur, like the Great Eastern in a storm. But the simile is not a good one, for the G. E. has a roll which, transferred to the Editor, would scandalize him among his Temperance friends. The great topic of conversation, wherever the Editor went, was, as it should have been, the *Harvard Magazine* and the glory thereof; and we may here with propriety remind those subscribers to that excellent periodical, whose subscription commenced with January, 1859, that the sum of one dollar, to the Editors in hand paid, will secure its continuance to the end of the present volume.

THE
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No. 51.

ORANGE-FLOWERS AND WEDDING-CAKE.

"Albeit in a general way,
A sober man am I."

HOLMES.

BEING a person rather unfamiliar with grand assemblages of company, it was with no slight degree of trepidation and foreboding for the future that I opened a delicate envelope, whose white, encircling riband declared its mission. Truly an invitation to a wedding reception, — for, while my nostrils were saluted by a subtile fragrance, my eyes informed me that Miss H—— and Mr. B—— were rejoicing in the probability of being two no longer, and also that Mrs. H—— would stay at home for the purpose of seeing me on Wednesday evening. It was with no light and careless step that I quitted the post-office that night, for the difficulties and dangers which I should have to encounter in my new position as wedding-guest lay heavily on my mind.

The fact is well known that suffering is greater in anticipation than in realization, and, early on the eventful evening, I was surprised to find myself in my room, in a cheerful and even philosophical frame of mind, — so philosophical, in fact, that I had determined to turn my evening's experiences to my mental and moral, if not physical, advantage; so cheerful, that even the thought of the great trial

that was then awaiting me, could not cast a shadow over my face. That trial was nothing less than the arrangement of my back-hair. I am no dandy, as my room-mate is, but I recognized the necessity of making a special effort on this occasion. Ordinary circumstances do not, to my way of thinking, necessitate any such extraordinary effects; and I am brought to this conclusion partly by a general consideration of the "eternal fitness of things," and partly, I must confess, by the extreme mental suffering, as well as very indifferent success, which invariably attends my efforts in that direction. For I may say that, when I attempt a neat and continuous parting from my forehead to my cerebellum (to use the quotation in a new sense), "my lines do not fall to me in pleasant places." For as I never use a second dressing-glass, being unacquainted with the method of using it, the lines started from two remote points for the purpose of meeting exhibit an infirmity of purpose in making the attempt, which I can only liken to the actions of two blindfolded men, when told to find one another in a large room. Even now I have in mind an evening not long since, when, after severe exertion of half an hour, I, with trembling anticipation, submitted my head to the inspection of a friend, who had dropped in, and was met by the more vigorous than considerate criticism, "that the back of my head looked as if it were squinting."

All this, however, is but explanatory, and serves to give emphasis to the fact that, on this occasion, my success was complete after only one trial, and I left my room with sensations similar, I fancy, to those of the Duke of Wellington after the battle of Waterloo. A tendency of my fingers to wander about the occipital region recalled to my mind some remarks which I had once read about people's having a "dress centre" which might be easily detected, and during my progress from the neighboring Athens to my place of destination I tested this theory by facts. My investigations resulted in discovering that three other occupants of the car

were intent upon the same object as myself. One was revealed by his constant reference to his watch, which was discovered to be a fine gold one with an elegant chain attached; another, nearly opposite me, I found out by the disposition of his hands to go to his cravat, to the tying of which he had evidently given all his mind; while the affections of another, who, on a sudden, whipped out a handkerchief and smote his boots therewith, were plainly centred upon those pedal encasements.

But now the house is near; we know it by the light which streams from every window, and by the mingled sounds of voices and instruments, which reach us even in the street. We pass up the avenue between the thickly-leaved branches, whose foliage, as it is stirred by the evening wind, flashes back a hundred shades of green to the light in which it glistens;—and at last, by the direction of various officials, we are fairly within doors.

A gentleman's dressing-room, on such occasions, is certainly a place to be both amused and instructed in. The different airs with which people consult the glass, and the different ways in which they glove themselves, furnish abundant materials for the student of human nature to work with. In fact, I believe that in this process of putting on a new kid glove one is as likely to exhibit his real disposition as in almost any other. Near by me is a quick, nervous man, given, as we see, to act without reflection; for, forgetting how slenderly the white "handshoe" is fashioned, he has hastily thrust his fingers into it, and now stands mournfully gazing at the ruin he has made. And, if you would see another sort of temper, look yonder at that smiling, placid, corpulent gentleman, who is just trying to force his fat hands into a pair of gloves a size too small for him. How gently and persuasively he goes to work, as if he would humor the kid into compliance, with that same expression of face that one sees in some Hibernian dame, as the gentle words, "Be aisy, honey," escape her lips.

But it is time for me to leave the upper regions and to descend into the maelstrom-whirl of people who are moving towards the reception-room; and my back is turned to hair-brushes and dressing-glasses, after a final glance has informed me that one of my car-companions is busied in examining and retouching his cravat, and another in polishing his boots with a supplementary handkerchief, designed for the purpose.

At last I am face to face with the happy pair, who stand as a hypothetical unit, to receive their friends. A reception worthy of the name, indeed! And had the apparel of the bride been a hundred times more costly and beautiful than it was, I know that my eyes would not have wandered to it for an instant. We all feel the charm of MERE beauty in a countenance; but when that beauty is penetrated and transformed by the light of happiness, till it become a radiant and living presence, then we perceive how glorious and wonderful a thing it is, — a thing to cheer, to warm, and to ennoble! As for the bridegroom, I may say that he looked as if he had achieved all that was possible in life, and ambition offered him no more pinnacles to climb.

And now let me for a brief space abstract myself from the crowd, and examine more in detail my own sensations and the scene around me. From the window where I am standing, beyond the heads of the couples promenading on the veranda, stretches the garden, and in strange contrast with the dark green of the trees, the eye is met by the light of colored lanterns, half hidden in the leafy branches which support them. But glancing within, how striking is the change! Here, every sense is pleased. The sight may wander over beauties of form and color, whether of dress or the "human face divine," or of many-hued flowers, whose fragrance intoxicates the sense of smell, mingled as it is with that of wedding-cake, and of something else, which, being a member of the Temperance Society, I will not name. Not less is the ear satisfied. For, rising above

and piercing through the ceaseless hum of pleasant voices, the notes of flute and violin are trembling and quivering on the warm air.

But let us consider some more interesting features in the scene before us. There, for instance, are a surprisingly large number of young couples promenading arm in arm,—some so oblivious of the throng around them that I fear there is a great deal of electricity at work to-night. Perhaps you don't understand me. "I never explained my theory about electricity and love?" Here is an opportunity then. In my first reading of the "Autocrat," I was struck (as who was not?) by the following remark: "After all, it is the imponderables that move the world,—heat, electricity, love." And in the course of my twentieth perusal of that work, the brilliant anticipation flashed upon my mind, "What if these imponderables were the same, or but different manifestations of the same force?" Although I have not yet thoroughly developed the theory into a system, or properly accounted for all the phenomena which it ought to explain, yet each succeeding investigation has served to strengthen me in my belief.

The theory may be simply stated thus: Every case of fascination is a case of communicated electricity, though the reverse is not always true. Electricity of this sort passes only by conduction between those bodies which are in opposite electrical states. The electrical state necessary for the passage of electricity may be induced by the presence of a body in an opposite state, or any highly electrified body. Perfect fascination is accomplished only by the transmission of the electric fluid into a perfectly insulated body, and according to the degree of insulation is the degree of fascination. Insulation may be brought about in many ways, as, for instance, by separating the subject from the company of others or by giving him a series of frequently recurring shocks. A new division of the fair sex into two classes will be made, according to the principles here laid

down,—the classes being distinguished by the respective names of “Leyden-jar” and “electric-machine.” The modes of operation in these two sorts are very different, and the action in the separate cases is attended by very different degrees of danger.

This is the theory, as stated in its simplest form. It was known to the ancients, as is attested by the presence of the word “spark” in our language, in the sense of lover,—the transference being one of simple metonymy from the cause to the effect.

Here, then, I saw every condition requisite for effective fascination,—the very presence of the married couple serving to induce a dangerously susceptible state. This fact my own experience served to confirm; for I still have distinctly in mind the peculiar sensations which I experienced from the reposing of a small gloved hand upon my arm,—(KID is, evidently, not a non-conductor.) I remember a general glow of the feelings, which momentarily increased, a tendency to “high or thoracic breathing,” and to convulsive closings of the fingers, which ceased only with the final withdrawal of the glove and hand attached. This certainly came near to being a case of permanent electrification. I declare, “it almost makes my hair stand on end to think of it.”

And I fear that my own case is but a faint epitome of many others which I see around me. Did I not, with my own eyes, behold S., a friend and college-mate, attached to a neat little electric machine, and as helpless and numbed as if he had stepped on a torpedo. The “machine” was neat, as I said, and though small, eminently well calculated to generate electricity on an extended scale. It was short in stature, and was not clothed in gay colors, but in such as are quiet and subdued. Its beauty was what the author of “Adam Bede” has described as “kitten-like,”—soft, treacherous, and velvety. The eye was languishing and dark,—somewhat Oriental perhaps; and its powers received a

dangerous addition from a certain habit of timid uplifting and depressing in the eyelids. I saw the fated youth, with this "young thing" on his arm, pass out into the veranda, where there was moonlight and a dangerous half stillness, and I thought of the inscription over the gate of the Inferno.

But let us take leave of youthful nonsense, and look at some of the rest of the company. Go with me into the next room, and turn your delighted gaze upon that lady of thirty-five or thereabouts. Is it not the "Professor" who has said that society prefers organizations somewhat full and voluptuous? Certainly the experience of every one testifies to the truth of the remark. How often have we seen that grand, ripe, mature womanhood triumphing over the undeveloped graces of sixteen? And the lady we are looking at is the living witness of the "Professor's" acuteness of observation. And yet, it is not so much the fact that every eye is directed towards her, or that many attend her steps, — half attracted, as they are, by the charm of her manners and conversation; — these do not so clearly prove the wonderful power of her beauty, as my own consciousness that it pervades the room like an atmosphere, and falls upon me like a pure and cheering light. Before its brightness I see the blushing beauty of the maid in her teens fade and grow pale, but in its rays, as it comes warm from a true and noble nature, I feel myself growing stronger and better.

And these thoughts lead me to say, that I for one do not find it the tendency of such assemblages to make me frivolous, but rather the contrary. I find myself warmed into a more thorough good-nature by the contagious properties of bright lights and happy faces. The rich harmony of the music enters a little, perhaps, into the composition of my nature, and a part of it, I hope, stays there. I pity alike the one to whom this is all "less than nothing, and vanity;" and the one to whom it has lost all its significance from repetition. Nothing in an evening party! Is there no good to be gained from the contemplation of what is most beautiful

in form and feature? No wisdom to be learned from witnessing the wonderful play of passions, sometimes so dark and mischievous, but often so kind and noble? It is to the frivolous alone, believe me, that such scenes can impart frivolity; and it seems to me that the mere pleasure of studying the faces which pass before one,—so varied as they are, so full of life, so changeable in their expressions,—is, in itself, a sufficient reward for all the time and trouble expended.

But it is time for me to quit these pleasant scenes, and after a farewell greeting of Mr. and Mrs. B——, I remount the stairway. There is an agonizing search of half an hour for outside apparel, and then I pass out from the warm brightness of lamps and cheerful faces, and the “merry din” of instruments, back to the cold, dark street, and the rattling of wheels on the pavement, — back to the quiet and monotony of Cambridge, and the ceaseless round of studies and recitations.

THE INDIAN'S WOOING.*

STEEPED in reverie, dreamy, golden,
By the spell of music holden,
Sat an Indian maid
'Neath an oak-tree's shade,
Softly sighing
At the dying
Fall the flutist's cadence made.

* Mr. Catlin, in one of his lectures, exhibited a Winnebago Courting Flute, which he said was used by the Indian lover in wooing the dark-eyed maid of the wilderness. For hours he had heard the simple sounds of this Courting Flute, and he had seen the patient lovers, sitting under a tree by the bank of a river or in front of a hedge, and never has he heard a word exchanged between the seemingly happy pair. Many marriages take place solely by the charms of this flute, as he knows it to be a fact, that a single word has never been spoken by either party during the whole period from courtship to marriage.

At her feet the chief reclining,
With his glittering wampum shining,
Softly played and sweet,
While his heart quick beat,
As if keeping
Time by weeping
With a joy that's all too fleet.

Words are meagre and deceiving,
Ne'er the bursting soul relieving,
But voluptuous swells
From Cythera's shells
Music's pleading
For the bleeding
Heart, and a tender tale it tells.

Often met their melting glances,
Winged with love that Cupid lances,
And each felt the power
Of that silent hour,
Raptures sending,
Spirits blending,
Making dear that forest bower.

Ceased the flute its soft complaining,
But the lay was still remaining
In the air and in her ear,
And her love spoke in a tear,
Gently flowing,
Brightly glowing,
Seal of joy and trust sincere.

1860-63
A PUBLIC COLLECTION OF COINS.

IN the study of monuments which exhibit the design of God in pre- or post-Adamic ages, in their fossil or living structures, and in the study of monuments ordained to be executed by His agents upon earth endowed with the chisel, press, and hammer, the mind pursues a uniform investigation

which cannot fail to recognize harmonious order as a basis for natural classification, and all philosophy of thought.

Collections of fossil remains of animals are just now accumulating in Cambridge in great numbers, — dead facts wherewith to evolve theories of living philosophy, as the spark escapes the steel and flint.

The Zoölogical Museum and the Library will be twin repositories of data for philosophical deductions.

But the Zoölogical Museum can scarcely expect to give a large share of room to the exhibition of marks of the progress of a designing Power in the works of man's hands. The Library, too, is intended primarily for books. There is much need of a repository for other monuments of man than books; for books are the product of these latter days, and there are few manuscripts far enough distant in date of execution to mark many revolutions of a national character, for the "days" of prophetic revolution are years in solar time and devastation, and become days again only "at the time of the end."

The very halls around us exhibit stages of advance in culture; but these halls, too, are products of days near our own. If there could be preserved some objects small enough to be used conveniently for comparison, which would bring within the compass of a glance some traits of the Roman and Saxon worlds, and represent a comparative view of humanity in all geographical and historical phases, how great an aid would they be to a correct study of the philosophy of history! Such landmarks to a survey of comparative civilization are Coins and Medals. Indeed, in this respect, coins and medals stand alone by their great superiority over "gems" and other relics. Gems are rare, difficult to arrange in chronological order, varying according to their sculptor's imagination and ability, cut in the hardest porphyry and polished in their internal groovings by Roman skill surpassing the art of the lapidary of the present day; but do many of these gems represent fairly their age, or will

the coeval coins bearing, now the head of Domitian, and now struck of billon metal at the time of Philip, and the Roman birthday of brazen jubilee, tell a truer tale?

This head is Trajan's, and the silver is pure; but these rude pieces near by show that the denarius truly symbolizes the hectic blush of paganism.

The large sestertices of brass struck by the senate, with S-C upon the "field," are thought by Eckhel to refer constantly to the riotous Emperors in the "legends" thus: "PAX AVGGG," — "the Peace of three Cæsars." If this rendering be true, and the correct version be not "thrice hallowed peace," the Senate verily became baser than the Emperor's silver. No gems could prove so much, and better signs of the times could not be desired.

Gems sometimes place the horns of Ammon upon the heads of individuals: however much these may deserve to wear the degrading symbol, the coins of Lysimachus may be chosen to exhibit the literal fulfilment of the prophesied coming of a "horn of Grecia."

There are objections to an investment of time, and an outlay of money in the purchase and arrangement of coins. 1st. There are many counterfeit coins in the cabinets of collectors, once buried in the "alluvium" of the Roman Forum, soon after dug up as veritable fossil remains of antiquity, and upon the spot of exhumation exchanged with a British or American numismatist by one who feels that a scudo bearing the Arms of Capellari or Mastai-Ferreti, — "*Serait bien mieux son affaire.*" If these specimens are the true offspring of antiquity and the plastic art of the modern Italian, — the type and prototype both, — "well cut in every part, — filled with true cunning"; — if Decretals are not thrust falsely upon this branch of history, — well — a new edition of a valued author prolongs a useful life. After all, the number or proportion of copies which deceive a careful collector is considered small, — the number of original designs, or "Indian arrow-heads to order" is believed to be

still smaller, and ably vindicated from contempt by what "Squeers" has to say upon "philosophy."

2d. The fallacy of compound interest. Has Dr. Franklin's Loan-Fund reached the normal rate of accretion upon which he calculated? Everybody must refuse to contrast as a matter of just comparison, the sum which a sixpence of Elizabeth might have accumulated with the market value of a rose sixpence of that queen now in a broker's window. Has a greater loss, however, been incurred by investing six silver pennies in a sixpence of 1575, than in a contemporary sixpenny pamphlet? Perhaps not, if both are regarded as works in the Elizabethan style, and valued as thoughtful records of a day and generation.

3d. Do inscriptions upon medals often tell tales of untruth? Yes; some are full of untruth, and especially characteristic of their age. Tombstones may do likewise; but because both sometimes exaggerate, are we to place no device of other interest than the weight upon the coin, and ought gravestones to be planted, instead of box hedges, to adorn garden walks? However, some coins tell a tale that can be proven of its fruits. The half-crowns of James II., struck in Ireland from June, 1689, to May (not April, as all authorities but coins have it), 1690,—of composition, part cannon and part camp-kettle,—of worth, a halfpenny,—do you not find here a true tale of distress and imposition?

Two coins of Philip II., in the College collection, were struck for Belgium in 1579 and 1580, bearing the name of Charles [V.] second of the Lords of Belgium,—twenty years after the death of the latter;—do these pieces feign the unpopularity of Philip at this time in the Low Countries? Was the royal stamp mislaid at Newark Castle when siege-pieces were cut in diamonds? What emotion inscribed "UGONOTTORVU STRAGES. 1572," and what design is conveyed in the "ECCE GREX" farthing of 1641?

The medallic histories of France and the Netherlands are rich in legends of art, in beauty of execution, and in value

of record. Our Professor of History has recited some admired inscriptions upon these medals, and the well-known allusion to the five-france piece of 1808 by Guizot is an instance of the adaptedness of the coin to an epigrammatic illustration of a climax in the world's history, — a looking forward and backward. However, the Roman Janus always bore, on the toss-pennies of his day, both faces upon one side, while the "French Republic" upon Bonaparte's five-francs was literally the "reverse" of the picture; like the shillings of the Commonwealth of England, "with God on one side and the Commonwealth on the other," according to the Cavaliers.

That medal is worthy of attention which bears the head of Cromwell and a "comemoraçon of that great mercie att Dunbar," and on which portrait Mr. Carlyle bases a remark upon the disagreement of the medal's design with the letter to the Committee of the Army, now in the hands of the writer of this article, and wholly the handwriting of Cromwell, which begs that Mr. Symonds [Simon] might engrave "as on the one side the Parliam^t w^{ch} I heare was intended & will do singularly well, so on the other side an Army wth this inscripçon over the head of it, The Lord of Hosts, w^{ch} was o^r word that day; wherefore if I may begg it as a favo^r from you I most earnestly beseech you if I may doe it without Offence that it may be soe, and if you thinke not fitt to have it as I offer, you may alter it as you see Cause, only I doe thinke I may truely say it wilbe verie thankfully acknowledged by me, if you will spare the having my Effigies in it."

Shakespeare's allusion to the "three farthing" face needs a mental reference to some cabinet where this unpopular coin may be found as Shakespeare knew it. Pardon the place, — the "reddite Cæsari" penny invests with a unique value the superscription of the brass coins of the first three Cæsars. Why should traditional records be alone respected and the handwritten "ΙΧΘΥ[Ε]Σ" of the Catacombs, and the

gems of the Gnostics, and the monograms upon the coinage of the Lower Empire, be neglected among the arguments for the authenticity of Revelation? No such references, however, are contained in Dr. Lardner's Collection of Testimony, which is called the standard. Why not incorporate therewith such works as the following: "An Essay on some ancient coins, medals, and gems, illustrating the progress of Christianity in the Early Ages. By Rev. R. Walsh, LL. D., &c. London, 1828"? This part of the work would be the strongest antidote against historic doubts, and a charm to those who reject any argument drawn from the miraculous appearance and propagation of Christianity; and ocular proofs might, especially in these days, save some from deducing from their own or others' minds, — as illustrated by half of some collections of ancient and modern medals, — an Olympus packed with symbolized and deified abstractions, whether Designing Thought (illogically elevated to a Creator), or Law and Order embodied in the scales of Destiny to which an earth-born Zeus bows assent; or Love and Mercy, thrice welcome in female garb.

A great interest is now felt among collectors of coins in America for coins of local historical allusions. We have the undoubted designs of Paul Revere for Massachusetts currency, and likenesses of the ship Columbia and sloop Washington, which sailed from Boston in 1787, to leave their names on the Northwest Coast. But the study is partial, even to imperfection, which does not extend itself to the Old World, and advance by slow stages from the tortoise of Egina to the heraldry of the United States.

What is the value of a public collection of such monuments as coins? The value possessed by associations, and no more. The Public Library, though unused, may exert a silent influence of respect for letters, and for reference is invaluable. Yet the public library, I suppose, can never usurp the place of fireside reading. So with all collections. Individual collections of coins must precede a public collec-

tion, and must ever coexist therewith, as the school never makes a scholar of him who labors not beyond her precincts. Now, at present, the number of coin-collectors about Cambridge is large, and there are many private collections of American and foreign coins and medals—ancient and modern—of great value. Why should there be no public collections of interest? The Boston Athenæum has a small collection,—the Salem Museum, and Pilgrim Hall in Plymouth have cabinets, and at Yale College there is a collection,—of what size I know not,—and the National collection at the Mint is well known. But of especial pride to our readers must be the bequest of 674 coins by Hon. James Winthrop, LL.D., in 1818, to Harvard College, with the parting wish that “for their sakes the collection was more perfect.”

Here is the nucleus of a Cambridge collection, to which other donations of later years have been made; and if interest is further kindled, how instructive an addition to the philosophical apparatus of the College is here found!

How much pleasure would Mr. Thomas Hollis have taken in a desire expressed in his beloved New England to pursue a study with which his own life was imbued! Mr. Hollis devoted his life to benefactions;—his memoir by Mr. Blackburne consists of a record of donations to Institutions,—every month of books to Harvard Library,—of coins, too, at times, to Leyden, Berne, Cortona, Venice, and the Vatican collection at Rome. The motto under which this Memoir appears is well-chosen:—

“Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.”

Mr. Hollis has lived an illustration of the value of the study of coins. Here is one of his letters published in the London Chronicle: “Englishmen, Scottishmen, Irishmen, Colonists, Brethren, ‘Discordia res maximæ dilabuntur!’” This quotation, from its long-tried adoption, first brings to mind the rest of the motto to the “sheaf of seven arrows,” always upon the seal of the United Netherlands.

At the same time appears a beautiful design called "Britannia with her proper attributes," — a numismatic idea of Mr. Hollis's, designed with the aid of the Florentine artist, Cipriani, and engraved by Bartolozzi, which represents the Britannia of the half-pennies then current in England and the Colonies, bearing the Liberty cap and pole in place of the Roman spear. When this engraving is published among the gems left by Mr. Thomas Brant-Hollis, the editor states that a correct account of this design of uniting Britannia and Liberty cannot be given; — forgotten quite — the declared fact in Mr. Hollis's Memoirs, the allusion, in character, to a current coin, and the noble sympathy of one who writes in 1770 to friends in New England: "But so ordinary a person am I, and so very a Whig, that I do not apprehend I can be of other use to them than to send them a few books occasionally for their College."

Here, at another time, we find Mr. Hollis apologizing for his liberality by stating his intention of "working out" his collections in London and retiring into the country. We should do injustice to such a life to refrain from noticing how he, who collected to distribute wisely, served the knowledge of coins in America most by saving in London those pieces he thought of most value to this country; and how thankfully he would have become the founder of a collection in Cambridge with American coins, which, finding few other appreciative minds than his own, lingered till the London sale in 1817, misunderstood, — the first coin struck in the Provinces being now quoted in "Rudings's Annals" as probably of New England and not of Newcastle, — a doubt on this point existing since the time of Martin Folkes.

Allow me to say one word about this "N. E." currency, as the College collection contains a shilling specimen, and as the existence of one more "N. E." sixpence may be proven thereby to have been in Mr. Hollis's collection, — a duplicate to the engraving transmitted from "Folkes's Tables" in 1769 to Rudings's and subsequently published plates, as it would seem.

The following is a postscript to Dr. Andrew Eliot's letter of January 26, 1771, to Mr. Hollis (published by the Historical Society): "I have at length met with a New-England sixpence, which is enclosed. I shall watch for the other pieces. If they are to be had in the country I shall procure them. But I have not hitherto met with any one who has seen them. A. E." This was unquestionably the "Pine Tree" sixpence, so called of late (with regard to which issue Dr. Eliot's story of Sir Thomas Temple and King Charles II. is well known); for in a subsequent letter of June 21, 1771, there is a second reference by Dr. Eliot to "a New-England sixpence such as you desire, and which is the only one I ever saw," which was enclosed in a parcel for Mr. Hollis.*

What has been written has been hastily prepared and given to the reader in disorder. The object has been to urge the acceptance of a philosophical basis for numismatics, — to show that the study is not, as some have said, dry archæology, for the study includes the current and living; — that the study is not merely a study of a fine art, though the coins of Magna Græcia and Sicily (as a selection engraved by a pupil of Canova may show) exhibit exquisite beauty; for to philosophy that rude coin of the children of Ortok, king of Jerusalem, is also interesting, which exhibits upon the "obverse" a copy of a Grecian model, thus proving an innate appreciation of beauty by the barbarians from Turkistan.

Nor is the study that of Chronology only, though the Roman Senate's sesterces kept account of the Army as vigilantly as could the English Mercuries of the Commonwealth or the newspapers of to-day; — for, outliving journals, the coins mark national as well as ephemeral changes.

* This was doubtless one of those pieces which possess the "private mark" devised by the Governor and Mint-Masters in 1652, not to be revealed till a large collection had been made in Cambridge, and till the fairest of our readers had been allowed her guess.

Nor only do coins preserve likenesses of individual character in the heads of the Georges and the expressions of the profiles of the Roman Emperors, and finally claim the bust of "Clytie" to be Antonia, and dispute with fragments of China the possession of the best portrait of Washington.

Coins do not serve only to preserve the form of the "lituus" in order to illustrate a Dictionary of Antiquities;—or only to fix the geographical character of their birthplaces, whether fortified of nature or art, in so marked a way that (to quote Dr. Heylin), "agreeable to the quality of this country of Zeland, are the Arms thereof; Being, or, a Lion Gules rising out of a sea, wavie, Argent and Azure," or by as marked an allusion to "Panno-Dacia" "Septem Castrensium" as the Seven Castles upon the shield of modern Transylvania bear,—but "*the Mermaid*," drawn at full length, upon the London Trade-token, forces the mind further than her tavern-counter or the few streets in which this "rechen-pfennig" was ever current.

If there is reason in the above, and the readers of the Harvard recognize it in the shape it wears,—the Public collection at Gore Hall will prosper; and before the next annual examination "the relative value of the Greek Stater and the New England Shilling" will be determined.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE. Westmore 20

"It is New-Year's Eve" I think to myself as I turn the handle of my door to enter my room.

The curtains are drawn down. The gas is burning brightly; but its glare is softened by the paper shades, so that the light is pleasant and easy to the eyes. My orderly chum having been in town all the afternoon, the room has become sufficiently disarranged to look inviting and cosy. Without, the yard and buildings are remarkably quiet, and

nearly two hours are wanting of the time appointed for that terrible struggle which takes place annually between authority upon one side and rebellion upon the other. For be it known that this is the season when the spirit of insurrection is supposed to possess the souls of the Freshmen, as elephants ("— *Sic parvis componere magna*") are known to have periodic fits of madness, which are carefully watched for, and guarded against by their keepers. But it is a matter of grave doubt, whether the precautions taken in the former case are adequate for our safety, and the preservation of the College. It is clearly a moral certainty, that if a student, and he a Freshman, could be found so regardless of his personal comfort as voluntarily to leave a snug, warm room, at the gloomy hour of midnight, and take a promenade, in the cold, around one or more of the elm-trees in the yard, that the result would be the ruin of Harvard University. If, in a somewhat similar case, Governor Wise required quarter of a million of dollars, and an army fully equipped for action, to protect his brave Virginians from an invading force of one Yankee pedler, supposed to be marching to the rescue of a lunatic criminal, surely our safety can only be fully insured by the presence of the military. It certainly shows a sad falling off from the spirit of '76, that the members of the M. V. M. in Cambridge do not despise all danger, shoulder their pieces, and volunteer to defend the College, or perish in the attempt.

However, as two hours have yet to elapse before the dreadful moment arrives, there is no occasion for present terror or anxiety. I draw up my easy-chair to the fire, to pass the interval as calmly as possible.

The coals have caked together in glowing masses, and almost all the flame has died out except a little that is hovering across the top of the fire, with that drowsy sound which has only an occasional faint crackle, and yet which tells you there is a fire burning in the room, even if your back is turned. I push the chair a trifle farther back into

the temperate climate of the room, and, thrusting my slippers over the equatorial line of the fender into the torrid zone of the hearth, and idly watching the coals as they separate and fall in varying shapes and figures towards the bottom of the grate, my first proposition presents itself again to my mind, and I repeat to myself, for the second time, the undeniable fact that it is New-Year's Eve.

"The last night of the Old Year," — and straightway I fall to thinking upon it, and if, like Asmodeus, I could look through the roofs within a hundred miles, how many others I might discover reflecting upon this very same subject. The natural tendency of the occasion is to make all more or less meditative. It seems as if, upon this night, the midnight bell was struck by Father Time himself, and its tones almost constrain us to stop and listen, and then we grow grave and thoughtful.

Memory is first aroused, and she never seems more busy. In our minds we push back the inexorable hands over the dial, and in a few minutes live over again the year that is so nearly completed. We trudge into the recitation-rooms. We scribble hard over the blue-covered books with the wearying examination-papers laid out upon the deal-table before us. We pull into town with the measured click-clack of the oars, as they work in the oar-locks, sounding familiarly in our ears.

We are tramping through the woods, paddling over the lakes, or climbing the stony sides of the White Hills, and can feel the fresh, pure mountain-air fanning our cheeks. We are rambling near a huge white hotel, that deforms the fair country prospect, in company with a straw-flat with blue ribbons, and a bright, clean, rustling summer dress, and a dainty pair of Queen Mab's gaiters, and we feel very well content to remain so; but fancy will not stop, and we pass even beyond the last twelvemonth, and stand trembling "Candidates for admission" at 16 University, and wander timidly and disconsolately among the places

that have now become so familiar, trying to conceal even from ourselves that we feel homesick and desolate. We go still farther. The manly toga is transformed into a child's blouse, bound round the waist by a morocco belt, and we are deep in impracticable schemes of amusement, such as boys alone can devise, and hear the half-amused "What next, I wonder!" when they are solemnly proposed to the higher authorities. And then gradually the scene darkens, and a sad train comes trooping by of broken resolutions, of hopes disappointed because we would not realize them, of plans forsaken, of promises neglected, of mistakes so easy to be avoided, of idle hours and misspent days, and, though shrinking as we do it, each opens his "skeleton closet" to think for a moment over some things he would not have his best friend know,—but closes it quickly, and we are back again in the present, oppressed by a feeling partly of pleasure, partly of dissatisfaction and regret. But it is with the future we have most to do, not the past.

The question, "What will he do with it?" occurs to none more impressively than to the student when he looks forward to the day of graduating, and to those who, during the New Year, expect to end their College course, it presents itself at such a time as this more forcibly than ever. "What will he do with it?" With education, high hopes, some determination, and unlimited desires. In what corner of Vanity Fair will he find purchasers for his commodities, where shall he set up his booth?

As far as we can see, every place is crowded, and are we not inclined to come back from a calm survey of the probabilities of the future with our enthusiasm abated, and our expectations diminished?

A young man who has just graduated from one of our colleges seems to have but three occupations for life from which he can choose,—Law, Medicine, and Theology, the three liberal professions; if without capital, a mercantile

career, difficult and uncertain, at the best is beset with new obstacles. But the professions, I think, need a word said in their favor, to show that even if a student is almost compelled to choose one or the other of them, his situation is by no means a discouraging one.

We are told again and again that there is no room for us, that the market is overstocked already, that we had better peddle, carry bricks and mortar, sell newspapers, pick oakum, do anything rather than be a lawyer or a doctor. As for ministers, it is already presumed that they have entered their profession as a kind of life-penance, and to suffer under a serious disadvantage, and incur the suspicion of worldliness, if they accept a salary which is much more than sufficient to preserve them from starvation. It is like entering a monastery in the ancient time,—an utter abandoning of all earthly hopes, with the consoling prospect that the worse the condition in this life, the greater will be the reversion of the tables hereafter. It is, on the whole, an advantage if the young divinity student has a natural disinclination for the pulpit, and a few reasonable desires for a share in the honors and successes that men ordinarily prize, which he may assure himself will never be gratified. Indeed, these two facts have more than once been the very ground upon which mistaken men have undertaken to study theology.

For the last fifty years, as the time for graduating approaches, the hue and cry has been raised: "The professions are crowded,—it is hopeless to enter them,—you can expect nothing but failure." And yet lawyers and doctors and ministers have lived during these fifty years, have had enough and to spare of "filthy lucre," and have exerted a wider influence, and occupied a higher position in the minds of their fellow-citizens, than all the other occupations put together.

Borrowing from the experience of others, I boldly affirm that there is *no such thing as a crowded profession in this*

country. The answer to all complaints upon this score is exceedingly simple ; it was put in its best form by an eminent lawyer, in reply to a young man who was lamenting the number of competitors for legal honors, " There 's room enough — *above.*" And this is exactly true ; and one who cannot get " *above* " in any of the professions, with five hundred, or five thousand competitors, could not get *above* if there were none. The scale of excellence is not relative, but absolute. The all-important question is not how much better a lawyer or a doctor is such or such a one than his contemporaries, but how good a one is he, considered by himself alone. Nor is there any necessity that a professional man should wait until his hair is gray before he can obtain a remunerative practice, or preach to a large congregation. The practice will come just as fast as he is able to take care of it *well*. It will increase in exact proportion to his own improvement and professional capacities. There is a great deal of talking in the world about the promiscuous distribution of evil, that is upon the brink of the sheerest nonsense. There may be a great many good men who are in very unfortunate circumstances ; but how often can a good lawyer or doctor or minister be found who is finally unsuccessful, unless from his own fault ? The truth is, that the two things are quite distinct from each other. The road to success lies open to all alike, to the honest and honorable, and to the unprincipled and wicked, — being rather safer for the former than for the latter, and if they do not choose to follow it, no amount of goodness will save them from being unfortunate, as it is called, as long as they live.

Moreover, the important truth is frequently overlooked, that the liberal professions are the only ones which are concerned with *great ideas*, and so stand in dignity above all other occupations. Not that a poor lawyer, or minister, is above a good merchant or architect, and this comparison is often triumphantly presented to us, in particular cases ; but supposing all to stand on the same round of their own lad-

ders, those of the law and medicine and theology stand higher than all the rest. Men's souls must be saved, their rights must be protected, their bodies must be healed ; — these are their three highest and most important interests, and those who make them the objects of their study, and the business of their lives, if they do their work well, deservedly receive more at the hands of society than all others.

In this country, with its bitter party animosities, its nervous, excitable activity, with the great influence which is exerted by public opinion, and with the great questions which agitate the people, there is a distinct and a high office for the American scholar to perform ; a useful and an honorable place for the educated man to occupy. It is his part to exert the conservative, or rather the preservative influence in society. He who has studied the history of the world, who has read the wisdom of the ancients, who has been taught to think for himself, should be able to judge calmly and wisely upon the troubled questions of the day, and, without passion or prejudice or party spirit, to throw the weight of his words and his actions into the right side of the scale.

With such a prospect, there is nothing surely to prevent our indulging the high hopes that we are so often warned are opposed to the dictates of sober reason. So far from these being chimerical, could some modern Merlin show each one of us in his magic glass, not what we perhaps shall be, but what, if we choose to exert ourselves, we may be, the picture would appear as extravagant as some of the figures in our veriest day-dreams.

There is no reason why any of us should arise dissatisfied or despondent from a New-Year's reverie ; — but I am suddenly startled from my own, — hark ! the clock is striking. Good heavens ! what is that ? A cry of " Hurrah for the Freshmen," — the explosion of a fire-cracker, and the rush of many feet, — the work of carnage has begun. God save the Commonwealth !

Finetta's
AN INDIAN SUMMER'S SCENE.

ON the hills the trees are glowing,
Crimson, russet, yellow, brown,
Dimly through the soft haze showing
Where the muffled sun looks down.

Not a cloud relieves the dulness
Of the wan and sickly sky ;
And the still mist rests unbroken, —
Not a breath is rustling by.

Mellow from the distant forest
Comes a cawing drear and lone ;
Closer in the field, a locust
Shrills its drowsy monotone.

Not a ripple on the river
Save where shadows join the light,
And the water-spider's dimple
Floating slowly out of sight.

On the river's other border,
Leaning o'er the water's edge,
Where the black shades lie the thickest,
Jut out tufts of yellow sedge.

And beyond them spreads the meadow,
On its brown back, flat and broad,
Bearing up the swarthy haystacks,
With its faded beauty stored.

Yonder lies the quaint old homestead,
Where the view the willows choke;
And above it, half-uncurled,
Mid-air hangs the lazy smoke.

Dim hills far off rim the landscape,
Which, in merrier days than this,
Brightly blushed a rosy welcome
To the glad sun's morning kiss.

Through the low, crisp grass around me,
 Where the mower's scythe has been,
 Gleams the spider's silver netting,
 And the gnats float out and in.

Yes, we've sadly heard old Autumn
 With his frosty breath rush by,
 And his gruff voice loudly calling,
 Calling Nature forth to die!

So she lies in all her beauty,
 Meekly yielding as he saith,
 With a soft, sweet *dream of summer*,
 Drowning calmly into death.

OUR WANTS.

Thompson 60

Success is half achieved when the resolve to succeed is firmly made; so the fulfilment of any desire is half accomplished when the desire is distinctly felt and recognized. I shall try in this article to give expression to some of the wants that are felt by students, at the present time, and have been felt, I believe, for a long time past, but which have never been clearly defined, and so have neither exerted any influence nor advanced one step towards their own fulfilment. The reason of this is obvious. Students, while in college, are generally pretty well satisfied with things as they are. They are so accustomed to follow certain plans merely because they are required, that they seldom think for themselves, and never feel the want of anything better till after they leave college, when the possibility of making a reform is past. But many undergraduates have seen defects in the system which they had to endure, and have felt wants that could be but poorly satisfied. Two of these wants — and they are also the glaring wants of our country and of the times — are mature scholarship and independent

thought. Of course no system could, in the short space of four years, fully attain these ends. That is not what is desired. But it can put one on the right track ; it can give such a stimulus that when the student graduates, he shall not be left wholly in the lurch, without any self-sustaining or self-impelling force for future action. How then can we now prepare the way for the future attainment of these two ends ?

The first requisite evidently is to make them a motive for exertion ; to feel strongly the want of them. And is not mature scholarship the grand want of the times ? How are the ranks of science to be filled ? If the present is distinguished for anything, it is for the gigantic strides that science is taking. It is insinuating itself into every department of knowledge. New recruits are wanted to keep it pure, and in its true course. Is not the best talent of our country needed to supply these recruits ? Again, how is our literature to be kept pure, and made better, if our colleges do not supply mature scholars, who, by their deep love and high appreciation of the best classical models of Greek and Roman literature, are fitted to purify and elevate our own literature ? How poorly is this want supplied by Harvard graduates, with whom it is the exception if any of them has gained such a love for his Virgil or his Cicero, for his Homer or his Demosthenes, that he ever disturbs the dust that has been gathering on them since his junior year. The great engine of human thought at present, the press, surely needs to be guided by better hands, and to be kept in the track of a purer literature. This can be done only by continual reference to old models, and by those chiefly who have drawn their strength from the pure fountains of classical literature. Is not independent thought, also, the great want, not of this time especially, but of all times ? Progress can be made by no other means. Individual effort is the force which is to renovate the world. But how little of it do we see ? About the first thing that a man does in life is to

hitch himself to some party or creed, and go ever after just as he is driven. And how does our College attempt to supply this great want? By freeing students from the necessity of all independent thought, discouraging all independent exertion, and leading them through a routine of studies, arranged with almost mathematical exactness. It is very evident that there is a fundamental evil here; and although I do not pretend to be able to show the way for its removal, I may perhaps point in the right direction.

I do not think I am wanting in patriotism or youthful ambition, yet I am willing to look to the mother country for a little of the wisdom that age and experience has given. In England, the university curriculum is in brief this. The student, as soon as admitted, is placed under some tutor. He attends two or three lectures daily. His chief literary occupation is private study, either as a preparation for the lectures, or as a repetition of them; and if he is ambitious, he studies for one of the many scholarships or other benefices. He reads now the whole works of Greek and Latin authors, and studies under the direction of his tutor the substance of the book, as well as the style, metre, &c. At the end of a little over three years he is examined for his Bachelorship, or, if he is ambitious, for university honors beside. This, in short, is the university course. We see by it that private and individual industry was considered the principal affair in this system, and the instruction given was only as a help to this self-education. The various *stimuli* to exertion were public examinations, prizes, and scholarships.

I should be far from recommending this as a perfect system; much less would I have our own University blindly adopt the same system; for I do not believe in putting new wine into old bottles. But I think that we may profitably engraft upon our own system some of the methods that with them have been tried and proved by time.

The change that we need is, I think, that more encouragement should be given to individual exertion. We need a

system that shall depend for its successful operation chiefly upon the zeal and free-will of the students, and not so much on the enforcement of strict disciplinary and educational rules; a system that shall do away with artificial systems of rank, and substitute the test of examinations; one that shall give its honors to real merit, and not squander them upon every one who escapes expulsion from the University. The good effects of such a system of things, if well administered, are obvious. Education is at once elevated to a higher standard; it is pursued more for its own sake. Those who would be gathered in such an institution would be *students* indeed, and not mere intruders upon college scenes, with no object but an ill-earned name and fame. Mature scholarship would be a thing a little more frequently met with, and cultivated dunces would less frequently parade their easily-gained A. B. to the admiration and awe of the uninitiated. Such a consummation is surely to be desired. The question is, how can it be brought about?

I do not pretend to be able to propose precise methods, but one thing is sure: the first and most essential step is to put more trust in students as scholars and as men. What has been the effect of this method in England? The ranks of science have been better filled by their colleges, and a high standard of scholarship has been oftener attained. The Germans admit the advantage that the English universities have over them in the predominance given to voluntary and private study, and all can see that it is the legitimate result of the system, that there must be so much love of knowledge and independent ambition, that it would be strange if the impulse did not generally last through life.

The Lecture system is a good one if it is properly conducted. Lectures are profitable when they are made guides to study, but when they are mere collections of facts they are almost useless. Still, no system is more liable to abuse. In England it is said that "the Professorships became mere sinecures, whose holders eased their consciences by lectures

to empty walls and naked benches, (called "wall lectures,") and were much annoyed when any strange listeners—mostly *Freshmen*, whose simplicity had been abused by their more experienced comrades—happened to attend." But this occurred at a time when studies in other departments experienced the same torpor. There is no reason in the nature of things why lectures, when they are, as they ought to be, guides to study, should not be valuable aids in a college education.

Again, what we want more than anything else, perhaps, is that honors should be given more surely to real worth. The degrees conferred should mean more than they do. As it is now, they can be had, if not for the asking, yet for the paying. Surely there is some fault here. Indeed, is it not an imposition upon society? For in our colleges is determined the character of most of those who are to fill the professions, teach the schools, write the books, and, in short, lead the thought of our country. But if, with such, our colleges give their honors also to those who are undeserving, how is society to know in whom to place confidence? The only way to rectify this defect is to apply more carefully and strictly the test of examinations. In England, examinations as preparations for the academic degree were introduced into Cambridge about the middle of the sixteenth, and into Oxford about the middle of the seventeenth century. It is called "by far the most important reform in the system of the studies after the revival of the classics in the fifteenth century." The new plan promised a surer standard of qualification. This it would have supplied, if the examinations had been strict, and, no doubt, it did answer to a certain extent. But at present, the minimum required at the final examination is so small, that with them the degree conferred is worth less even than it is with us. The good effect of examinations rightly conducted is seen in their examinations for honors, which secure to them a higher standard of scholarship than is ever attained with us.

As yet I have only alluded to the means that might be used to secure a higher standard of scholarship than we have at present. I now ask if the very same means are not the best for encouraging independent thought, the second great want that I alluded to. The way to teach a boy to swim is not by launching out into the water yourself; for so he might learn from a frog as well as you. But you must support easily his chin just enough to keep him above water. Thus, the way to teach a young man to think, is not to do all his thinking for him, but to direct and lead on his thoughts, and keep him from absolute dependence on others. This would be the legitimate result of the system that I have alluded to. To encourage private study would be to cherish personal reliance and individual thought.

But is Harvard ready for such a change? In the first place, I remark that the change would be radical and fundamental. And, in any such revolution, the first-fruits of the change would probably not be wholesome. There would be a strong reaction from a state of servile submission, of complete self-renunciation, to a state of absolute liberty and unbridled license. Some would be put wholly off their guard by being allowed to study almost as they might wish. But after habit and experience had taught them the golden mean between absolute submission and unbridled freedom, a manly tone would at once pervade their actions.

In the second place, our College is not quite ready for this change in its fulness, though I believe a slight change in this direction would be beneficial. This unfitness is caused in a great measure by the extreme youthfulness of many who are admitted here. They too often come with characters scarcely formed, mere hothouse growths, and so would hardly be able to guide themselves in the conduct of their studies. Such persons either give out before their senior year with shattered constitutions, or, not having the strength to resist temptation, their characters are spoiled for

life. This could be prevented only in part by raising the standard of admission. But I think it would be most surely effected by the very change of which I am speaking. If young men in their preparation for college could be made to feel that strength of mind and firmness of character are the great requisites for success in a university course, then they would be in no hurry to get here, but would bide their time, and then come with some fixed purpose and with better powers of fulfilling it.

But if the students are not ready for this change, how much more are not the officers of instruction and government, upon whom the idea even seems scarcely to have dawned! They, it seems to me, are about a quarter of a century behind the times. The idea that students would ever reach such a point as to be trusted in the conduct of their studies would probably strike as much consternation into their minds as the proposition to expunge the dead law about theatre-going did into the minds of the Overseers a few years ago. In an institution like ours the government is necessarily almost absolute. And as it is a fact of history that a ruler's regard for his subjects is generally inversely as his power of lording it over them, so here the estimation in which students are held is, almost of necessity, very disparaging. The Faculty — I speak of that "impalpable abstraction" that we hear of through the officers of Government — hardly dare to recognize the students as free agents, or as responsible men. And this is not unnatural in the present state of things. There is so little direct communication between the officers and students that neither can understand the other. Witness, on the one hand, the almost universal attributing to personal ill-will anything that emanates from an officer, and, on the other hand, the common ignorance on the part of the officers of the real spirit and temper of the students, mistaking an overflow of animal spirits for lawlessness, and candid and bold expressions of opinion for rejection of all authority. Attempts

have been made by members of the Faculty to bridge this wide chasm, and to have students and instructors on closer and more confidential terms. But these attempts are generally felt to be unnatural, and they must be so while our relation is that of master and pupil. Could we look upon our instructors more as guides and teachers than as masters appointed merely to find out how well we have learned certain lessons, and to mark accordingly, then there would be less coldness between instructors and students, and there would be some hopes of seeing a true love of study and investigation, which should be a good foundation for mature scholarship and independent thought.

But perhaps the most beneficial effect of a closer relation between student and instructor would be a moral one. As it is now, instructors exert but little influence upon the character of students. As they are situated, they cannot. They are too distant. They cannot now influence public opinion, as they could if they were brought nearer, and made our guides instead of our masters. Who can complain that public opinion here looks with indifference upon things that would be held up to scorn elsewhere? Where will you find another community in which public opinion is that of men with like aims, and like methods, and the same age, and that a youthful one? What we want is the influence of wiser heads and a wider experience upon our immature plans and unsteady characters. Then would public opinion be stronger, purer, and nobler, and a college course, instead of proving, as it now too often does, the ruin of the inexperienced, would "strengthen the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees," and send into the world stronger and truer men.

LILIUM CONVALLIUM.* *Munton '60*

THY fairy flower-bells hover
Where early songs regale,
My gentle maiden lover, —
Sweet Lily-of-the-Vale!

My gentle maiden lover
Reviews the vernal dale,
Thy beauty to discover, —
Sweet Lily-of-the-Vale!

Thy beauty to discover,
Thy fragrant breath inhale.
Gay May-day joys recover, —
Sweet Lily-of-the-Vale!

Ay! May-day joys recover,
Their delicateness frail,
Since Heaven smiles above her, —
Sweet Lily-of-the-Vale!

Since Heaven smiles above her,
Maud's pretty quests prevail;
Afield thy flower-bells hover, —
Sweet Lily-of-the-Vale!

Stannell '60
MENS SINE PONDERE LUDENS.

A LONG, mournful howl, such as nothing save the winter wind could ever have given utterance to, hailed us as we opened the door of our room on the "night before Christmas," when, according to the laws of the Medes and Persians, we ought to have found

"Not a creature a stirring, not even a mouse."

The embers were glowing cheerfully in the grate, and to

* An imitation of Goethe's "Nachtgesang" and Percival's "Midnight Music."

the tune of that savage howling, figures, which to our imagination seemed huge Læstrygonians, danced wildly on the ruddy ground, and among them we thought we could make out the insignificant forms of some of the ill-fated seamen of Ulysses. We were at first startled, but the benign spirit of the hour came over us, and we saw in the classic forms that revelled so madly upon our hearth the Lares of the Student. It is probable that we almost worshipped them, for an hour passed unnoticed, and was followed by many others.

We will divulge no secrets; but on rousing from those dreamy visions, one scene from the land of mysteries had left its impress upon our minds. Hours had passed swiftly away, when we answered "Come," to a knock at the door. We did not turn to welcome the visitor, but quietly awaited his appearance before us. With that strange complacency with which in dreams one is accustomed to endure the most incongruous mixture of events and circumstances, we watched a long procession which defiled before us and disappeared, seeming in some unexplained manner to mingle with the cheerful glow of the Christmas fire.

First appeared a pompous train, in the midst of which was a gorgeous chariot, drawn by six horses, — milk-white steeds, such as the groves of the Sun in ancient Germany might have been proud to have nourished. A black, conical stone covered with jewels lay upon the seat, and a Roman emperor held the reins. "The priests and people of old Rome celebrate the honors of the great Elagabalus, the Sun-God, on this 25th of December," was whispered in our ear as the long train of noble Romans passed on and vanished from sight. The priests and the priestesses, the patricians and the Equites, were like old, familiar acquaintances, and we revelled in the dreams of classic Rome.

Long after, ages as we estimate time in the dream-land, a venerable Druid, having his white locks pressed by the sacred mistletoe, leads by a victim to the consecrated oak-

groves, and the wild barbarians filled with awe follow their priest to the approaching sacrifice. "Our rude forefathers on this winter evening present grateful offerings to their Gods," and the procession is gone.

A moment of confusion and restlessness, and we are walking the streets of a German city,—of Munich. Everywhere is rejoicing. Enchanted grottos, Christmas trees, and Christmas presents,—every imaginable trinket, from dolls to sweetmeats, are displayed on all hands, and each is labelled "Wernachts —." Look into any window that you can, and crowds of children are merry-making around trees like these. Midnight comes, and the bells of the city fill the chilly air with their joyful music; and the midnight mass begins in the old church whose altars are loaded with a thousand brightly burning candles; the mass begins, and the edifice is filled with the incense from the censers; and still the crowd presses in at the door to attend to the impressive ceremony.—It is enough.

Again we wander, and in the villages of fair Burgundy find a circle gathered round each fireside. A huge log lies on the burning embers,—the famous *Luche*, or Yule-log. "Noel! Noel! Noel!" is sung by the happy group, in loud and boisterous tones, but tones that are full of gladness; and the children find sugar-plums miraculously produced by the ends of the Yule-log. The call to the midnight mass breaks up the group.

O, "the holly and turkey, and roast beef and plum-puddings," of an English Christmas! who has not heard of them? And the evening games and jollity, the romping and racing, the shouts of laughter that fairly rock the old paternal mansion, the tales over the ale by the fireside,—these are as familiar to us as though we had joined in them all a thousand times. Who can wonder that, when the long-faced Puritans sanctimoniously prohibited these festivals, the common people, who had endured almost everything else from them, rose at once in determined resistance?

In that dim vision we now revisited the scenes of the day. Green festoons hung from the walls, and green trees decorated the corners of the familiar chapel, and Christmas service was heard there also. Yes, but this has too much the air of reality for a dream, and we are roused by it. Do the descendants of the Puritans celebrate Christmas? was the question we asked when between waking and sleeping. However this may be, since all the world sings Christmas songs,

"Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire."

Editorial & Miscellaneous

EDITORS' TABLE.

"I wish you all a happy New Year,
Leisure from books and very good cheer!"

I was obliged to alter this little couplet somewhat, for it used to read "plenty of books." What a charm it had for my childish ears! It was written right under a bright water-colored print of a little girl holding in her hand a big picture-book. "Plenty of books;" you know what kind of books,—armfuls of Rollo books, Robinson Crusoes, and Fairy tales? And yet we must alter the couplet to fit the altered times; the "good cheer," however, still holds good, and with these cheerful lines Maga sends to all her sixth New-Year's greeting. It is most heartily re-echoed by her six faithful ministers who serve her day and night, and who are supposed to sit around this table. Maga is not old,—and she never was young,—for by cranial birth she came into the world fully armed, and danced the Pyrrhic dance. She has passed through the crisis in her life which came very near proving her death, as it was thought; but since that time, for nearly two years, has grown stronger each day. Her words are heard afar, and the distant and dark places of the earth acknowledge her. Did not a Mississippi journal quote one of her oracles? O, all ye who have worshipped in her temple, with the New Year send us your offerings!

Christmas has passed, and the name does not merely refer to a date in the calendar, but to an event in our College life,—yes, we've had our Christmas holiday, and to-day we have a New-Year's holiday to match it. How since the days of our musty forefathers has the genial world crept inside of these old brick walls. Christmas, a day ignored in the old Puritanical calendars, has become a season, in our College life, of hopeful expectation and pleasant retrospect. The coming day is heralded by pleasant indications; for several mornings before, when we go to Chapel, we observe that evergreen festoons have begun to creep around the wainscotings, over the doors, up to the orchestra; then we find them hanging in a wonderful manner from the centre of the ceiling to the brackets where the arches spring; trees start up in the corners; no one sees when it is done, fairy hands have been at work. To us of the choir these fairy hands are no mystery,—we have seen the fairies themselves; by a remarkable coincidence, when we began our afternoon rehearsal in the Chapel, they came tripping in, and so it happened for several days. They are fairies of quite substantial mould, and they do not seem to be so unconscious of the presence of us mortals as fairies are reported to be; their attitudes are quite graceful and unstudied as they twist those festoons of evergreen, and perhaps they chant a fairy spell as they forge their fairy chainwork; indeed, we could tell you much more of these fairies, but we do not choose to, neither does the time suffice.

The service on Christmas eve was delightful; and although the night was bitter, a multitude of devout persons—and many of them young—assembled, so that the place was filled with worshippers. Would not some of those old gentle-

men whose "effigies" hang in Harvard Hall have been astonished had they stood where we did and taken in the whole scene,—the earnest crowd, the brilliant light fiendishly fed from the bowels of the earth, those ungodly pasture-weeds and brushwood, and last, the popish windows of painted glass! We thought it beautiful, and were filled with solemn pleasure as the solo commenced,—“Come into His presence, ye faithful.” We hope we may not be found guilty of cheering an instructor, if we say something encouraging in regard to the music. It is certainly a work of some merit to arrange the works of the great composers for male voices so as to lose none of their best effects, and even increase them; and then to bring them out is a work of some pains. We thought that if we had the music department in our charge, we should feel quite encouraged at reflecting upon the contrast between the music of Christmas eve and the music four years ago. The really grand thing was Old Peterborough, sung in unison by a double chorus, one in either end of the Chapel, accompanied by the full organ. Those between seemed to hear two meeting billows of sound. If the writer of “Our Wants,” who seems disposed to grumble, will reflect upon these changes, these genial institutions that are creeping into our College life, he will see that that movement he prays for has begun, and is going steadily on. We doubt not but that everything will come in its due season; everything which tested by the judgment of our later years will be approved. That we are treated as men more, perhaps, than we know of, and that our influence is felt among the powers that be, these things would indicate.

The New Year brings its peculiar reflections to each of the Collegiate species. To the Freshman,—and let not that individual bristle up, who did not like to take the Harvard because it was always saying something contemptuous of Freshmen; my dear sir, we do not mean you, but some other Freshmen, and perhaps we were thinking of ourself at that happy period of tribulation,—to the Freshmen, then, appears most striking the contrast between this New Year's and the last. Then, perhaps, he hung up his stocking; for in some families “Santy Claws” comes on New-Year's eve; last night he sat up with the fellows, and did n't he get under the bed when the Tutor came in? He seeks that juvenile hiding-place by instinct; as he goes higher in the Collegiate grades, he will be guided by reason. My friend, after all the jolly fun, did you not have a little season of reflection by yourself? Most students determine their character in College by the end of first term Freshman; whether fast, slow, or middle men. Do you find yourself a creature whom your mother would not know, or whom you would not like her to know?

The Sophomore's thoughts on mischief are intent. Or if he hopes, “don't he wish he may get something stanning from home, and won't he have a time to-morrow?” Your Junior is more sentimental; with a few companions he, in his own room, watches the Old Year out, and drinks libations to the New. If alone, perhaps he thinks of *her*, and wonders if he shall get a fancy favor of her finger-work, and guesses what would please her.

The Senior reflects that it is the last New-Year's watch he shall keep in College. The last day of study will soon come. A few speeches, a blowing of trumpets, a presentation of flimsy rolls of paper, and he will be dropped out of this intellectual

mint into the general circulation, a new-coined piece, with the stamp on his face. Did you ever see a handful of new coins? they all look about equally beautiful, but *wear* will tarnish the gold little, the silver some, and the nickel a great deal, and then there is a different ring. To the Seniors, New-Year's eve is perhaps rather sad,—a harbinger of that merry, sorrowful day, called Class Day.

To all subscribers whose subscription for the last current year has carried them half through Vol. VI., begun in September, we would say that you can have the rest, ending with the July number, for one dollar. As it is a small sum, we request all to pay *down*, and if possible hand it in themselves before we canvass, as it is a great labor to make so many collections.

To contributors we say that voluntary articles must be sent in early, as we engage our writers beforehand, and thus their contributions are forestalled. This has happened to several articles handed in for January.

ALTHOUGH not sceptical in regard to the advantages of gymnastic exercises, we have taken pains to see just what has been their influence upon students. In the first place, we have noticed that they have afforded a pleasant and profitable entertainment for those leisure hours which would otherwise be thrown away, either in idleness or some worthless amusement. Secondly, that they have been resorted to as recreation, after the mind has become weary with over exertion. Thirdly, that in these exercises the students put all their energies, forget all their anxieties, and are, for the time, new men. And not only this, but, fourthly, that they go away from the exercises new men, and, if they have not taken too much exercise, refreshed and ready for more effective study. These we consider the great benefits of gymnastic exercise,—the recreation they afford, and the glow they give to thought through the fresh glow in the blood. We have taken pains, also, to obtain more material evidence of the benefits of regular gymnastic exercise, and we here give the statistics. The following is a table of the average increase in the circumference of chest, upper arm, and fore-arm during the first three months of exercise in the Gymnasium:—

	Chest.	Upper Arm.	Fore-Arm.
Freshmen,	2 inches.	1.11 inches.	.55 inches.
Sophomores,	1.9 "	1.1 "	.65 "
Juniors,	1.76 "	1.17 "	.7 "
Seniors,	1.89 "	1.21 "	.47 "

To satisfy curiosity, we give here, also, the average of the absolute measurements made at the beginning of the term:—

	Chest.	Upper Arm.	Fore-Arm.
Freshmen,	33.6 inches.	10.71 inches.	9.6 inches.
Sophomores,	34.13 "	10.82 "	9.57 "
Juniors,	34.61 "	11.07 "	9.61 "
Seniors,	34.86 "	11.2 "	9.93 "

THE
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Garrison '61
THE USE OF TOBACCO IN COLLEGE.

It would be highly suggestive and instructive, if the same patient hand that traced, from the records of the Gymnasium, the development of the muscle of the classes, and set the result before us in the last number of the Magazine, could, by personal application to each of the undergraduates, ascertain how many of them are addicted to the use of tobacco in its various forms; how many have acquired the habit since coming to college; and, as far as possible, in what part of the course. If we had an anti-tobacco society among us, such a task would properly devolve upon it; but, alas! we have not. The Temperance Society, however, might make a similar investigation in regard to liquors, and we should like to see it do so. The publication of either set of statistics, we are sure, would astound not only the uninitiated, but even us, the students, ourselves. Many a parent, thus enlightened, would keep his bright boy at home, painful as the sacrifice might be, rather than commit him to the rude blasts and perilous waves of college life; and, standing aghast at the temptations which beset the student, would exclaim, Perish the education that can be gotten only at the risk of the soul!

Now, people ask, for the most part, Is hazing dying out in college? not, Is less tobacco or wine used there than

formerly? To be sure, there is an intimate connection between these two questions, but the reason why both are not asked is, because hazing is the deliberate and wanton invasion of one person's rights by another, or by several others,—an invasion which every one indignantly repels, and which, in proportion to its aggravated nature, is naturally reported at home, or becomes the common talk of the students, or even of the public prints; while indulgences in liquors and tobacco are vices voluntarily contracted, are, of course, studiously concealed, as long as may be, from the family, and only get into the papers when they lead to the violation of public order, the destruction of property, or the commission of violence.

Robinson Crusoe, before the advent of the savages, is the only example of a man whose offences against the moral law could be subjective simply and not objective. He might violate all the laws of his being, might impair the health of his body and the understanding of his mind, but the injury ceased with himself and went no further. Not so with the member of a family or a tribe, or the inhabitant of a community like a city or a state. He must ask himself at the threshold of every act, What effect is this going to have upon me, and what upon others? Such a question we are now about to ask in behalf of the user of tobacco, and to answer, as far as we are able.

Premising, once for all, that we regard the habit of using tobacco, like that of indulging in strong drink, as one which experience has fairly shown to be of so formidable a nature that no one, who has once acquired it, can be certain of being able to cast it off at pleasure, and that the student, therefore, who smokes in college will probably continue to smoke after graduating, we proceed to make our first appeal to the pocket. We address now not those alone whose poverty in this world's goods would seem to justify us in so doing, but those, too, who have means to foster half a dozen vices, without serious inconvenience. To the

first class we say: "You cannot be ignorant of the great expense which this habit will entail upon you, so long as you submit to its control. Your circumstances peremptorily forbid you to incur such expense, and all your prospects in life depend upon the strictest economy and self-denial on your part. For what return do you get for your outlay? Are you clothed, fed, or housed? are you promoted, honored, or enriched? or are you not rather made shelterless, hungry, and naked? are you not impoverished, and so barred from advancement? Be wise, then, and abandon your folly." To the wealthy class we say: "We grant your pecuniary ability to support your appetite for tobacco, though the riches on which you rely are at best uncertain, and may one day 'take to themselves wings.' We arraign you as stewards, before the Lord, of possessions which it is your duty to employ for the benefit of your fellow-men, and which you now throw away in selfish gratification of your animal desires. We hold you sinful in so doing, and answerable to Him who is the God of widows and the fatherless."

We have next to charge upon the use of tobacco, that it tends to degrade us in the eyes of those whose mouths are free from pollution, and whose minds are not befogged with the smoke of the foul weed. And here we shall probably be reminded of the many great men who have been guilty of the practice in question, and whom the world has delighted to honor. We accept the suggestion, and seek to know if the fact that this poet chewed, that novelist smoked, or that statesman snuffed, is to be considered an ornament or a blemish, in estimating his character? Would it be pleasant — if it were within the bounds of possibility — to conceive of Shakespeare with a pipe in his mouth? But we can find examples nearer home. The sage of Concord, recognized as a smoker, falls from the clouds whither our imagination has followed him in the perusal of his works, like Icarus in the story, — the wax melting from his wings

before the warmth of our blushes for his imperfection. The successor of Humboldt and the loafer in the streets of Cambridge are wide enough apart, you would think; but we have seen them both cross the College yard with cigars in their mouths, and have thought, of the two the loafer was justified.

Every one knows the old formula, "He that lies will steal; he that steals will," &c., &c. There never was a child, perhaps, that had not logic enough to discredit the statement; but had the words "will be apt to" occupied the place of "will," this ascending scale of crime would have been better able to hold its own. In the spirit, then, of the amendment, we do say that the indulgence of the desire for tobacco is likely to create other desires, and to render us little scrupulous in satisfying them. Tobacco and liquors are almost inseparable companions, and very naturally, as they both hinge upon the same principle. Charles Lamb, in his well-known Farewell to Tobacco, thus refers to their connection:—

"Sooty retainer to the vine!
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine!

Brother of Bacchus, later born!
The old world was sure forlorn,
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than, before,
All his panthers and the brawls
Of his piping bacchanals."

Let us be understood. We do not say, or believe, that every lover of tobacco is also a lover of ardent spirits, but that the two characters are oftener united than not. Indeed, knowing that a man was addicted to the use of liquor, we would confidently assert, in nine cases out of ten, that he was a user of the weed beside. On the other hand, as a member of the College Temperance Society, we may be permitted to state that our experience in making converts

has proved the tobacco-user to be the hardest subject, and that we have always shunned approaching him, except as a last resort, knowing that the argument which should make him break the bottle would also compel him to put out his pipe. Of that third vice, the greatest of the three, which is the twin sister of wine and near of kin to the "brother of Bacchus," — which is the greatest problem of social philanthropy, and which, though it exists among us, must be in these pages a vice "without a name," — we can only hint here. For all the evils wrapped up in it, as well as in drunkenness, the pipe, the cigar, or the cake of tobacco may be, with far too many, entirely responsible.

How can the user of tobacco be a Christian? Can a slave be a Christian? No! not even the slave of violence and brute force, the unwilling bondman. Much less, then, he who willingly takes upon his neck the yoke of servitude to a passion, an appetite, an unclean desire. If it be the boast and badge of a Christian (and who will deny that it is?) to trample what is carnal beneath his feet, and to put away the lusts of the world, how can the user of tobacco assume the name? Worse than an idolater, he worships, not a harmless image of brass or stone, but a great ugly devil, with eyes of fire and breath of smoke, alive and active, full of power to curse and to destroy. Before this master he hastens to prostrate himself in token of complete subjection, yet still lays claim to the title and character of a Christian, the follower of Him who said, "No man can serve two masters."

In taking leave of the personal consequences arising from the use of tobacco, what final appeal shall we make to the unhappy victim of that use? If the fact that by it he is made poor, is lowered in the esteem of others, is easily led into temptation and corrupted, and is made a degraded slave, losing at once the name of freeman and of Christian, — if all this does not move him, what more can be advanced? Only this, it seems to us: — to show the dread-

ful ravages which tobacco makes upon the health and years of men. This would be the proper place for statistics, if we cared to use them, as we do not. They have been already presented to the readers of this Magazine in a previous number, and need not be repeated here. Spite of the fact that the stomach loathes and rejects the weed, when first forced upon it; that, in the case of children, the swallowing of tobacco has been speedily attended with death; and that the oil of tobacco is well known to be a most powerful and instant poison; — it is the most common thing in the world to hear it said that tobacco is harmless, and not at all to be likened to wine in its effects. We regard the perniciousness of both these substances as established beyond all question; but the thrall to an appetite is always ready thus to deceive himself with a quieting fallacy, which yet does not save him from destruction. So, on the brink of a precipice, one may argue that, if the chasm were solid earth, it could be safely trodden; but let him take the forward step, and the abyss receives him a corpse. Tobacco probably tends to augment every defect in the body, but the nerves are its chief prey, and the special form in which it exhibits itself, at least among us, Americans, is that dreadful foe, paralysis. This it is that pulls down the strong man of a sudden, and relentlessly crushes him into an early grave. Yet, in the matter of shortening life, the effects of tobacco, as of wine, are oftener unseen than seen. This may be illustrated by a familiar temperance story.

In a temperance meeting in a nameless town, an old man, hale and hearty, had arisen and said: "My friends, I have lived eighty years, and in that time have never tasted a drop of liquor." The commentary was plain, and the audience applauded. Thereupon an older man arose, also sound and vigorous of health, and stated that he was ninety years of age, and had been a constant drinker from a child. And the audience, whose natural desire was thus favored, applauded still more vehemently than before. The reply of

the octogenarian was significant: "My friend, if you had lived as I have lived, you would be immortal."

Thus far, we have endeavored to offer reasons why a man should abandon the use of tobacco for his own sake. It remains to consider his relations to those about him, and to deduce thence additional incentives to correctness of habit. And if any one has been inclined to agree with us in some of the foregoing charges against tobacco, whose use he deems baneful even in a single particular, we can do no better, perhaps, than to begin at once with the well-worn argument of example. If mankind were so regardful of their own interests as to give over at once the practice of evil, when it was proved to them to be such, there would be no need of this selfsame argument. For its employment implies that the person to whom it is addressed admits his practice to be a harmful one, but is willing to accept the personal consequences. Then the argument comes in thus: You admit that the course you are pursuing is mischievous and dangerous. You are willing to risk or to bear the consequences. How is it about your neighbor? will you undertake to be responsible for the injuries that result to him from a similar course? Yet this you must do, if you persist in your ways, for he may have found in you an example for entering upon, or may now have in you a support for continuing in, the practice which you allow to be hurtful. In this view of the case, one ought to cease from the use of tobacco, if he sees that it is calculated to injure another, even in the smallest degree,—as, for instance, in material prosperity, which is relatively but a secondary consideration. Every one, however, can apply this argument to himself, as well as we, or better, and we leave it where it is.

We come now to some of the objectionable features of tobacco-using, as seen in our intercourse with others. Every candid smoker must acknowledge himself a public nuisance. In the street, he poisons the atmosphere for yards behind

him, or, at least, taints it with an odor which is offensive to the majority of people. Debarred, not by a sense of decency, but by public sentiment, from the inside of the stage, — say, in travelling to the White Mountains, — he smokes on the top, without regard to those who choose the outside for the fresh air and the scenery. On the steamboat, — as in coming from New York by the Sound, — he puffs away at your side, or (small odds to him which !) in your face, forcing you either to forego the pleasure of the sea-view, or else to retire to your berth sick at stomach, and in a fit condition to be influenced by the tossing of the boat. In the close hall or public assembly — but stop ! Very fortunately for us, a correspondent of the Boston *Pioneer* has recently addressed a letter to the Editor and his fellow-countrymen, which graphically portrays what we were about to attempt. Coming, as it does, from a German to Germans, whom we are almost wont to consider a nation of smokers, we hail this letter as a hopeful indication for the future. The correspondent (Mr. Oelkopf) says :—

“ I have just come from a meeting of German Radicals. I feel as if I were in the paroxysms of sea-sickness. My macerated eyes water ; my breathing is obstructed ; if I stir, I am threatened with vomiting ; my clothes, even to the skin, smell of the abominable weed whose use was learned from the wretched, beastly savages ; and I shun all female society, as if I were a monster. And why all this ? Because, contrary to my principles, I was obliged to be with a company which calls itself free and radical, but which is neither so free for itself as to be able, even for an hour, to do without the smoking, stinking weed, nor so free in taking thought for others as to spare them the necessity of being present, *in the interests of freedom*, at this insupportable, disgusting, ill-smelling performance.”

Chewers are, at least in college, less frequent than smokers ; but they are, if possible, more filthy. To say nothing of their breath, which greets one's nostrils like a blast from some dank and musty cavern, or of the appearance of their mouths and lips, — the dark fluid escaping

from the corners,— it is sickening to be obliged to encounter the spittle, which they eject *ad libitum* and in any direction, and to see the pools upon the floors of recitation-rooms, halls, cars, or steamboats. No regard for the dress of man or woman is paid by these dirty fellows, who seem, as Horace Mann said, to be imitating the geography of their country by making miniature lakes and rivers under their feet. Ugh! We take refuge in the New Testament, and exclaim, “ Wash you : make you clean ! ”

He who renders himself thus offensive to others is, if he is conscious of what he does, tyrannous, if not, selfish. Selfish, in being so attentive to his own pleasure as not to regard the rights of others ; tyrannous, in deliberately trampling upon those rights, by enforcing submission to his odious behavior. Thus he is, at the same time, a slave to his appetite and a tyrant to his neighbors. For, as Mr. Oelkopf, already quoted, asks : —

“ Is he not a slave who cannot live, can never deliberate for freedom, without an indulgence which is called for by no necessity of nature, and is endurable only because of custom ? And is he not a tyrant who in this indulgence has no regard for others to whom it is utterly distasteful, but who are bound to his company by respect and by circumstances ? ”

If the repeated intimations and proofs that he is a nuisance do not shame our tobacco-user, then let the familiar warning, “ No smoking allowed here ! ” inform him that he is dangerous, as well as disagreeable. On wharves, in railroad depots, in warehouses, in factories, in rope-walks, in paper-mills,— wherever anything combustible is kept, stored, or scattered, or anything valuable preserved, — this placard stares the smoker in the face, and says, almost audibly, if not indignantly, “ Put out that light, sir ! ” Boston students will remember the fire on Battery Wharf (in '56, we think), which was owing to the ignition of a storehouse for cotton by a spark from some laborer's pipe. Similar cases are innumerable. *Magna componere parvis*, — when walking

through the State last summer, with a classmate, we asked permission of a farmer whose house was small, to allow us to sleep in his barn. Our petition was granted, but not until our host had ascertained that neither of us smoked. He told us the next morning that he always preferred to have a stranger under his roof, rather than in his barn, which a pipe or a cigar might reduce to ashes together with all its contents. And yet this man was himself a smoker!

We have already hinted that, between the amount of tobacco and liquors consumed and the amount of hazing performed in College, there is an immediate and direct connection; and we reaffirm it here. Not only this; the prime movers of all other kinds of disorder against the College discipline are, we believe, nine times in ten, accustomed to smoking or drinking, or both. Further, everything of a disgraceful nature done outside the College by students may be safely attributed to the same class of men. And why not? To smoke or to drink implies a loss of self-respect, and who will engage in the actions to which we have referred but those whose self-respect is wanting? We claim, then, that it is a motive for the student to abandon his evil habits, that the College to which he owes so much may not be dishonored by improper conduct on his part, or, as far as he can prevent it, on the part of others.

The follies and vices of the student reappear confirmed and augmented in the life of the citizen-graduate, who, having doubly stabbed his *Alma Mater*, is prepared for any deed against the land of his nativity. Next to Slavery, tobacco and strong drink have been the most powerful agents in the demoralization of the American people; but so far from a counteracting influence proceeding from the colleges, those institutions are, in fact, the strong-holds of these sources of corruption. The wicked indifference and still more wicked opposition of American scholars and men of letters to the great movements in behalf of humanity, at home and abroad, form one of the strongest arguments against a liberal educa-

tion. Shall we forever present this inconsistency of the enlightened furnishing weapons to the ignorant in their warfare against education?

We have reserved to the last our weightiest reason for the disuse of tobacco. It is that which is applicable to every one who abuses his body by giving play to his unrighteous appetites and passions. Such a man, after all personal considerations have failed to affect him, will often hesitate and pause in his career, when the thought of the unborn innocents, whose slaughter he is preparing, crosses his mind. He is ready to sacrifice the future to the present, in his own case, but shuns the guilt of destroying an unoffending posterity. What greater incentive can there be to purity of morals than the desire to save our offspring from the mistakes of their fathers? Before what more awful tribunal could the sinner be arraigned than before those who can recognize him as their ancestor only by the diseases which he has made hereditary among them, and the life which is the least endurable of all their woes? God grant us, young men of this age, strength to live so that when we are gone, our "children shall rise up and call us blessed."

Fellow-students, we have done. If the protest of a single earnest voice against the ruinous habit of using tobacco shall stay, even in a slight degree, its progress here in College, we shall indeed feel happy. America has long since begun to curse her cotton crop for what it has cost her; some day she will include the tobacco crop in her anathema. Walking last summer down the valley of the Connecticut, from Northfield to Springfield, and thence again to the westward, we beheld with pain and indignation broad acres prostituted to the growth of the abhorrent weed, which, at first a rarity, afterwards only dabbled with by way of experiment, has at last with many farmers supplanted the useful broom-corn, — that glory of the Connecticut valley landscape! — and threatens, unless public sentiment shall frown down its

cultivation, to overrun the most fertile portions of the State. The qualms of conscience which, as might have been expected, at first troubled the cultivators of the plant, have been lost in the *auri sacra fames*; but the extra dollars per acre are purchased at a fearful sacrifice, for the retribution lies in the burning of the soil and the corruption of all concerned in the raising of the tobacco. If any stand is to be made against a habit which reckons all nations among its victims, it can be made nowhere better than in Massachusetts; and we hope the day will come when the Bay State will be clean, and deserted both of the users and raisers of tobacco.

h. . . Stone . . .

BY NIGHT ON THE ICE.

ALL day long the Sun has proudly rolled upon his azure track,
All day long the virgin snows have flung his crystal glances back.

Tired of his wanton sportings, longing now for sweet repose,
He has gone, and gently, softly day is drawing to its close.

Slowly throb the dying pulses, ebbing in the molten west,
Trembling, as life's candle flickers, ere the soul has sunk to rest.

Darkness closes in, and drops its sable curtains from the sky,
And the pale moon rides in silence, with the white clouds drifting by.

But the Night has stooped unseen, and laid her holy spell on me,
And the weary feet their windings still are threading dreamily.

Rolling, rolling, rolling onward; carving now some strange device;
Whirling swift; or slowly tracing mystic circles on the ice.

Now I chase the little moonbeams, that have lost their way, and lie
Shivering on the ice before me, and fly onward as I fly;

Till they gain the deep recesses, where the shadows thick are thrown,
And the night-wind through the trailing branches sighs its monotone.

Breathless here I linger. Hushed and lonely is the air around ;
Strangely glide the distant figures, strangely falls each distant sound.

Wild and weird the scene. And creeping o'er the spirit steals a trance ;
Spirit eyes look out and dimly catch a wild significance.

Unseen hands the gilded curtains of the future push aside,
Brush away the mists that slumber where the ghosts of memory hide.

Life's long vision lies unfolded. Far away and deep before
Stretch the dark, mysterious windings in the land of nevermore ; —

Undefined, and in the distance ever fainter and more dim,
Lost in starlight gray and dusky, on the morning's hazy rim.

Silence sleepeth there forever, spirits noiseless come and go,
Shadowy faces, long remembered, yet forgotten long ago.

Like a dream, some airy phantom starts a moment on the sight,
Like a dream, has softly vanished, gliding backward into night.

But the past is strange and saddened. Turn those solemn eyes away,
Turn, — and catch the silver sparkles that on yonder pathway play.

See how rich the long light quivers, widening onward full and free,
Till it floods a living throng, that sways and passes ceaselessly ; —

Heaving ever, like the distant ocean, swelling in its might,
Every billow tipped and flashing with a gleam of joyous light !

Hear the echoes, telling wildly stories of the far-off strife,
Faint and dying, yet tumultuous with the breath of moving life.

Golden Future ! All my spirit turneth to thy gates of dawn,
Clasps thy shining hand of promise, and awaketh to be gone.

O my heart ! — these eager pantings, muscles knotted for the fray,
Are they lavished all on fancies, which a breath may blow away ?

Thine are not the keys that open yon eternal doors of fate :
Therefore wait thy time in patience ; — yet with noble longings wait.

Look ! Eternity is o'er thee, guarded not with bolts and bars,
And, to light thy footsteps upward, shine celestial guiding stars.

Western '60

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

O Novo Guia da Conversação em Portuguez e Inglez. Por JOSÉ DA FONSECA e PEDRO CAROLINO. Paris. Va J. — P. Aillaud, Moulon e Ca, Rua Saint-Andre-Des-Arts, 47. 1855.

LEST the readers of the Magazine should entertain the idea that they are to be insulted by a learned philological essay, when they read the somewhat formidable title of the work which I propose very briefly to review, I disclaim, at the outset, any such intention. I am only about to offer, with the necessary explanations, a few extracts from the book, which must speak for themselves.

It purports to be a "New Guide to Conversation in the Portuguese and English Tongues," and, whatever may be said of its correctness, no one, I think, will feel disposed to question its title to novelty. José de Fonseca and Pedro Carolino, moved by a laudable desire to contribute to the stock of the learning of their country, though ignorant of English grammar, or how to speak or write the language, by the aid of a dictionary alone, have produced the extraordinary book before us. They first laid their heads together and wrote an English preface, stating the object of their labors, doubtless supposing that Addison himself might be proud of the style. After remarking upon the need that is felt among the "Portuguese and Brazilian youth" for such a phrase-book, they dedicate the work to them in the following manner: —

"We expect, then, who the little book (for the care what we wrote him, and for her typographical correction) that may be worth the acceptance of the studious persons, and especially of the Youth, at which we dedicate him particularly."

After this follows a short vocabulary of Portuguese words and their English equivalents, which hardly affords room for error, and this is followed by a selection of dialogues,

intended for the ordinary events of life. I give a single example, omitting the Portuguese portion, which it is fair to conclude is correct:—

“The walk. Will you take a walk with me? It is very hot. Wait, for the warm be out. Where we sall go? Go to the public garden. How will you that we may go it; in the coach or on foot? Go through that meadow. Who the country is beautiful! Who the trees are thick! Sit us down to the shade. Take the bloom’s perfume. Do you know these ladies who come from our side? It seems me who they look where to sit down one’s. Leave them this bench. Go to the country’s side. You hear bird’s gurgling? Which pleasure! which charm! Go back again at home because it is late. I am tired. We have done a great walk.”

As far as the conversation of the pedestrians is concerned no one can doubt the last statement. We are compelled, for the want of room, to pass over the remainder of the dialogues without notice, to give a few extracts from a collection of anecdotes at the end of the book, intended to give an easy elegance in conversation to the studious youth who has mastered the preceding lessons. Here they are:—

“One eyed was laied against a man which had good eyes that he saw better than him.

“The party was accepted. ‘I had gain, over said the one eyed; why i see you two eyes, and you not look me who one.’”

“A young man to which Cornelius made agreeded her daughter in marriage, being obliged for the state of thurs business to renounce that, come in the morning to the father draw out her wood, go till her cabinet, and expose him the motives of her conduit. ‘Ah! gentlemen, reply Cornelius, don’t you can without interrup me, to talk of that at my wife? Go up to the her room, i not understand at all these affairs.’”

“Two friends who from long they not were seen, meet

one's selves for hazard. 'How do is thou?' told one of the two. 'No very well,' told the other, and I am married from that i saw thee.' 'Good news.' 'Not quit, because I had married with a bad woman.' 'So much worse.' 'Not so much great deal worse; because her dower was from two thousand lewis.' 'Well, that confort.' 'Not absolutely; why I had employed this sum for to buy some muttons which are all deads of the rot.' 'That is indeed very sorry!' 'Not so sorry, because the selling of hers hide have bring me above the price of the muttons.' 'So you are then indemnified?' 'Not quit, because my house where I was deposed my money, finish to be consumed by the flames.' 'O, here is a great misfortune!' 'Not so great wer i either, because my wife and my house are burned together.'"

"Alexander was to see to work Apelles in their workshop, and was resolved to speak painting. But he had play off very bad, Apelles told him laughing: 'Be quite, my lord, you does to laugh the boys which grind the colors.'"

"Cesar seing one day to Roma, some strangers very riches, which bore between hir arms little dogs and little monxies, and who was carressign them too tenderly, was asking, with so many great deal reason, whether the women of her country don't had some children?"

Here is the last one in the list: —

"At the middle of a night very dark, a blind was walk in the streets with a light on the head and a full jar upon the back. Some one which ran do meet him, and surprised of that light, 'Simple that you are,' told him, 'what serve you this light? The night and the day, are not them the same thing by you?' 'It is not for me,' was answering the blind, 'it is to the end that the giddies which seem to you, do not come to run against me, and make to break my jar.'"

In conclusion, there are given a few "idiotisms and prov-erbs," such as "The necessity don't know the law," "To meet any one, nose at nose," "In the country of blinds the

one-eyed men are kings," "Come weal arrive what he may be." But the student who has arrived at this point must have attained a perfect knowledge of elegant English, and we leave him.

AN EPIC FOR HARVARD.

ILLE ego qui semper mirabile et ingeniosum
 Perficio, si quid facio. Nunc est mihi certum
 Dicere res magnas. Propera ergo, musa superba;
 Per me Virgilio cantum canta meliorem.

Foot-ball game pugnasque cano, quae yearly Septembri
 Pugnantur by fierce Sophomores et valorous Freshmen,
 Post coenam (quite wrong; for I meant after supper, and coena
 Never means supper or tea, but dinner, most rigidly, dinner)
 Any way after the meal vespertinum Sophomori,
 Omnes qui non kicks subjective objective verentur,
 Don tallas hattas take offque various garments,
 In tunicis et pants standunt bellare parantque;
 Non secus ac "the masses" solent circumstare in summer
 Houses tabernaculisque, accincti corpora slightly.
 Interea by degrees Freshmanni progrediuntur,
 Nigris tegminibus capitis nigrique coloris
 Coatis dressati long-tailed for this "public occasion,"
 Viribus invictisque virentes far off the battle
 Naribus olfaciunt; sed mox nox atra descending
 Illos aspiciet fractos misereque disheartened.
 Stant intenti omnes the Juniors et Seniores,
 Circum Deltae fence, handis in pockete missis.
 Inde puer mittit pilam in medio et fugit illinc.
 Proripiunt tremendously fast Sophomores cuneati,
 Meetunt Freshmannos strivantes strikere ballam;
 Ac veluti quum incurrit oves a thundering horse-car
 Brighton odoriferum, the mart of beefsteak, euntes,
 Brighton frementium equorum et magnanimum genitorem,
 Car percurrit eos, motu varioque they scatter;
 Haud aliter Freshmen inopinato penetrantur,
 Palantes fugiunt, drivantque the Sophomores ball home.

Disce ex uno tres games ; nam quoties Sophomori
 In Freshmen rushunt, toties Freshmen superantur.
 Sic semper strati semper miserique fuissent ;
 Sed pater omnipotens ex alta sede videbat
 Them in sorry plight, valdeque illos pitiavit,
 Multa super se ipso reputans, quo tempore he too,
 Bound by his wife and some friends, came very near losing his empire.
 "Non damni ignarus miseris succurrere disco,"
 Dixit slightly changing a verse of his favorite poet.
 Deinde ciet the mind of the Juniors aidere victis.
 Ingens Junior fence scandens sic orsus ab alto,
 "O homines miseri, non terque quaterque beati,
 Beaten bis et ter, nunc est fortuna novata.
 Nos vestri socii sumus, able and excellent boxers."
 Omnes paene the Juniors "go in," being most of them fighters,
 And, ut dicam Irishé, "blue-moulded for want of a batin."

Nec non et Sophomores, factis multis inimicis,
 Arguto ad sese Seniores voce vocarunt.
 Illi gravely stant cum se quisque omnia volvens,
 Candidam utrum tunicam tueatur castoreumque
 Tegmen splendens, an victoria dirty petatur.
 Pugnam alii capiunt, alii partem meliorem
 Prudence esse putant of valor, and stick to the fence-rails.

Musa, vocata iterumque iterumque a numberless poets,
 Musa fatigata all the time precibus repetitis,
 Musa, bent over, with crushing responsibility loaded,
 Nec te, musa, vocam, nec pondere bis onerabo.
 Something per hookam aut crookam I will tell without your assistance.

Jam comes the tug of war, et quinquaginta viri jam,
 Fortes invadunt in centum Juniors and Freshmen.
 Illi kick and fight with pluck and desperate courage,
 Ast enituntur frustra numeris superati.
 Non desunt tamen et particular cases of valor.
 Integer e Vermonte virens validusque lacertis
 Per campum errabat totum breaking noses libenter.
 Obvius huic se fert Sophomore of moderate stature,
 Arte virili of self-defence cestuque peritus,
 Et pugno pugnas pugnat with a great deal of vigor.
 Integer ingenti casu eum bloodyque naso
 Sore and stiff procumbit humi decidedly finished,
 Vermontemque suam dulcem reminiscitur home-sick,
 "Infortunatum factum me Sophomore Freshman !"
 Deigned the other to say and left him alone rather gory

Vain such skill and vain all talia fortia facta ;
Proximi enim duo games are won by superior numbers.

Tandem unus Senior qui magnus et altus et acer,
Distat near the fence et secum multa volutat,
"Semper ego spectator?" ait, "Nunquamne reponam?
Quidve moror? Curo non either my shirt or my beaver.
O socii, ingrediamur et in metam statim eamus,"

Dixerat, et socii ad Sophomoros progrediuntur.

Nunc inceptus again the game et praelia saeva.
Dux Sophomorum longe et late furit errans,
Volvuntur similesque decem-pinnorum in an alley,
Hostes qui dare make of the strength of his arm a periculum.
Obvius ardenti sese fert dux of the Juniors.

Non tuti in vento talis commotion the others
Withdrawunt, ducibus latum spatiumque relinquunt.

Each on the other rushed, ut quum bull se tulit hornis
In bullum. Not long the fight sed sanguinolenta.

Nigrum oculum accepit fractum nasumque the Junior.

And when emergentem hunc e certamine vidi,
Hei mihi qualis erat! how dreadfully altered ab illo
Exsultante viro qui laetus joined in the battle!

Nunc bunged up, faciamque diversified very uncouthly.

Interea, duce vi fuso, fugiunt his companions;
So the sixth game gain drivantque the Sophomores ball home.

Postremo, nexis manibus, the students together
"Auld Lang Syneque" canunt, saliantque in masy a gyro
Singing out of tune, but harmonious very in feeling.

— October '61

AMERICAN POLITICS.

LITTLE interest is taken in politics in College. There are societies for religious meditation and conversation, which are strong safeguards of our morality. There is a temperance society, which has done some good already, and may do much more. There are also literary societies. These show where the mind of the student is. It would be hardly advisable to form a political club, though one might be of advantage. But it would be well if students and literary men in general were more concerned with the poli-

tics of their country. Some of us are perfectly at home on such subjects as the Reforms of Cleisthenes, The Four Olynthiacs, the difference between the Athenian polity and that of Sparta, and have perhaps some, though rapidly fading knowledge, of the laws of Caius Gracchus; but if we should ask about the vetoes of Andrew Jackson, the American despot, the subject of Webster's Speech on Foot's Resolution, the difference between the spirit of Northern and that of Southern institutions in respect to the franchise, or the legislation of Congress on the Territories since the adoption of the Constitution, there would be an utter, irredeemable "dead." Not that the student can be supposed to have accurate knowledge on all these points. Very few, perhaps, of our politicians are entirely posted on every one of them. But the future voter, at the age of nineteen, ought to have some opinion at least on each.

It is the fashion in certain quarters to decry newspapers. But the political press of our country is the safeguard of our liberties. Stop the utterances of the Republican and Abolition press for five years, and African slaves shall be landed at New York, and sold under the shadow of Bunker Hill. It is a matter, then, for congratulation, that newspapers are so plentiful and generally so good. Why, a student who reads only the Boston Courier cannot remain entirely blind to the real character of political events. If our young men and women were familiar as they ought to be with American history and the faithful records of the Press, there would be much less cause to fear for the future of our country.

Fifteen years ago, a man of courage and ability, with a regard for the laws of God as well as the enactments of men, William H. Seward, foretold the ultimate dissolution of the parties existing at the time, and a new division of the people into organizations differing in opinion on the slavery question. How has been the fulfilling of the prophecy? In 1850, were passed the Compromise Measures, in-

cluding the Fugitive Slave Bill. It was a great crisis. It demanded a great sacrifice; and the sacrifice was made. Colossal intellect and unscrupulous patriotism, embodied in Daniel Webster, leaped into the gulf yawning wider and wider between North and South, and was swallowed up.

The Fugitive Slave Bill shattered the Whig Party. Once more only did the great organization engage in a Presidential contest, and then vanished, "and left not a wreck behind." Some of its relics, however, are still visible in Massachusetts, mostly in an advanced state of decomposition. Here is part of the prophecy accomplished. The Whig Party, once mighty, is fallen, is fallen.

Where are its adversaries? The Democratic Party had been ailing for a great while. It was residuary legatee, however, to the effects of our departed Whig friends. It had a chance to redeem itself, and take a new lease of life when "poor Pierce" came in. But alas! he found it bad, and he left it worse. During his maladministration the Nebraska Monster was brought into the world. It played the part of Frankenstein's man to its father, Mr. Douglas. More than that, it completed the metamorphosis of Democracy. Insects usually are transformed for the better. In this case the change was, so to speak, from the butterfly to the grub. To-day, the Democracy of Jefferson and Jackson has no real existence. The present plague, called by the name of Democracy, is a mongrel, not the same in Pennsylvania and Mississippi, in Maine and Louisiana. In Massachusetts it is for Protection; in the cotton States, for Free Trade.

In the election of Buchanan, Mr. Seward's prophecy was substantially accomplished. Since he came in, the scattered elements have been further combined. To-day the country sees two great armies, approaching each other for a contest that must be almost fatal to one or the other. The Democratic Party is bound hand and foot, and is delivered into the hands of Southern masters. Do you doubt its fidelity

to Slavery? Read the speech of Mr. O'Connor at the New York Union meeting. On the other hand, the Republican Party is pledged to a strict construction of the Constitution, Free Speech North and South, and Free Labor in the Territories.

There is a good deal said about danger to the Union. Much of the talk, however, is mere cant. Most of the Union meetings in the North have been Democratic rallies in disguise. It is well to see what the effect of the victory of either of these two parties on the stability of the Confederacy would be. There can be no doubt that the success of the Democrats in the coming election is a result greatly to be deplored by Union-lovers. They are committed in favor of Slavery. Is Human Slavery an element of strength or of weakness? The despot of ancient story bound living beings to dead bodies. The dead did not return to life, but the living were not long in finding death. The United States present to-day a like unnatural spectacle. We are making the attempt to reconcile the barbarism and darkness of the patriarchal times in the first years of the world with the light and civilization of the nineteenth century. How long is the experiment to succeed? If the party to which our present chief magistrate belongs is victorious, the slave-trade will be either openly revived, or, at least, carried on without interference from the general government. Then, too, the South may want another slice of Mexico, and we shall have another war to steal more ground for the patriarchs.

If, on the other hand, the Republicans are victorious, as they probably will be, the first decisive opposition will be made to the advance of slavery since the beginning of the agitation. Columbia can raise her star-crowned forehead, and wipe away her tears. The election of 1860 must put us forward a step or throw us back a step.

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever

things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue" in American Politics, "think on these things."

PRAYER BEFORE BATTLE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TH. KÖRNER.

FATHER, I call to thee !
 Thick clouds of cannon smoke closely surround me ;
 Quick flash the glittering lightnings around me ;
 God of the battle, I call to thee !
 O Father, guide thou me !

O Father, guide thou me !
 Guide me to victory, aid thou me falling ;
 Thy voice, O Lord, I know thy voice calling.
 Even as thou wilt, so guide thou me !
 God, I acknowledge thee !

God, I acknowledge thee !
 As in the leaves, by the autumn winds driven,
 So when the storm-cloud of battle is riven,
 Fountain of mercy, I look to thee !
 Thy blessing grant to me !

Thy blessing grant to me !
 Into thy hands, Lord, commend I my spirit ;
 Thou canst reclaim it, as thou didst confer it ;
 Living or dying, thy blessing give me !
 Father, all praise to thee !

Father, all praise to thee !
 We for no goods of this world are contending ;
 Our holiest rights our swords are defending,
 Falling or conquering, I honor thee !
 O God, receive thou me !

O God, receive thou me !
 When Death shall greet me, his dread presence showing,
 When the red life-stream from each vein is flowing,
 Then, O my God, to thyself take thou me !
 Father, I call to thee.

THE PRACTICAL IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION.

THE subject I have chosen is, I know, somewhat different from the usual order of our articles in the Harvard. Let me therefore disclaim at once the desire to intrude into these pages any doctrinal discussion, or to rail at any one's system of religious belief. If there shall appear in what I here offer anything which can be construed into the advocacy of any particular religious scheme, it will be because my own doctrinal views are so interwoven with my whole religious consciousness that I cannot separate them as I write.

Is a decided religious principle a necessary part of a young man's fitness for the work of his life, as is the knowledge of literature, or science, or a trade? This is the question which I desire to consider briefly and reverently. In doing so I shall assume two principles as granted, 1. that we derive our being and faculties from God; 2. that we are responsible to Him for the use we make of them.

The moral consciousness of all men, Heathen or Christian, has recognized these principles, except where a studied atheism has taken away the *Θεός*, the God, and with this removal has removed also every principle which recognized Him. In the light of these admitted principles the mere answer to our question is easy,—it must be a decided affirmative. The chief point of solicitude is the character which the religious principle must assume. I spoke of it as a *decided* religious principle,—meaning by that adjective one which will not only be in the man, but will be recognized by him as the impelling motive in all he does, and will be presented by him as his defence when his motives are impugned. In order that this may be so, it is evident that the individual must examine thoroughly into the claims of religion, and establish his own form of belief for himself. Since the religious system which we term

the Christian is the one which we are most familiar with, and which, as the faith of many whom we venerate and love, appeals most closely to our inner sympathies, it naturally demands the first examination. I shall consider only this.

There is unfortunately an impression, especially prevalent among young men, that the theory of Christianity is proselytism in its most invidious sense, namely, the desire to conform all minds to one inflexible standard, entirely doing away with individuality and independence of thought. A very natural and, in itself, praiseworthy reaction against any such system results from this impression. But since the impression from which it results is itself an unfounded one, the reaction has been productive of an almost infinite amount of harm by checking the candid and earnest investigation of the principles of Christianity.

I shall not resort to any argument to prove that the Christian theory is far from being a Procrustean one. Any one who candidly reads the New Testament, from which all sects and parties in the Christian Church claim to draw their principles, will find that the spirit of the religion therein set forth is one of the largest liberty of conscience, having as its fundamental rule, however, that "one is Master, even Christ."

Believing, then, that the Christian system may both be thoroughly examined, and, if the examination shall result in a conviction that the system is a true one, fully adopted as the rule of life, without subjecting one's own opinions to the control of another, or confessing any weakness of intellect, or showing an undignified flexibility, I take up the second great point,—the spirit in which such an investigation should be conducted.

The very admission just made at once pleads for the charitable treatment of the opinions of others. While asserting one's own right to an independent opinion, fair-

ness demands that the same right be allowed to others. If this is done, then that unworthy investigation, whose only object is to furnish means for opposing those whose views are different, will be entirely set aside. This is a most desirable result; for a spirit of opposition, bringing as it uniformly does a bias in judgment, will inevitably blind the eyes to the truth and lead to erroneous results. The opinions of others are to be used, not abused. Rightly used, they are valuable to point the direction in which the minds of different thinkers have been led, and to serve as guides or warnings; abused, they offer only so many opportunities for the display of the mean and cowardly spirit which mocks at and despises the results of as honest and earnest efforts as are the mocker's own.

Akin to what I have been considering are the prepossessions in reference to particular points to which all minds are liable. It is perhaps impossible to remove these entirely. It is all the more important, therefore, that their effects, so far as it is possible that they may conduce to error, shall be counteracted by a vigorous determination to reject no truth because contrary to previous impressions, and to retain no opinion which, upon examination, shall be proved to have no truthful basis.

Again, the nature of the subject is such that the result of the examination is of exceeding importance. The examination, therefore, should be undertaken with the full consciousness that its aim is, not to satisfy curiosity nor merely to settle a disputed point, but to decide upon the character and claims of a principle whose acceptance or rejection will essentially modify the course of life.

The most important requisite, however, is the sense of responsibility to God. He who conducts such an investigation lightly and irreverently makes tacit confession of insincerity, and, as he endeavors to enter the temple of infinite Truth, can expect no voice of welcome and of revelation, but only the indignant: "Draw not nigh hither! Put

off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." But whoever in the temper of a little child yields his mind to the guidance of the heavenly influence which invites every soul to seek and learn of the Father, him that Father will meet "when yet a great way off," and will open to him the treasures of perfect knowledge.

But all that I have said does not as yet touch the question, which is as old at least as the days of Job, "What profit should we have?" Supposing such an examination should be made, and the conviction should result that the Christian system is the true one, of what practical avail would be its principles if adopted for the guidance of life? Much every way. I will not stop upon the aspects of religion as an elevator of the moral sense, as a quickener of the finer sympathies, as a consoler in misfortune, as a support in the hour of death. These answer to wants which the mind instinctively feels; the evidence for them is readily discerned; and with the acknowledgment of them the mind is commonly satisfied. These aspects of religion are, however, really but results depending upon another and a higher work, which it is peculiarly religion's part to perform, namely, to bring the working-life of man into harmony with the working-life of God, to fit the human servant for worthily carrying on the Divine Master's plan. It is only upon the adoption of a decided religious principle in life that there will be revealed to the soul the true relation of all honest human labor to the unceasing working of the omnipotent energy of God. Without this revelation, the lot of many, filled as it is with continued toil, often not duly rewarded, often despised, seems by its apparent injustice to cast a reproach upon the Divine benevolence. With this revelation, the humblest employment becomes an important trust, the most unpretending mind a mighty instrument, and the frailest and weakest body, "a vessel unto honor sanctified and meet for the Master's use."

The consciousness that the work of life is to be a work for God is what we young men especially need. Some are struggling amid poverty and discouragement. Let them thank God for the mind to work, and take courage: it is He who calls them. Others have before them only a pleasant road. Let them consecrate their prosperity to God; for for it is from Him they receive all.

But the work is not to be all; there is to be the reward at the end, when "he that soweth and he that reapeth rejoice together." Then we shall know what profit we shall have.

Brothers, is not a true Christian life a noble one? Is it not worth the attempt to make ours such? Let us look to the Great Example. When he began, he said, "I come to do thy will, O God!" When he ended, he could say, "I have glorified Thee on the earth;" "I have *finished the work* which Thou gavest me to do."

Spring, '60

THE UNDERGRADUATE.

The Undergraduate. Conducted by an Association of Collegiate and Professional Students in the United States. 'Εκδότω σύμμαχοι πάντες. January, 1860. New Haven, Conn.: Printed for the Association.

THE first number of this new inter-collegiate magazine has been received just at the close of vacation, and we hasten to introduce it to the readers of the "Harvard." Never have we felt more like giving a hearty welcome to such a periodical than at the present time. For the last six weeks we have been out in the "great world," listening to its one-sided criticisms upon college life and customs, its strange misconception of student character, its exaggerations of all our vices, and its low estimate of all our virtues. College tricks have been magnified before our astonished gaze, until they were

made to appear like most atrocious villanies. "*Crimine ab uno disce omnes*" has been the common rule of judgment, and from the impulsive act of one generous-minded student the very logical conclusion has been drawn, that irreverence and irreligion are the prevailing characteristics of all collegians. By some strange jugglery of interpretation, a "chapel joke" has been made to signify the peculiar method employed by students (hitherto supposed to be of all men most tolerant and least fixed in opinion) to express their disapprobation of the change in a Professor's theological views! We are quite sure that our experience is neither anomalous, nor owing to any peculiar obliquity of mental vision on the part of those with whom we have happened to converse on college topics. So far from this, we would even venture to affirm, that of the uncollegiate portion of the community in Massachusetts, as well as beyond her borders, a large majority are profoundly ignorant of the real state of affairs in our "Ancient University," and that in many respects they completely misunderstand the habits and character of college students in general. Is such a state of things as this desirable? Indeed, can we find anything more unreasonable than this old feud between "town and gown," this hostility of the community whose donations established and sustain our College, to those who are spending the best years of their youth in cloister life that they may carry forth into society all the treasures of knowledge, the quick and generous social sympathies, the strength of intellect, and the high aspirations which they are gaining here by intercourse with books, with teachers, and with each other?

"But what has all this to do with the new magazine?" Less perhaps to do with that than the magazine may have to do with the things here complained of. For with the success of the *Undergraduate* we believe there will be opened one of the best opportunities for correcting the public opinion that now exists in respect to the real character of college students, and afterwards for enlisting this en-

lightened public opinion in behalf of our interests as scholars, and on the side of progress and reform in the cause of liberal education. We have confidence to believe that, by means of this new magazine, the partition-wall of ignorance and prejudice which now separates a large portion of the community from any hearty sympathy with college students will be broken down. At any rate, we shall indulge in the reasonable expectation that some of those who will listen to our own defence of ourselves may be convinced that our college code of morals does *not* consist of an expurgated edition of the Decalogue, with all the negative omitted.

There are no grounds for apprehending that the information and discussion which the *Undergraduate* will call forth can ever destroy any of the essential peculiarities of our college life. We are and must always continue to be in many respects a distinct community. Our preparation for college is quite too costly not to be rewarded by many pleasures and benefits which can never be shared by the uninitiated. Our songs and jests, our genial friendships, our "bats" for study or for fun, our games, societies, and recreations,—these are our peculiar inheritance, "ours to enjoy and ours to transmit" to those who shall come after us.

If the objects of the *Undergraduate* are carried out in the spirit which is manifested in the number before us, a more important result than the enlightenment of public opinion will be effected in the improvement and elevation of the student character itself. We are generally frank enough to confess our faults, and there are few of us who are not convinced that there is need of improvement in many of our habits and customs, our modes of thinking and acting, and in the general tone of society among us. It is because we find in the character of the college student so much that is noble, manly, and high-minded, that we long to see it purified from all its baser elements.

That such a magazine as the *Undergraduate* can render important service to this movement for reform, which is even now agitated in many of our colleges, must be evident to all who will consider how wide a field it opens for the discussion of all subjects that pertain to our highest interests as students. "Young men will take counsel with young men. And if ever old, barbarous customs are to be superseded; if ever literary enthusiasm, as a flood, is to drown out licentiousness, intemperance, apish frivolity, and suicidal sloth; if ever the purpose of making the most of themselves intellectually, morally, and socially is to be intelligently adopted and faithfully executed by a majority of the members of the higher institutions of learning, the change will be originated and chiefly sustained by an intense public sentiment among students."

Such a public sentiment can only be awakened by a frank and manly discussion of the various customs and "institutions" in different colleges by statements of all actual changes effected through the abolition of disgusting ceremonies, undignified amusements, or any of those relics of a past and effete state of college civilization which are now utterly inconsistent with our pretensions to the title of gentlemanly scholars. The reader will find in the present number of the *Undergraduate* many candid acknowledgments of defects and vices in the conduct and character of students. Some of these statements we know are unfounded, and many of them extravagant, at least for this latitude. There is quite too much of the ultraism of reform in such remarks as those quoted from the late Horace Mann, wherein he declares that "no class or grade of men supplies a larger proportion of *depredators* upon the community, or of invaders of its morals and its purity, than college graduates." But we have no fear from such sweeping assertions as these, if they will only rouse within us a determination to make our student character more worthy of the confidence of the community, and if by the

side of these confessions and exaggerations of our faults there shall be placed a fair estimate of "whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report" among us.

Another important work of improvement which it is our earnest hope to see accomplished by the *Undergraduate* has reference to the evils that now exist in our present mode of college discipline and instruction. We do not mean to state that the columns of the new magazine are to be made the vehicle for rash and intemperate attacks upon college governments. But we shall expect to see in its pages "every topic of interest to scholars and faculties open to discussion, and education, its past, present, and future, physical, intellectual, and moral, the predominant theme" of all its articles. It cannot be denied that the students in the higher classes of our colleges, and the recent graduates in our professional schools, understand the evils in our present college system more thoroughly than faculties or corporations, since their knowledge is the result of an experience still fresh in their minds. Let these evils be subjected to a calm but fearless discussion in the pages of the *Undergraduate*, and a reform must eventually be effected through the reaction of public opinion. The two most powerful promoters of political reform in American legislation have been the right of petition and a free press. The former of these methods of correcting abuses we are not wholly unacquainted with. We have now only to use the other and still more powerful engine of reform, and by patient and persevering effort we may yet be able to repay something of the debt we owe our "Alma Mater," by healing some of the infirmities of her venerable old age.

We are willing to confess that we are an enthusiast on this subject. The questions of progress and reform which we have thus hurriedly indicated in the present article have been discussed over and over again in our college rooms, and have sometimes gained a wider notice through some

bold utterance in the pages of the "Harvard." But the established order of things will forever remain impregnable against all such feeble assaults as these. We may talk as much as we please of "our wants," we may cry out against our college officers, that they are "a quarter of a century behind the times," and that the existing relations between instructors and students are wholly wrong and "unnatural;" but if we are ever to realize any of our earnest hopes for a change in all these things, we must bring our discussions before a larger audience than our college community. We must give our facts and our arguments to the consideration of an intelligent public. We must place our system of instruction and government by the side of that of other colleges, of those institutions which are more in sympathy with the present age and with the ideas of our modern civilization. Through the pages of the *Undergraduate* we can call the attention of all earnest friends of education in the community to the real condition of our college system, and we may hope to gain their hearty sympathy and co-operation in our efforts to promote the best interests of our "old and time-honored University."

We have thus purposely devoted so much space to the consideration of what the *Undergraduate* may do for us, if we will but join our brothers in other colleges in sustaining it. As for the contents of the present number we must refer the reader to the magazine itself, only asking him to judge the *Undergraduate* with candor and fairness, and regard it much more for what it promises than for what it is.

The "Prospectus" and "Introduction" are well written, and testify to the untiring energy and perseverance of the gentleman who first proposed the plan of the new magazine, and who has had to contend against many and almost insuperable difficulties in his undertaking. We heartily agree with the view which this writer takes of the evils in the college system which we have already noticed. "These evils," he remarks, "are almost purely intellectual in their origin.

They cannot be attributed to any peculiar moral obliquities. Students are as manfully right-minded as any class of men of their age. The trouble is, as it appears to us, that they have false or only very crude and unsatisfactory ideas of the work in which they are engaged. They misjudge concerning the objects, results, and peculiar relations of their labor. *They fail to see far enough ahead to know how to manage best.*" The reader will also find in this introduction a careful consideration of all the objections that may be brought against the *Undergraduate*, and a fair statement of the practicability of the enterprise. We are free to confess that we were among those who at first opposed the founding of the new magazine, and our opposition was almost wholly based on the seeming impracticability of such a work. But we are convinced by the appearance of the present number, and by the fact that the magazine is soon to be in the hands of a salaried editor, not an Undergraduate, that we have nothing to fear from the inexperience and unfitness of students to carry on a quarterly periodical. As for any jealousy which we may feel towards our Yale brothers who originated the *Undergraduate*, this ought to be wholly removed by the fact that the Board of Editors in each college "will completely edit all that concerns its own institution, the Board of Compilation at New Haven having no power to make even verbal changes, or to object to any facts or sentiments thus approved." It matters not that Harvard rendered no assistance in the inauguration of the *Undergraduate*. If we are now convinced of the usefulness and feasibility of the new magazine, let us take hold of the work in earnest, and seek to awaken that generous rivalry between our various colleges which must eventually result in the best good of all concerned. It is a serious question for us to answer, whether Harvard College, as the representative of a State and metropolis renowned the world over for their devotion to the cause of education and reform can afford to be outdone by her sister colleges in the noble work of pro-

moting physical, intellectual, and moral improvement in all our higher institutions of learning.

If any remain sceptics after reading the "Prospectus" and "Introduction" of the *Undergraduate*, let them at least consider the "testimonials" of eminent friends of education which form the second article in the present number. Following these introductory articles we find two papers on "German Student Life and Travel" and "An English University." These articles are admirably calculated to enlighten those who are looking forward to a residence in foreign universities, in respect both to the advantages and the disadvantages which they will there find. The most valuable article, as it seems to us, in the whole magazine is that on "Horace Mann as an Educator." We have often desired to see a correct statement of the new system of education which this great reformer succeeded in establishing in Antioch College. The reader will be interested to compare this system with that adopted in our New England colleges, and against which we hear continually so many complaints. Of the literary essays in the present number of the *Undergraduate* we cannot speak so favorably. We think such articles had better be omitted, and left to their appropriate place in the club-rooms of the college societies, where they probably originated. The article on the "Literary Societies of Yale" discusses many of the evils of the present society system in that college. The last essay is entitled "College Characters and Characteristics." We have already stated our opinion that some of the statements in this article are extravagant, if not unfounded (we mean, of course, if the writer is speaking of colleges in general, and not of "Yale" exclusively). Let us now have a representation of the better side of our college character. We can assure our Yale brother, that many of the faults of which he complains are *not* prevalent at Cambridge. The news articles from the various colleges are full of valuable and interesting information. Shall not "Harvard" be heard from in some future number?

BOOK NOTICE.

Religious and Moral Sentences, culled from the Works of Shakespeare, compared with Sacred Passages drawn from Holy Writ.
From the English Edition, with an Introduction, by F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe and Company. 1859.

THE object of this collection is to prove, from Shakespeare's own writings, that he was not a Roman Catholic, but "that he lived and died a true Protestant." Opinions will differ as to the success of the attempt. For ourselves, we see no call for the work. It really seems as if there could be nothing in these days which is safe from the hands of polemical sectarians. It makes no difference whether Shakespeare was Protestant or Catholic to those who read his works. He did not pretend to be a theologian or a teacher of morals. His "end, both at the first and now, was and is to hold as 't were the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure." If, therefore, the sentiment of the time were Catholic, his plays would be of Catholic sentiment; if Protestant, of Protestant.

If this book shows, as we admit it does, that Shakespeare was familiar with the Scriptures, still that is no evidence which may be used for controversial purposes. We are glad to know that his master-mind did not ignore the claims of the Book of books. If it be fair to infer that he himself was a true and earnest Christian, we rejoice in the fact. But in the name of all the amenities of religion and of literature, let us read the good that is in Shakespeare in the same spirit with which we read *Pilgrim's Progress*, without remembering that John Bunyan was a Baptist, or the *Paradise Lost*, without recalling Milton's connection with the theological controversies of the time of Oliver Cromwell.

[The above should have found a place in our January number. But had it been so, we should not have the pleasure of writing this upon some extra nice paper, furnished for our editorial use by our friends of the Harvard Bookstore.]

COLLEGE RECORD.

D. F. Stone

OBITUARY.

At a meeting of the Junior Class, held on the 4th of January, 1860, the following resolutions were adopted:—

“Whereas, We have recent intelligence of the death of our classmate and friend, James B. Thomas, at his home in Gilroy, California,—

“Resolved, That we hereby express our feelings of sincere grief at this event, and bear testimony to the amiable virtues, the high moral and intellectual worth, and the many endearing traits of the deceased.

“Resolved, That we tender our deepest sympathy to the family and friends of our late classmate, in this their great affliction.

“Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased.”

Our little Magazine is called upon this month to record great events. The resignation of President Walker has been speedily followed by that of our pastor and friend, Frederic D. Huntington, D. D. And it would seem that the resignation of Professor Huntington is to be the forerunner of other and great changes in our College government and exercises.

At a meeting of the Corporation, held on the 26th of January, 1860, Cornelius C. Felton, LL. D., was chosen President of Harvard College, and with this choice the Board of Overseers unanimously concurred at their meeting on the 16th of February following. Mr. Felton is no stranger to us, and we can greet his accession to a new office with no better wish than that he may continue beloved by all, and may fill well the place of the honored man who went before him.

EDITORS' TABLE. *By J. S. S.*

"THERE is a time for everything under the sun," and the time has come at last when the last page of manuscript must be delivered up to the printer. So the solemn editor pushes back the big doors of old Massachusetts, that groan on their rusty hinges at finding themselves roused from their long vacation sleep, and tramps slowly up the creaking stairs to the Editorial Sanctum. The silence seems to break with a crack, for it has grown stiff and cold through the long winter nights; and the shadows, that have gathered thicker for so many weeks, start up gloomily and seem loath to run away from the intruder. Now the door of the sanctum opens. Ha! what a wretched apartment! How each forlorn object has shrunk away into itself! The Editor turns to the stove,—the hearty little stove that always used to look so cosy and comfortable; but it has quite shrivelled up, and its cheeks are all mottled by the damp frost. In compassion for the poor thing, and determined to rouse some light and life in the midst of so much misery, the Editor frantically rushes for an armful of wood, and soon a warm blaze is roaring and rollicking up the chimney.

Now it may be that the dismal atmosphere of the place had wrought on the Editor's highly sensitive and sympathetic nerves, and caused his excited imagination to convert the breathings of the noisy fire into articulate and mournful words; or it may be that the flame had really awaked some spirit of the place, which had stowed itself away for retirement in some corner of the stove-pipe; but sure it is, that certain wild notes did reach our ears, sung apparently by some being, far up in the chimney. The object, whatever it was, seemed to be endeavoring to keep up its spirits by snatches of forced mirth; forced it evidently was, for everywhere there was an indistinct undertone of dreariness and sadness. The song was a description of the College, as it stands deserted in the long vacation, and, when our attention was first arrested, it was telling of the strange sleep of "the old bell." "The bell," it said, "was dozing on its windy perch, its iron tongue frozen and stiffened, and its throat choked thick with rust; but it was dreaming of a good time coming,—gloating over the resurrection morning, when it should again drag shivering wretches from their warm beds out into the cold. Ah! how wildly it would laugh and shriek, and roll itself in mad, pitiless joy! Doze on, grim old bell!"

And so the song sang of a hundred other objects; and anon it brought in a strange chorus, differently arranged each time, but ending always with the words:—

"Ho! for the boys,
With their jovial noise,
And the sunshine in their faces!"

It told of the elms, and how there was no one now to whom they could whisper manly strength and endurance. It told of the Chapel walls, that every morning used to gaze so blankly down on the half-dressed crowd, but now had fairly stared themselves out of countenance; told how they longed to see those seedy

faces again; how they forgave the rough jokes that had been played beneath them, — "for they understood them all, and knew they were done only with a boy's thoughtless spirit of wild frolic and adventure. Kind-hearted walls!"

And here the song broke down. It could be mirthful no longer, and sank into a strain so pathetic, that the Editor, quite overcome, snatched his pencil and wrote down the lines: —

"The snow slips idly from the roof,
 No passer's fright to waken;
 The very chimneys stand aloof,
 All smokeless and forsaken.
 The darkened buildings, old and grim,
 Look down with gaze averted,
 And in the silence, faint and dim,
 The cold rooms lie deserted.
 But each fond nook for some absent face
 Yearns with a ceaseless longing,
 And ever, through each familiar place,
 The shadowy ghosts are thronging.
 In the empty grate, on the silent walls,
 A dreamy light is sleeping,
 And fitful whisperings o'er the halls
 And the corridors are creeping.
 The echoes linger lovingly
 Where voices have departed, —
 The merry song, so full and free,
 The laugh so open-hearted.
 "O, the light is gleaming from never a lamp!
 The mildew is gathering thick and damp,
 And the rust is gnawing its traces.
 Ho! for the boys,
 With their jovial noise,
 And the sunshine in their faces!"

And here it ended.

The Editor sits down to his "Table;" but not a crumb of wit is left in its cracks, nor a squeak of fun in its miserable joints. Nevertheless, Maga stretches her hand across the days that must pass ere Harvard is alive again, and says to her subscribers, one and all, "Salve!" To the Juniors, — (for, you see, Maga is compelled this time to use a Junior for her mouthpiece, and he has taken the reins into his own hands,) — to the Juniors she gives a special welcome.

Have the merry weeks passed lightly, and are you loath to come back to the monotonous routine of these dull walls? My dear fellow, yours is comparatively an easy lot. Console yourself by the reflection which seemed to give so much comfort to one of your Class last term. I overheard him improvising to one of the chant tunes which are sung of a morning at the Chapel:

"Verily, this is a | hard, hard | life."

Here he stopped, apparently overcome. But he soon broke out :

“ But it is harder un | to the | mathemat | icians ! ”

Wipe your eyes, and thank heaven you were not beguiled into being a mathematician.

But do you exult in your sunny life among these thoughtless, warm-hearted boys, and grudge the days as they slip away ? Well, — the feast is richest now ; drink deep ; *dum vivitis, vivite*.

Or, are you looking eagerly towards the future, and listening to the “ tumult of your life ” ? In twenty weeks you will be a Senior, and then everything will be done for the last time. Yes, you are almost on the threshold of stern life now, and Maga takes you by the hand, and gives you her blessing, that she finds you so ready for the start.

To one and to all, be happy and be in earnest. Remember the couplet in the old song, —

“ Away ! away !

Life is too short to be sighing o'er.”

THE
HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.

APRIL, 1860.

No. 53.

THE WIVES OF SCHOLARS.

(Continued.)

You know Conscientious? He is a young man that is somewhat of an enigma. At first you think him passionate, proud, hard-natured; but he exercises great self-control, is humble, sympathizing. In your first judgment you have caught a glimpse of his natural impulses; but in him the moral faculty is so alive, such an active, controlling principle, that it changes the whole man. I think I can see that, under a different training, his impulsive nature left to itself, he would have been found among the "fast members," whereas he is now emphatically Conscientious in the "slow division."

He never goes into any general society; no one ever saw him in conversation with a young lady; and although, in our fireside chats, he expresses himself clearly and vigorously on every subject, he was never known to discuss "the sex" abstractly or concretely. How shall one pronounce upon the character of his ideal? I believe he has one, for when we have at any time slyly alluded to his peculiar silence he has blushed ingenuously, — a peculiar blush, the red flush spreads from his eyes outward, which would seem to indicate that his ideas of woman are purely intellectual, of the head and not of the heart. How can

one pronounce upon his ideal? Students who are scholars, said I, are not forever dreaming upon bright eyes; and yet I do not believe that there is one who passes his Junior year without having seen a vision in his fire — or in the moonlight shadows — of “somebody,” — without having conceived an ideal. Conscientious is devoted to his studies and to his mother; this last is one thing. Further, I have heard him inquire, in a diffident way, the name of a certain young lady. Two and two make four; in style of womanhood, this young lady resembles his mother; here is the key, and the problem is solved; let that young lady take on the past youth of his mother, and you have his ideal.

Did you ever notice the bluebird particularly? You will hear her sing in the dark days of early spring; she sings alto; her note is not brilliant, but very sweet and very cheery. Watch her; accompanied by her mate, she hops among the boughs of the old apple-tree, flits across to the little marten-house; now a mellow note, now a twitter; she always seems to be looking for a nesting-place. There is your bluebird style of woman; she may have but just bid good-by to girlhood, and yet you cannot look at her without thinking of a home, — a cottage home where the breezes, fresh from a frolic in the green fields, scatter on the carpet the blossoms from the cherry-trees before the window, — a home where one, returning tired from the city, would delight to eat a quiet supper, and listen to a sweet evening song. I need not draw her portrait. You know who would suit such a home, and you have Conscientious's ideal. She would be a very fit wife for a scholar, too. Have you not seen ladies in regard to whom, if I should ask you how far they were educated, you could not even surmise? There are such, and even if you were a great scholar and philosopher you might live with such an one half a lifetime, and yet never think of asking the question: you would feel no want; miss nothing; she would bring to you such a treasure of womanhood.

Meinsel is a contrast to Conscientious. He is even more of a scholar, if you take his measure in figures. His great characteristic is personality. His motto is, "Every man his own advertiser:" you would never take him for somebody else. If he has one quality greater than his ability to do, it is the ability to find something to do. You cannot say that he obtrudes or intrudes, and yet entrance always "follows itself" from his modest efforts, and you will find him there, sitting in the uppermost rooms at feasts. I have an impression that he is selfish, and yet I have never known him otherwise than generous. Unlike Conscientious, you can hardly mention a young lady that he has not been known to converse with. We have heard him describe scores of "beautiful women." He seeks ladies' society at every opportunity; will maintain an animated conversation with four, and even six at once. His admirations are apparently as numerous as his acquaintance; and here we have the same difficulty as in Conscientious's case, but from a very different cause.

I may assert that every ideal has its real, just as every ghostly phantom has its material existence in some withered branch or white stump, if met abroad; if in haunted chambers, some piece of furniture, or perhaps a garment hanging oddly on the wall.

Meinsel's ideal wife must be distinguished by the form and features of some maiden whom he has seen and known, not too intimately though, for a near acquaintance is as fatal to the existence of ideals as of ghosts. Allowing this principle, and selecting the young lady of whom I never heard him speak, I decided that this bird-fancier preferred the *tristis aut querela columba*.

You find this bird of soft eye and mild plumage in still groves. The mourning dove seems to be always in delicate health, or to have lost her mate; she never eats, she never sings, only utters that soft complaining note. There is the mystery of a gentle sadness about her. I do not

like to carry my comparison too far, yet I think you must have met the "sad dove" among maidens. In the sunlight the bird's mild plumage takes on the most delicately beautiful tints. The changes which a smile or a joy brings over the face of the maiden are no less beautiful. What should set Meinsel dreaming over such an ideal I cannot tell.

I think the vision has changed for him. It would not be strange if, after seeing every variety of womanhood, he should have conceived of an ideal made up of a variety of qualities and graces,—gentleness, high spirit, common sense, romance, charity, power of sarcasm, affectionateness, &c. You have met such an one, have been surprised as she responded to every sentiment: "remarkable young lady" has been your comment. She reminds me of our New England mocking-bird, that sings in the distance such a beautiful song, imitating the notes of the thrush, the robin, the bluebird, the bobolink; follow her to her native bush, and she will greet you with her own peculiar note, a harsh scream; the sweet songster is a catbird in a clump of scratchy barberry.

Lehrer is a worshipper of authors, and a devourer of books. He seizes a new volume, and holds its gilded back toward you, with a sharp drawing in of the breath through the lips, an asserting toss of the head, and a look—I have imagined an alderman might give such an one at sight of a broad-backed turtle. Lehrer has a whole gallery of portraits of book-women, and he will point you out genera and species of female character. I notice that he has a great passion for observing the faces of very young girls; rose-bud faces, where the greenish tint of childhood has not yet changed to the dewy blush of womanhood.

He will clutch your arm and point out such a face with the same sipping of the breath I have just mentioned. Perhaps his prophetic soul there catches a glimpse of the

mystic future; for some the mystic future has great attraction.

Lehrer is but young, and still he is much older than his little brothers and sisters; they respect him accordingly as their big brother in college, and this has its effect. He delights to pour out for them the rich wine of his riper wisdom. He always delights in imparting instruction, and is continually discovering wonderful traits in human nature, and particularly woman's nature, with which you have been long familiar; these discoveries he unfolds to you with a delicious use of adjectives, and much benevolent enthusiasm.

His ideal is dawning womanhood; he will watch the bud unfold; the child-lover will turn that face — wherein is dimly written the "mystic future" — toward him, eager to catch every word: it shall be his taste to develop that "future" into the character of an Andromache or a Portia, or at least in conformity with some pattern found in his portrait-gallery. It is true that Lehrer is continually found in the society of young ladies much older than himself, but their features do not come into his dreams. When he sits at his window, listening to the last robin's notes as the June twilight fades, it is very youthful, that ideal form that draws near to his side; an almost childish face looks up at his greeting.

As our own characters develop, as we see more of mankind, and learn more of human nature, our ideal changes, and that, too, before we are aware. Wachser is still ignorant of this change. He came from one of those country villages where so often great men are born. A white down grew on the borders of his brown cheeks, and his coat-tails were very short, but his eye was decidedly that of a scholar. I feared him from the first. To see him in society now, that young lady would hardly know him. She was very pretty and very good, and her parents "well to do" in the world. He has the earnest and deserved

admiration of the fair wherever he goes; but he is unconscious, and her memory lives in his vows and aspirations for fame. He has not seen her since his Latin school days; meanwhile his ideal of her has, year by year, put on new graces and beauties; has grown up to a wonderful womanhood. Strange that he, so wise in other matters, does not see that in all probability she herself has changed but little. Perhaps he will return to his birth-place, he will see her without knowing her, will exclaim, when he hears her name, "Why, how she has altered!" when in truth she has changed but little; the change has been in his ideal; shocked, he returns to the world to find what he thinks he has lost.

"How strange it is that the students do not take up with our Cambridge girls!" I have heard this exclamation often. It is strange, for one must acknowledge that there is a very attractive choice. Students have fastidious imaginations; they are wedded to their ideals; it is hopeless for maidens of real flesh and blood to rival the rare and varied qualities and perfections of these phantom brides. We have not yet learned what we are worth, and of course rate ourselves high; perhaps we forget altogether that there must be a "quid pro quo;" like large-eyed little boys, we go in with our penny and expect to buy all in the shop. After we have been tumbled out into the world, scattered, and a little of the fresh stamping worn off, we learn more of our true worth, we expect less of human nature, our ideal approaches nearer the real, and we soon find its counterpart.

"But where and what is *your* ideal?" You should use the plural number. I have had something like a score. Here is one; you see her entering the parquette on the right; what a sensation she creates; has n't she a queenly gait? her proud bearing does not demand homage, and yet you gladly pay it. You should see her in the drawing-room; and then you might observe her splendid black hair

and glorious eyes. They are not like pieces of jet, with a mere surface glitter, for you can look down into them, that is, if you do not perceive that she is looking into yours. She is splendid, and yet you do not feel embarrassed, but rather blessed in her presence. Her playing is the soul of music and the grace of motion. All children love her, and the servants call her a lady. I've seen her weep, but I never knew her to laugh at a drunken man or any other unfortunate. She is the pride of a splendid home; and yet, if reverses should come, I know that she would surprise you with her wonderful efficiency and resources.

Here is another: her hair is light brown, and she has such glad eyes,—I do not know what the color is. I call her a happy soul in a healthy body. If she were near, unknown to you, you would feel more hopeful, happier, without knowing why; she carries about with her such a God-bless-you atmosphere. She sings alto, as all such do if they sing at all. She is no player, but likes drawing. She paints flowers from nature, and knows where to find those peculiar to each season. It is strange how many good qualities she finds in every one, and she always defends the absent. She is always forgetting herself, except when she regrets her humble abilities. Her father is her only lover; what would I not give for one such look as I saw her give him as she sat on the arm of his chair! She is your real perennial heart's-ease.

I have an ideal of a guardian angel, or perhaps it is a memory. She is neither short nor tall; I would not call her frail, and yet I would pray that hardship might never come near her; you would not call her beautiful, and yet to me she is wonderfully so, for she has that beauty of expression, a beautiful soul shining through a transparent face. Often one sees a beautiful expression light up a plain face, just as a few dull clouds and a dun sky take on one lovely tint and then another in the golden light of

the setting sun, till they become a wonderful glory. Her face changes with every thought, and her thoughts are all beautiful. As there is no end of new thoughts, she will be ever renewing her beauty. Contact with evil would never render her less pure, and she is ever ready to reach out her delicate, strong hand and lead back the erring. There is her brother Harry, who is full of his namesake, the elder Harry; a great, muscular fellow, he could take his sister in his arms and win a foot-race; she is proud of his strength when it helps her in a mountain climb; delights to ride by him when his stout arms hold hard-bitted Billy. But he is an impetuous, hot-headed boy, and would be forever running into excesses and into disgrace; he could not get through college, if the thought of that sister did not continually hold him back. How could he meet her whose love and confidence it would be despair to lose? Heaven bless her!

If she should say that she expected me to gain such a position or such an honor in the world, with quiet exultation I should begin to believe in myself, should go to work in earnest: the thought that she expected it would spur me on through all difficulties. I have a craving for her regard; it creates a fierce purpose. This may all seem sentimental twaddle, but I think that more than one young man will read these pages who has been cheered in his difficult path, inspired to seek a true manhood, by the watching expectation of some such guardian angel,—perhaps a sister, perhaps an ideal. My only regret is that I did not wait twenty years before I attempted to write these pages.

A GAME OF WHIST.

"WHAT'S trumps?" asked Jack Melcher. It is important to know how Jack Melcher proposed this interrogatory. Had it been with a contraction of the facial muscles, violent action of the diaphragm and abdominal muscles, accompanied perhaps by rapid contortions of the sinister optic, the meaning would have been unmistakable. It would be like asking "those exiled sons of Orpheus, who continually do grind," to give the last stock quotations. On the contrary, if it had been followed by a deep inspiration, and a gradual lengthening of the visage, it would have given another signification. Jack asked it somewhat in the latter way.

Saunders, Bemond, and I had met at Jack's room to have a social game of whist, of which we were all extravagantly fond, and of which Jack sometimes boasted himself, he being in truth quite a skilful player. It was a windy, rainy night out of doors, but No. 10 looked the very picture of comfort. Bemond and I had been lucky, and were models of content as we took up our hands. Jack, however, was not a little anxious for success. He had just completed a sketch for the —— Magazine, and we had teased him so much about it that he became quite sensitive. We had laid a wager to furnish the oysters if beaten two games out of three; otherwise, Jack was to read us the MS. Unequal as these terms appeared to him, Jack had confidence enough in his play to accept them. Notwithstanding his skill, and the able support of his partner, Bemond and I had gained the second game and scored high to their nothing, on the odd. "What's trumps?" inquired Jack, with a countenance more in sorrow than anything else.

"Hearts, I believe," replied Saunders.

"Let not your heart be troubled," suggested Bemond,

who thus irreverently told me of his strength in that department in which I was already well supplied.

The play was not a long one. I led from my short suit, we got a "saw," and went out as triumphantly as the "Dimmicratic" candidate goes out of New York city, with "Five Points" to spare. The game ended, we disposed ourselves promiscuously and comfortably about the room, ready for whatever might be inflicted upon us. When Jack saw the issue he didn't offer to back out; he never would do that. Nor did he commence with the conventional lie, that he knew what he had composed was "wretched," "flat, stale, and unprofitable." He despised such clap-trap. He told us it was his first attempt at writing an article of the kind; that he had put into form merely the actual experience of a friend, who had married a wife under singular circumstances, and was now enjoying the felicity which the last half a dozen pages of a modern novel attempt to describe. A scientific round of whist with his friend had led to a recount of the facts which he had not inappropriately put together under the title of

A GAME OF WHIST.

It was in the fall of 185— that I was engaged in one of our Southern cities in settling the accounts of a large firm, which had owed us a considerable sum of money, the full amount of which it was feared they could not refund. The matter was an important one; and though the youngest member of our firm, I was sent to look after its interests. I remained there two or three months, during which time I must acknowledge that a little speculation outside of my legitimate trust claimed my attention. I did not fall in debt, but in that almost equally terrible, four-lettered state, in "love." Nor was it strange. It was the old story. Saw her by accident, called nineteen times in thirteen days, and stayed long when I went, and — but I must not anticipate. The fortunate circumstance

that revealed her to me might be called romantic, and then again I have thought it a plain matter of fact.

We had employed a lawyer to assist me in winding up the late concern, and in giving their business by contract to some other firm. Mr. Edgerton was known all through the South, and indeed to the bar of the whole country, as a gentleman of rare ability and eminence in the legal profession. It was necessary that I should confer with Mr. Edgerton immediately upon my arrival; and as I reached the city at an early hour in the morning, I took a carriage and drove to his house. While waiting a minute or two in the parlor, and partially concealed by a door which had been left ajar, I took occasion to examine some of my papers. I looked up, on hearing a light step, and there in the next room, within a few feet of me, was the prettiest little witch in the world, *en deshabille*, combing her long black hair, which fell in a shower over her neck and shoulders. Why on earth a titillation should come in my throat just then, I never could explain (something under my waistcoat was going at forty-horse power rate), but I let go a "Hem!" which popped off like a champagne cork. How that pretty creature started, — vanished!

It was but a moment and Mr. Edgerton came in, well-built and handsome, in the prime of life, and decidedly a gentleman of the old school. He was one of those persons of reputation whose manner assures you that they have come honestly by it. No one was better calculated than he to put a stranger at his ease; but it was as much as I could do to proceed without embarrassment. I could hardly remember anything about the object of my call, and felt an irresistible conflict urging me to ask him if he had n't a perfect beauty of a daughter, with long, black hair, which she sometimes combed in the next room. I had just sense enough to see that this might not improve my claims to sanity, which were perhaps fast ebbing away. I was evidently excited, and, considering the circumstances, I believe

I did myself infinite credit in accepting an invitation to dine, without throwing myself into his arms and stammering out a blessing!

I went to my hotel, and had my boots blacked four times before they would suit me. Punctually at the stroke of half past two, a glaring white door, a highly-polished steel plate, "EDGERTON, 194," comprised all I saw of this world. Presently it was opened by an ebony Cæsar, who undoubtedly considered himself a very valuable part of the house property. Feeling, as some one has expressed it, as though a centipede was crawling up my spinal column, I was ushered into the parlor.

Now, it may seem ridiculous that a young man of twenty-four, of that very age which should be forewarned and forearmed against any such emergency, should have his feelings thus carried by storm, at seeing a good-looking girl, of whom he knows nothing, combing her hair before a mirror. I can't explain it; perhaps the metaphysicians can; but that face and form had made a deeper impression than any belle in the gay and brilliant society of my own city. Taking it for granted that she was one of Mr. Edgerton's family, here was a girl who had good looks, but as for her moral and intellectual qualities I had not stopped to think of them; or, I should rather say, that I had assumed her to be amiable, intelligent, and, indeed, possessed of a liberal share of all the female virtues, because she had beauty. Assumptions like this are made every day, and happy for me if I escaped the common lot of suffering the penalties of an almost fatal error. I took a great deal for granted. All this, and much more, had flashed through my mind, as I stepped from the hall to the parlor.

In half a minute I was informed that a tall, stiff, and consequential personage, on the right, was Miss Augusta Edgerton, a maiden sister, aunt to her whom I had so innocently frightened. Need I say I was next introduced to Miss Kate Edgerton. She had lost her mother, when quite

young, I soon learned; a married sister and a brother at college completed the family.

I will not narrate my experience of that dinner. How charmingly she conversed, and with what a merry laugh she spoke of being startled out of her carelessness by some strange noise that morning. I knew she understood it all, and read my countenance without need of book. She had the impress of her father's intellect, in a gentler mould. How confiding, and yet so dignified and modest! In a word, she was really a superior girl, and I began to think I was not so much of a fool after all to fall in love with her. For, be blind as we may in the indulgence of this passion, we cannot help feeling sometimes that we are baring a weak spot, — doing something ridiculous.

I did not get to sleep very early that night. I was trying to recollect what an old gypsy woman told me a good many years ago, as she held my little fat hand in her long, bony fingers, I should marry a beautiful young girl, but it would be a hard game to play for her. Yes, I remembered it as a thing of yesterday, and the old granny shook her head and patted mine, and told me to have courage. But what was her name to be? Kate? Of course it was. It must have been. And then I fell asleep to dream of — you can guess what. During my stay, which now was a little more than three months, a college classmate returned hither to his home from a tour in Europe. Harlow had always enjoyed the confidence and esteem of Mr. Edgerton, and subsequently studied law in his office. His presence was most opportune for me. Kate, he said, was all she appeared to be, a girl of real worth; a fact which I was sure of at my earliest acquaintance with her. She had never failed to draw a train of admirers, and one or two had sought her hand, but were kindly yet firmly refused. Society called them good offers, for their families were rich and fashionable. Her father, Harlow said, was one of that scarce, old-fashioned kind, who do not jump at every chance

of marrying a daughter, but insist on a son-in-law who shall deserve her. These facts suggested rather a hard path for me to follow; but I rested my hopes on the favor which the one principally interested showed me, and the position which I felt my conduct and the influence of Harlow had gained for me in the eyes of Mr. Edgerton.

Somewhat unexpectedly a letter came, requiring my immediate presence at home, to deliberate on a large transaction with a London house, and expressing surprise that I had been detained so long. The fact was, my business was all satisfactorily arranged (thanks to the faithful labor of my legal adviser), and my delay was strictly personal. I found Mr. Edgerton in a kind and genial mood, that to me augured success. He told me that my intentions had not escaped his notice, and that he was happy to say he was favorably impressed with what he had seen of me. "But," he added, with a sort of compromise between a smile and a frown, "Come and play a game of whist with us to-night. Don't say no; you must come. Don't call me eccentric; but I never could bear to think of a son who would trump his partner's trick. Now, no objections; this evening at eight I shall be happy to see you." It was in vain that I protested I had not played a game in my life; or if I had, I had forgotten it all. The fact is, I abominate whist, while I play almost everything else. Not an objection that I could urge was of any avail; and with the words "eight o'clock, whist," ringing, or rather tolling, in my ears, I withdrew.

Harlow told me the old gentleman meant something, and that the best thing I could do was to set to work and improve the six or eight hours of grace in getting together what information I could about that intricate game. What a labor! Chivalry in all ages was nothing to it! It was education on short notice; but Harlow helped me, and by his aid, and that of Hoyle, I learned enough to avoid common mistakes. If the old

gentleman was a good player, his daughter was one also, and that was a partial offset. "Be plucky!" was my friend's parting advice.

Clubs, hearts, diamonds, and spades were all I could think of, till I was seated opposite Kate, and playing against her father and aunt. We were all quite still,—a rule of the game which is seldom obeyed. Confused as I was, I played right well, and my partner helped me along admirably. We won the first game. "Upon my word, your first playing!" said Mr. Edgerton; "*non constat*, as we lawyers say." I thanked him for his implied compliment, and told him I had learnt all I knew of it since I had left him. This statement caused him and his partner to wink violently, which was to me painfully mysterious. We were badly beaten the next time, and then came the rubber. Let me be brief. We each made good runs, and the score stood "nine to their eight." There were but three tricks more to make, and two were needed to carry us out. Hitherto I had by a good memory kept the run of the cards, but at this critical moment everything seemed to desert me. It was my lead, but how to play I knew not. Kate saw the difficulty. She caught my eye, and carried it beyond to a mirror, at some distance directly in front of me,—an advantage which I had not noticed before. I had her cards in plain sight, and one she touched with her finger. It was the work of an instant, and our opponents had not the least suspicion. If I had not played the card I did, we should have lost the three; as it was, we gained them all.

"Upon my word, you played that scientifically, my boy," said Mr. Edgerton, in an animated way; "'t would do credit to an old soldier." Kate had left the room, perhaps to conceal her feelings at thus gaining a victory. "She is yours," he continued, "and I will tell you why. It was not because you beat us in a rubber game of whist,—that were an absurd reason. You might not

have scored a single point, and my decision would have remained the same. It was because you showed the proper spirit of energy, in making an effort to do what was required of you. I am no careless observer, and though I had been almost satisfied with what I have seen during our acquaintance, I could not forbear putting it to the test. If that test has been a novel one, it was because it was suggested at the instant, and I am willing to abide by it."

I set out from —— for home the next day. The next time I came on from —— I had to purchase two tickets on the steamer.

"Now, boys, that's all, and criticisms are in order." A query whether such proceeding could come under the head of "cheating an old gentleman out of three tricks and a daughter," was nearly answered in the negative, when a covered basket, by some unaccountable means, appeared, and, in the words of Bemond, who stole them for the occasion,—

"O what a fall was there my countrymen,
When you and I fell to!"

THE HAND OF TIME.

WHERE are the thousand, thousand thoughts,
Embodied in material clay,
That *time* has with un pitying hand
Through ages worn away?

Year after year, with ceaseless toil,
Hewing upon the parian rare,
A sculptor strove to loose the form
He felt was glowing there.

And now the long, long task is done,
The form complete in beauty shines,
And tremblingly he looks upon
The bright *ideal* of his mind.

I'll place you, its creator said,
Where fall the waters bright and free,
And they that pass shall say, amazed,
Again fair Venus leaves the sea.

And when the tireless stream shall wear
Thy marble form I've fashioned now,
Then shall I lose the bright renown
That twines the laurel round my brow.

Gently and kindly may the hand
Of time indulgent rest on thee ;
My life with your existence lives,
For fame is all of life to me.

How sweet the glistening fountain ran,
As on the marble white it fell,
How fondly and caressingly
It laved the statue in the dell.

A lovelier figure never stood
In palace high or villa fair,
Bright as a mermaid when she shakes
Above the wave her golden hair.

A nymph who held aloft a vase,
Slender and graceful, snowy white,
To catch the pearly mist that wove
Into a bow the threads of light.

And often when the sunshine fell,
The passer by could hardly say,
Whether young Hebe held the cup,
Or Iris clove the azure way.

Cold dropt the waters on the stone,
Ceaseless they fell from day to day,
The form that once was beautiful
Has now all passed away.

The sun, whose rays in days gone by
Once bathed it in the flush of morn,
Shines on the little fountain still,
That ripples by forlorn.

Lured by the fondly wooing stream,
 To its breast the frail image has flown,
 And the softly-sighing breezes
 For its absence sadly moan.

No form material can survive
 Time's iron and despotic sway,
 The spirit of created things
 Alone shall see the eternal day.

CHARLES LAMB AND THE ESSAYS OF ELIA.

CHARLES LAMB, so far as his intellect was concerned, certainly could not be called great. His mind had scarcely one of those characteristics which are supposed to designate the master-spirits of literature. He had none of that wonderful equipoise of faculties, none of that grand serenity of soul, which distinguishes Shakespeare from all others. He had no grandeur of moral purpose like Milton, no habit of profound philosophizing like Bacon,—and, as for genius, it may be questioned whether that was granted to him at all, even in the smallest measure. How, then, has it come to pass that Charles Lamb has been elevated almost to the dignity of a classical author, that a library is deemed incomplete without his writings, and that his works are made a study by all persons of the most highly cultivated taste? The explanation may be derived from a rightly conducted study of the “Essays of Elia,” upon which his fame chiefly rests.

Supposing, then, that a person should sit down to the task (for, in such case, it would most certainly be a task) of reading Elia's Essays in a cool and reflective manner allowing only the critical faculties of his mind to have free play,—under these circumstances, if he should fully carry out his plan, there are ten chances to one that he

would rise wearied and disgusted from the perusal. "This author," he would say, "though sometimes felicitous in expression, is habitually loose in his style. He is painfully incorrect in his grammar, and is, otherwise, excessively free in his use of the king's English. He has little or no method;—he merely skims the surface of his subjects, and never penetrates far into the thoughts which they suggest;—he never takes broad and general views of things, and the horizon of his mind is always circumscribed by the line of his own petty tastes and fancies." Now all these criticisms upon Lamb are just; they cannot be answered; for the volume, taken up at random, furnishes abundant testimony to their truth. And yet we read the Essays of Elia and enjoy them, and, what is more, our enjoyment increases with every successive reading. Let us try, then, to study our author so that we may find out the sources of our pleasure, and see, if we can, exactly where the charm of his writings lies.

And, first, a thorough knowledge of the man is, in Lamb's case, especially necessary to a right understanding of his works. Many things in the Essays of Elia must be quite inexplicable, if we do not keep constantly before our minds the figure of the queer little man in black. Lamb was, in the emotional part of his nature, a creature of whims and fancies, and of prejudices too, which were always *strong*, though never aggressive and bitter. These shaped and directed the whole course of his life, and assimilated everything to themselves. For anything to rule his conduct, it was necessary that, whatever its source, it should become a desire of his own heart,—one of his whims and prejudices. This fact alone serves as a guide to the right understanding of his works, and it is just as necessary for us to keep it in mind while perusing his essays, as it was impossible for his friends to forget it when in his society. Hear what he says of himself, for he seems to have been perfectly conscious of his

own peculiarities: "My late friend (he is supposed to be speaking of Elia) was in many respects a singular character. Those who did not like him hated him; and some who once liked him, afterwards became his bitterest haters. The truth is, he gave himself too little concern what he uttered, and in whose presence. He observed neither time nor place, but would e'en out with what came uppermost. Few understood him, and I am not certain that at all times he quite understood himself. He too much affected that dangerous figure, irony. He would interrupt the gravest discussion with some light jest; and yet, perhaps, not quite irrelevant in ears that could understand it. Your long and much talkers hated him. His conceptions were kindlier than his utterance, and his happiest impromptus had the appearance of effort. His friends were, for the most part, people of uncertain fortunes; and as to such people commonly nothing is more obnoxious than a gentleman of settled (though moderate) income, he passed with most of them for a miser. To my knowledge this was a mistake." In these quotations (which I have given at some length because they illustrate my point so well) we see the veritable Charles Lamb,—odd, slightly egotistical, the child of whims, and yet full of good humor, keen, and shrewd,—doomed to be perpetually misconceived in his life and conversation, and yet noble-hearted and generous in the highest degree.

As he appeared to us in his own portrait of himself, so he seems in his books; but in them the higher qualities of his mind and heart are more conspicuous than they were in his ordinary conversation, because they have freer scope and a less confined utterance. What, then, are the characteristics of the *Essays of Elia*, which distinguish that volume from all other books, and have made it so celebrated and so much enjoyed?

First, his wonderful humor, which brightens over almost every page of the *Essays*, transforming and vivifying the

thoughts which are presented. Lamb's humor is, however, seldom broad; it is almost always quiet and delicate, and as it is the *peculiar* so it is also the *vital* element of his style. In fact, we cannot separate his humor from his style, and say what remains is Lamb's style without its humor. One might as well try to separate warmth from sunlight. For when the humor is removed we cannot recognize our author's style at all; and as a consequence of this complete chemical union of his *humor* with his other characteristics as an author, it is seldom possible to pick it out of a passage and present it in an undiluted state, as we can often do with Dickens's. It is lost in the attempt, as the fragrance of the violet is lost under the rude processes of the essence-maker. We perceive that it is constantly present, we can feel its influence, and see its effects; but, like some hidden brook which runs through a green meadow, though we recognize its presence in the fresher colors of the grass and flowers that border upon it, and though our ear may catch the faint murmur of its rippling, yet the eye seeks in vain to discover its course and mark out its banks.

One line, then, or a few sentences, cannot convey to you a sense of his humor; but let me beg you to read the essay on the "Margate Hoy," and you will feel the truth of all this. You will see, too, that Lamb was no less tender in his pathos than he was exuberant in his humor. The two faculties, we know, are blood-relations.

Lamb had also a wonderful power of describing characters, particularly when they were oddities like himself. With the motion of his hand the clerks of the South Sea House, the ancient "benches of the Inner Temple," the schoolmasters of his youthful days, when he was at Christ's Hospital, rise up before us. How plainly can we see that "rabid pedant, B.," with "old, discolored, and unkempt caxon, betokening frequent and bloody execution," and his many "turbulent" ejaculations of, "Ods my life, sirrah, I have a great mind to whip you!" And will not Captain Jackson, best and noblest of impostors, live forever in our memory?

The secret of Elia's success in character-drawing does not seem to have been a power of taking broad and comprehensive views of men, but rather in a happy instinct of seizing upon some characteristic quality in a person and bringing it out in strong relief, — giving his readers, as it were, some one peculiarly marked feature of a face, and letting them imagine the rest for themselves.

I have said that Lamb was inaccurate in his style ; but we can almost forgive this fault in an author who has such a singular felicity of expression. Some of his sentences contain pithy and pointed suggestions enough to be amplified into volumes. Such, for instance, is this short sentence, descriptive of his old master, J. B. "I have known him double his knotty fist at a poor, trembling child (the maternal milk hardly dry upon its lips), with a "Sirrah, do you presume to set your wits at me?"

But I am amplifying too much, and have only left room to *allude* to the kindly spirit of charity exhibited in so many of his Essays, such as the "Praise of Chimney-Sweepers," for instance. Lamb's sympathies were, perhaps, confined by the impulses of his nature, but fortunately his nature was generous, and his kindly impulses many. Nor can I do more than merely say that his fancy was as nimble as his wit, — a fancy that delighted in calling up dreamy, delightful pictures of what might have been, though not so as to encourage vain repining. Read the "Dream Children," if you have not read it already, and you will see what I mean.

We have seen, then, that it is to his more than happy turns of expression, to his delicate and exuberant humor, to his genial sympathies, and his quick and subtle apprehension of character, that Charles Lamb owes his reputation ; but I attribute the peculiar value, as well as charm, of his writings to the fact that he put himself, his whole nature, faults and all, into his books, so that we can have direct communication with his mind.

The mind of Lamb was not what one could call great ;

yet, as we have seen, it was of no ordinary make and mould. It was the very reverse of commonplace, and though not fitted perhaps to inculcate the highest truths, and leave its impress on institutions and laws, it was the best of its kind, and had its peculiar work to do.

I do not find fault with the rose because it gives me neither food nor medicine, and if the especial use of Elia's Essays be to charm and please the mind with their fragrance and beauty, I do not think their usefulness the less on that account. But they are not without their plain teaching to the heart; for through them shines out ever clearly that same self-sacrificing nature which gave up the sweet hopes of the lover, and crushed its passion for the fair Alice W., to watch with weary head and aching heart by the bedside of his unhappy sister Mary.

1860

REFORMS AND REFORMERS.

THERE are some men in this age who think themselves born to reclaim their fellow-creatures from their iniquitous ways, and who, perching themselves high on the pinnacle of their virtues, thunder out their denunciations at the sinners below. If they accomplished but a fractional part of the reforms which they propose, it would be an ill deed to put a hinderance in their way, but unfortunately, by their intemperate zeal, they injure their own cause, and retard, rather than advance, the progress of religion and civilization. A single plan of reform takes possession of their minds, to the exclusion of every other noble aspiration; they make this one idea their idol, and before it every law, whether divine or human, must give way. They suffer their passions to get the better of their reason, everything must succumb to their theory, they pursue the course they have marked out for themselves, heedless of whose rights

they trample on. Every man is either a saint or a villain, according as he accepts or denies the truth of their favorite doctrine. They allow no other measure of moral worth, and no one is safe from their attacks who does not engage with body and soul in the furtherance of their views.

These thoughts were suggested by the perusal of the article on smoking, in the last number of the *Harvard Magazine*. It seems to me that the writer of the article has laid himself open to the severest criticism, and that he belongs to that class of men who have room in their minds for but one idea at a time. Beginning in a comparatively mild and harmless way, he soon drives the spurs into the sides of his hobby-horse, and away he goes, helter-skelter, rushing headlong at every obstacle, and little recking into what dangerous ground his nag is bearing him. On his third page he says, "*we* accept the suggestion that many great men have been guilty of the practice in question, and seek to know if the fact that this poet chewed or that novelist smoked, is to be considered an ornament, or a blemish, in estimating his character? Would it be pleasant to conceive of Shakespeare with a pipe in his mouth?" I can assuredly see nothing unpleasant in the idea of Shakespeare enjoying a quiet pipe, when relieved from the fatigues of the playhouse; but that is a mere matter of taste, and is not to the point. Observe that here he has his steed well in hand, but of a sudden, pop! the beast has bitten viciously at the great Naturalist, with an ugly fling of his heels lays the "Sage of Concord" sprawling in the dust, and is off like a shot! Two pages farther on the rider has lost all control of the animal, who, with the wildest plunges, and the maddest leaps, struggles to unseat him. A moment before, the habit of smoking was to be considered merely as a blemish on the character of the novelist; now, the smoker is branded a degraded slave and an idolater, and even the gates of Heaven are shut against him! Such language as this would cause a smile, were it not for the

serious nature of the denunciation. Surely the writer could hardly hope to influence even a sub-Freshman by such mad invective.

Without noticing his unsupported and uncalled-for assertion that nine tenths of the prime movers of all "disorders against the College discipline" are accustomed to smoking and drinking, it would be safe to say that no smoker, or even drinker, would so far forget himself as to publicly assert that half of the Faculty had lost all self-respect, and forfeited their right to the title of Christians, and to stigmatize as worse than a common loafer that honored student of nature who has shed such lustre on our College and on our country. But it would be a waste of time to dwell longer on the intemperate heat and want of logic displayed in this article. A careful study of Thompson's "Outlines of Thought" will hereafter teach the writer to argue correctly, but moderation he may find more difficult to learn.

A feeble imitation of the same style may be found in the article dignified by the title of "American Politics." Its author, starting with the assumption that slavery is a sin, draws all sorts of fanciful inferences from it, and thrusting his views, without a word of apology, into the face of the reader, abuses Conservatives and Democrats to his heart's content. "It is the fashion, in certain quarters, to decry newspapers," he says. Evidently that fault cannot be laid at his door. He has shown us most conclusively that he has long given them the most careful study. We have the same old joke about "slaves under the shadow of Bunker Hill," the same invectives against the "unscrupulous patriotism" of Daniel Webster, the same flings at "poor Pierce," which are familiar to every one. At the beginning, indeed, there are a few words relating to College interests, and at the end a thrilling metaphor, in which William H. Seward is represented as tenderly raising the star-crowned forehead of Columbia, and wip-

ing away her tears with his red bandanna, but between these extremes all is hackneyed and commonplace, and nothing like the shadow of an argument is anywhere perceptible.

For the future, let us be spared the twittering of these unfledged demagogues. Surely, there are subjects enough in art and literature from which a clever writer may make a selection, without resorting to topics which the newspapers have long ago worn threadbare. Have we no future novelist amongst us? A tale or a story would seem like an oasis in the desert, after all the metaphysical and political discussions with which we have been of late favored. It may be urged, that there is no precedent for the introduction of this style of composition; but if we criticise works of fiction, why not write them? Every successful author must serve a long apprenticeship, and it is exactly these short pieces which give the best practice.

I hope no one will so entirely misconceive my purpose as to imagine I have been attempting to defend the institution of slavery or the practice of smoking. Whatever are my views on these subjects, I assuredly should not parade them before the public in these pages. Others, differing from me as to the objects of a college magazine, may hereafter feel called upon to advocate either one side or the other of these questions, but let them remember that their opponents have a right to their prejudices as well as themselves, and, more than all, that abuse is not argument.

G. E. Coleman 40
CHEERFULNESS.

It would be a good thing for the world if some great philosopher should write a comprehensive essay on the art of enjoying life. We hear enough said about courage, industry, decision, and the other moral qualities or habits by which a man succeeds best in life; but no one has told us, in an adequate manner, how to render that life agreeable to ourselves and others. We have even an Anatomy of Melancholy, into which a gifted man has thrown the wealth of his learning, and upon which he has bestowed the labor of a lifetime; but an Anatomy of Cheerfulness it has never been our good fortune to behold. Yet who can doubt that such a work, if fitly written, instead of adorning the libraries of the studious and cultivated, and serving the majority of readers chiefly as a treasury of quaint sayings and elegant quotations, would be a messenger of good tidings to thousands of the uncultivated, the obscure, and the unhappy? Not that people in general are apt to disregard their own happiness, nor are students in particular remarkable for contempt of worldly pleasure, but men frequently seem to lose much innocent enjoyment merely from ignorance of the method of obtaining it. There is as much truth as wit in the remark of Sydney Smith, that "A man in search of felicity often resembles an absent-minded person looking for his hat, which all the while is in his hand or on his head." It certainly seems worth a little thought to inquire into the nature of this difficulty, and to determine how far the felicity of which he speaks is within the reach of all.

The old saying, which advises us to "look always on the bright side," like many other truisms, is more fully recognized in theory than in practice. We rarely find a man so happily endowed with buoyancy of temper as to select from the varied experience of life all that is beautiful, picturesque, or in any way agreeable, and divert the attention from that which is unpleasant and uncomfortable. But of such men

there certainly are a few in the world, — and let us be thankful for them, — who, in their daily life and conversation, are continually preaching to us a practical and agreeable homily on the duty of enjoying life ourselves and enabling others to do so.

Miserable indeed is the condition of him who looks at the world through the discolored glass of his own melancholy disposition. Over such a man the clouds of life always hang heavily, and shed a chilling influence upon all that he does, thinks, and feels. If you should invite him to an excellent dinner, he will be oppressed with the fear of indigestion; call him out to look at a fine morning landscape, he thinks only of the danger of wetting his feet or inhaling the unwholesome mist. Wealth brings him increase of care, and poverty gives him nothing but miserable repining and the dread of actual want.

There is a contemptible sort of happiness which resembles rather the satisfaction of an oyster than the enjoyment of a rational creature. It is that which springs from a want of sensibility, and indicates rather an inferior capacity for pain than a superior capacity for pleasure.

Those who maintain that the cultivation of intellect and taste only exposes one to many annoyances and vexations, which might otherwise be avoided, forget that the obtuseness which renders us insensible to many little discomforts also precludes us from a multitude of those trifling pleasures which, by aggregation, constitute so large a share of human happiness. In some cases it may be true that

“ Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill with deepest notes of woe ; ”

but the vast majority of those persons who, to natural good humor and a cheerful disposition have added a cultivated taste and a habit of accurate observation, derive genuine satisfaction from the delicacy and keenness of their perceptions and feelings. Nature and art are constantly whisper-

ing in their ears the most charming little secrets, which elude the grosser apprehension of the uncultivated. To their minds beauty manifests herself in the most varied, and frequently the most humble forms. How trifling seem the rules which Sydney Smith, himself the most genial and light-hearted of men, proposes for the attainment of happiness by those who have neither great station, great wealth, nor the genius which commands the admiration of the world. "In winter," he says, "let the fire always burn brightly in a well-polished grate; let the hearth be neatly swept, and the furniture arranged in the nicest order. Let the walls of your room be hung with pictures, fine oil paintings if you can afford them; coarse sketches and cheap prints if you are poor. Adorn the mantle with strange shells or other curiosities. Place a geranium or rose-tree in the window; any little thing which will attract the eye, and give a momentary satisfaction to the taste, contributes its share to the happiness of a lifetime."

But perhaps there is no one more securely defended against despondency than the humorist. We hear much pathetic lamentation over the misfortunes of Tom Hood, who was obliged to be witty in order to pay for food, clothing, and the doctor's care; whose jokes, moreover, were often written with a weary hand, and coined from an aching brain. Without wishing to deprive him of the distinction which misery, when published abroad, seldom fails to confer, I cannot but doubt that a man is really unhappy whose sportive fancy is continually diverting him with a ludicrous parody on the panorama of real life. The humorist finds the choicest food for his wit in those very failings and mischances which inspire terror in other men, and his audacity reminds one of that poet who condescends to bestow his compassion upon the King of Terrors, because he can never enjoy the relief of death. It is one of the admirable arrangements of Providence that life has its ludicrous as well as its miserable side. Could we

for a moment contemplate our own characters and actions in the same spirit as a good-natured man usually studies those of his neighbors, we should no doubt derive genuine amusement from our numerous blunders and mortifications.

All men, it is true, can become neither humorists, artists, nor poets, but it certainly lies within the reach of every one to preserve a hopeful and joyous spirit, — I do not say under the great calamities and cares of life, for there we must trust to philosophy and religion, but amid the inconveniences, the disappointments, and vexations of daily experience.

Not more '60

DON QUIXOTE IN AMERICA.

As I was walking along — street in New York, I was attracted by a bundle of old papers, exposed for sale at a rickety bookstall, and, as I am beyond measure fond of antiquarian researches, I bought the parcel for a trifle, and perceived that the papers were written in Arabic. Not understanding it myself, but confident that I had obtained a great prize, I immediately set about finding an interpreter, and soon bethought me of a friend whom I remembered to have sworn that he had more rare and curious books than any man of his age and parts in America, and like enough in the world, and I went straightway to him, “for,” I said, “if he has taken the infinite pains to collect these volumes, he must know every word written in them, and he doubtless has many composed in the Arabic tongue, and is well acquainted with that language.” When, however, I communicated to him my desire, he began to laugh. I asked him what he laughed at, and he said, “Because I know no other language besides my mother English, and that not altogether perfectly.” “What!” I exclaimed, “do you not know the contents of all those costly books you have been at so much

trouble to obtain?" "How should I be able to do so," he replied, "when above half of them are written in tongues which I do not understand; and as for the rest, I not only have never read them, but I have no desire to do so, for I am persuaded that they are filled with very worthless and unprofitable matter." "In the name of goodness, then," I exclaimed, "what is the value of your library?" "What," he retorted, in a great passion, "what is the value of my library? Is not this "Table of Errata to Murray's Grammar" one of a Pickering's edition, of which not above twelve were ever printed? Has not this the stamp of Edward Moxon, which, though it be merely a catalogue of a library now broken up and sold, is printed upon India paper? And is not this, the title of which I do not clearly comprehend, bound in full morocco, in an exquisite style, and was it not published by Didot? And here," seizing a huge volume, "this, printed in black letter and wholly illegible, was not this the handicraft — with reverence be it spoken — of the great Aldus himself, — and do you dare to ask the value of such treasures as these?" And thereat he fell to swearing and cursing so dreadfully that what he said is not fit to be transcribed, and I was glad to hide myself from the fury of his rage by speedily withdrawing.

Deeply mortified at this repulse, I was walking along, with a dejected countenance, when my good fortune presented me to one who had the reputation for some learning, and putting the book into his hands, I asked him if he could translate it? "It is in Arabic, I perceive," he replied, and then smiled and said, "I have studied at the University of Cambridge." At this I was filled with great joy, for it is well known that so excellently are the modern tongues taught at that abode of learning, that, although instruction is given in not above two or three, those who have studied these are so perfect therein that they can understand every other language now spoken in the world as well, and are able to comprehend and to speak Arabic and Hindostanee as readily as they can French or Italian.

I pressed him immediately to read the beginning, which he did, and, rendering extempore the Arabic into the correctest and choicest English, said that it began thus: "The Further History of Don Quixote de la Mancha, containing the True Account of his Stupendous and Never-to-be-imagined Adventures in the New World, written by C. H. Ben Engeli, Arabian Historiographer." I did not dissemble my delight at hearing the title of the book, for I already knew by heart the story of the former exploits of the valorous Knight of La Mancha, and was doubly anxious to be truly informed of his whole life and wonderful actions, when I thus heard that he had visited my beloved country.

I retired immediately with the student to his chamber in the University dormitories, and requested him to translate for me those papers which treated of Don Quixote into the English tongue, without omitting or adding anything; offering him in payment whatever he should demand. He was satisfied with a box of cigars and a flask of Bourbon whiskey, which he afterwards informed me he privately disposed of to a new society or league at his University, called "The Knights of Tea and Toast" (a quaint title, the meaning whereof I am ignorant), greatly to his profit and advantage. He translated the book faithfully and expeditiously, and though I fain would publish the whole forty-five volumes, with the supplement, yet the narrow limits of this excellent Magazine compel me only to make a short selection, which contains somewhat that is diverting and instructive. The three thousandth page of the thirty-ninth volume begins thus:—

"About this time,"—(i. e. the afternoon, the redoubtable Knight and his Squire having dined by the road-side, and being in the neighborhood of what is now the capital of New England, although at that time the country was sparsely settled, and the beauteous metropolis little better than a collection of rude huts, but inhabited by a few score of the most learned and polished men in the world,)—

“about this time it came on to rain, and Sancho used all his counsel and entreaties to induce his master to seek for shelter. But as the rules of chivalry enjoin upon all true and faithful knights to shrink from no exposure or inclemency, although the heavens should rain greater floods than those which overwhelmed Don Esplandian and his army, Don Quixote would by no means yield to his request, and the dispute between them was waxing warm, when the brave Knight cut short all further conference, saying ‘Peace, O shallow-brained Squire, for either I am deceived or there approacheth a distressed damsel who has undoubtedly suffered some wrong which I am bound to use my utmost endeavors to redress.’

“Sancho turned his eyes, and discerned a strange figure in the road, which he took to be, and which certainly resembled, a tall man, dressed after the fashion of the monks of St. Benedict, with a long mantle and cowl, and high traveler’s books. ‘Surely, master,’ quoth he, ‘your worship’s wits have gone astray. Pray, observe, sir, that is no damsel, but a tall and lusty monk, who must be a pious missionary to the savage people of this land,—which, if we once safely escape from, the Devil take me if the hope of island, lowland, or continent ever entice me to enter again.’

“When the object of these contrary observations came so near as to be plainly seen, it proved to be a woman indeed. She wore a curious garment, called in that dialect a ‘waterproof,’ which reached from her head nearly down to her heels, and was surmounted by a kind of hood which was drawn over her face, so as to leave an opening for her to see, and wide enough to expose her countenance to the washing of the rain-drops which coursed down her cheeks in great profusion, bearing with them certain stray and stringy locks of hair. Nothing was visible below the cloak, except a high pair of boots, fashioned of india-rubber, and made in the pattern of those worn by men in other countries, and her feet were above two ells in length, and nearly as many

broad. She took long strides when she walked, and advanced boldly to Don Quixote, who stood confounded, uncertain whether he was to encounter a damsel in need of his assistance, or an Amazon with whom to do battle.

"His doubts were soon dispelled, however, by her conduct, for she no sooner had come close up with him, than she threw herself at his feet, where, in spite of his efforts to raise her, she remained kneeling, not regarding the mud into which she was sinking, and thus addressed him : —

" 'I will never arise from this place, O valorous and redoubted Knight, until your goodness and courtesy vouchsafe me a boon, which will redound to your honor and glory and to the lasting benefit of the most disconsolate and agrieved lady the sun has ever beheld.'

" 'It is impossible for me to answer you, fair damsel,' said Don Quixote, 'while you remain in that position.' 'I will not arise, signor,' she replied, 'until your courtesy shall vouchsafe the boon I ask.' 'I do vouchsafe you whatever you ask,' answered he, 'provided my compliance be of no detriment to her who holds the key of my heart and liberty.' 'It will not be to her prejudice, dear sir,' she said ; 'and my request is that your magnanimity shall go whither I shall conduct you, to revenge me upon a false traitor, who violates all right, both human and divine. Know, O thou mirror of chivalry ! that a twelvemonth since, seduced by his vain promises and protestations of affectionate obedience, I allowed a certain Don Henpeccado, of this country, to serve me as my husband, who pledged himself by the most solemn vows to be my household slave, and faithful knight as is conformable with the laws of chivalry ; but when we had been united scarcely six months, he betrayed such perfidious conduct as has rendered me the most wretched lady in existence. For he hath bargained with a neighboring sorcerer, who supplies him with little brown rolls, which glow with fire, and yet, by some diabolical means, he is able to take them into his mouth, when all alive and burning, and then

he goes about exhaling a stifling smoke from his lips and nostrils, which pervades our whole dwelling, and by which I am oftentimes well-nigh choked ; so that — ' Here she ceased abruptly, overcome by the remembrance of her woes, while her tears and sobs sufficiently manifested the agony of her soul.

" Seeing her grief, Don Quixote broke forth in a furious passion, and said, ' I swear to you, most oppressed lady, the vow of the Marquis of Mantua, that I will neither eat, drink, sleep, remove my armor, wash, comb my hair, shave, or pare my nails, until, by the help of God and my powerful arm, I have revenged you of this heretical miscreant. For know thou that I have entered upon the arduous profession of knight-errantry to rid the world, singly and alone, of all injustice and wrong, — but chiefly, and before aught else, to banish forever the practice of that vile sorcery you have suffered from. For, by the laws of the holy brotherhood, as explained by Zoroaster and interpreted by myself, whoever engages in such infamous devices, — whatsoever may be the amount of his charity, or the seeming purity of his life, or the fame of his achievements, — cannot be a Christian, but is at heart a Moor and an infidel against whom the gates of heaven are forever barred. Wherefore I have never failed to attack such persons, whatever may have been their station or profession, whereby I hope to win immortal fame for myself ; but lead on, I beseech you, that we may proceed instantly to action, for there is always danger in delay.'

" The distressed lady would fain have kissed his hands, but Don Quixote, who was in every respect a most gallant and courteous knight, would by no means consent to it, but, making her arise, embraced her with much politeness and respect ; and then tightening Rozinante's girths, and bidding Sancho follow, he made his best endeavors to keep up with the unfortunate lady who led the way with great alacrity ; but, though burning with impatience, he could by no means

inspire his steed with the same emotion, whom no kicks or entreaties could induce to forsake his customary staid and sober pace, so he was compelled to ask his fair conductress to moderate her speed to the powers of his horse. Here Sancho, who had in vain been trying to enter into the discourse for some time, approached his master's side, and said, 'Body of my father, sir, what is this new adventure into which your worship is running? For, though I grudge not even blanket-tossings and cudgelings, when they help me to gain my island, — which I still hope for, — yet surely I were an ass, and your honor my cousin-german, if we are to go through thick and thin to serve, I know not what sort of a damsel or hobbledehoy, who, as I am a sinner, is big enough to help herself.'

" 'Your words show the simplicity of your understanding, Sancho,' replied his master; 'for do you not know that I seek these adventures, not for any paid emolument or reward, nor yet from a pure desire to redress the wrong, but in order to establish my fame among men, that great honor and glory may thereby accrue to me.'

" Sancho had learned by experience when his master was not to be thwarted, so, wisely resolving to take precious care of his own skin, he jogged on in silence.

" They had not proceeded above a quarter of a league, when they came upon a country house, which Don Quixote took for a castle, in front of which were a few chestnut-trees, and beneath these, the shower having passed over, a man of diminutive stature, and of very modest appearance, was quietly smoking a cigar. Instantly divining that this was the guilty Henpeccado, Don Quixote made at him as fast as the uneven nature of the ground would permit, exclaiming, ' Blasphemous monster and infidel, instantly fling from thy lips that instrument of enchantment, and forswear its use forever, and promise hereafter, in this and in all respects to implicitly obey thine aggrieved wife, or prepare to receive the full weight of my puissant arm.'

“The poor gentleman, confounded and amazed by the strange appearance and wild words of his assailant, was in no condition to avoid his assault. He absolutely stood stock still, until Don Quixote, raising his lance, dealt him such a stroke upon the head that he fell to the ground in so grievous a plight, that, had the stroke been repeated, there would have been no need of a surgeon. While, to complete his misfortunes, Rozinante fell, and his master was sent over his head full upon the poor man, already prostrate, and knocked what little breath remained in him quite out of his body.

“Sancho ran to the aid of his master, who, having been provided with a soft cushion to fall upon, was not badly hurt; and seeing that Don Henpeccado was only stunned, and not lifeless, hurried the knight away, without heeding the entreaties of the rescued lady that they should stay; and before Don Quixote had well recovered his senses, which were somewhat confused by his fall, he was remounted and in the road again.

“Thus did the valorous Manhegan redress this wrong, and, elated by his victory, he rode on his way entirely satisfied with himself; and he blessed the fortunate time that had witnessed so valiant and renowned a champion of the oppressed, — to which blessing let the whole world say, Amen; and the more so because, even in this degenerate and iron age, the immortal Don Quixote is not without imitators of his actions, and partners of his fame.”

COLLEGE RECORD.

CLASS ELECTIONS OF SIXTY.

At a meeting of the Senior Class, held on March 12th and 13th, of which Calvin M. Woodward, of Fitchburg, was chosen Chairman, and Edward C. Johnson, of Boston, Secretary, the following Class Officers were elected:—

ORATOR: Thomas Bayley Fox, of Dorchester.

POET: Frank Haseltine, Philadelphia, Pa.

ODIST: William Channing Gannett, Boston.

CHIEF MARSHAL: Caspar Crowninshield, Boston.

ASSISTANT MARSHALS: James Henry Wilson, Keene, N. H.; Francis Welles Hunnewell, Boston.

CHAPLAIN: Charles Alfred Humphreys, Dorchester.

CLASS-DAY COMMITTEE: Edmund Wetmore, Utica, N. Y.; Frederic Wainwright Bradlee, Boston; Calvin Milton Woodward, Fitchburg.

CLASS SECRETARY: Henry George Spaulding, Cambridge.

CLASS COMMITTEE: William Edward Perkins, Boston; William Mat-ticks Rogers, Boston.

CLASS CHORISTER: Stephen William Driver, Salem.

Class-Supper Officers.

PRESIDENT: Henry Sturgis Russell, West Roxbury.

CLASS-SUPPER COMMITTEE: William Ellery Copeland, Roxbury; John Corlies White, New York, N. Y.

ODIST: Charles Wistar Stevens, Charlestown.

CHORISTER: Joseph Shippen, Meadville, Pa.

CHRONICLER: Charles Henry Doe, New York, N. Y.

TOAST-MASTER: William Gardner Colburn, Manchester, N. H.

NOTICE.

For sale, the Camilla, a six-oared boat, in good repair, forty-two feet long, built in Boston by Winde and Clinkard, in May, 1857.

Also for sale, the Lotus, six oars, forty-five long, built by Winde and Clinkard, Boston, May, 1857. Apply to EDWARD CARTER, Cambridge, Mass.

Transferring to
EDITORS' TABLE.

THE Editors' Table has been so covered with Magazines this month, that no room was left to write a brilliant editorial. So we have only noticed once for all, the exchanges that we receive, and hope that next month there will be some room for a little pleasant talk with our readers.

The *Atlantic Monthly* has well sustained the high position which its founders desired and gained for it. Although we believe that our people generally read too much of the current literature, and too little of that which has become standard and classical, yet we think that the mistake is in the kind of periodical literature that they select rather than in the quantity that they read. It is a mistake to pore over ancient books and leave modern literature and modern thought wholly out of notice. Therefore we are gratified in seeing a publication, which, while it keeps pace with the progressive thought of the day, yet preserves its character as a model of classical taste and purity. The *Atlantic* is, we think, of this character. Liberal in its theology, independent in its politics, broad in its scientific views, and eminently high in its literary standing and critical ability, it will do a good deal towards purifying our literature, and promoting a refined and liberal culture.

The *Virginia University Magazine* is quite ably conducted. It aims to have articles of permanent interest, and many of its contributions are very instructive. But by aiming too high perhaps for a college magazine, it has sometimes, and indeed often, overshot the mark. In trying to have articles that shall be thought able, it has led its contributors often beyond their depth, as they have taken subjects too broad and abstruse for common interest or common abilities. Yet as a general thing the style is simple and unaffected and the thought healthy and strong.

The *Williams Quarterly* partakes but slightly of the character of a college magazine. It commonly contains a few able articles, but seldom any of special interest to students. It has one bad feature, we think, especially for a quarterly, in admitting continued stories. The contributions are very short, while the subjects selected are too broad for so brief a treatment. Too many of the articles have the staidness of our larger periodicals without their ability. An infusion of youthful enthusiasm would make the *Quarterly* much better fitted for circulation among young men.

The *Yale Literary Magazine* is always a welcome visitor. It is different from most of our exchanges in being pervaded with a genuine college feeling. When we read it, we feel that we are reading students' thoughts, and are getting an insight into student life. The articles are generally spicy, and often full of good suggestions as to conduct in College.

The *Amherst Collegiate Magazine* well combines the two qualities of being interesting and instructive. The subjects treated take in a wide range, embracing topics of interest to young men, not only as collegians, but as students of science and letters. This variety is the pleasantest feature of the magazine.

The *Oberlin Students' Monthly* brings out many good pieces, while often it produces many that are very poor. A fault that runs through a large portion of the articles is an utter want of simplicity and clearness. There is an affectation of philosophical style which is very unpleasant, and leads to the darkest obscurity. We take at random one of the many instances of this fault that we marked in reading over the numbers. It can fairly be cut out, for the context throws no light upon it. "To grow BIG may not be the highest use, but it is better to be trying to raise a fresh sprig, though it serve only so grand a purpose as to fan a faint robin, than be forever scraping the bark."

The *North Carolina University Magazine* seems to be a heterogeneous mixture of autobiography, history, and news, and most of the articles on these subjects are supplied by persons not directly connected with the University. One would infer from the name that it was a college magazine, but there is very little in the matter to remind one of this fact. Either the name or the objects of the magazine should be changed, for now they are evidently inconsistent.

The *Kenyon Collegian* (Gambier, Ohio) preserves a high standing among college magazines. It has the good sense, which many want, not to attempt too much. The subjects selected are interesting to students, and are treated with an easy grace that betokens a well-cultivated taste. The notices of books and authors are generally very good, but the criticism in the March number, of the Minister's Wooing, is weak and bigoted, and shows an utter ignorance of Puritan character.

*** The notices of the rest of our Exchanges are unavoidably crowded out, but will appear in the next number.

It gives us pleasure to notice the first book of College Songs that has appeared. The first collection of these must necessarily be meagre and perhaps faulty. But the present compilation is as good as could be expected. Many of the songs are uncouth, but perhaps they will remind us hereafter of college days all the more strongly. We hope the success of this first effort will tempt our musical men to try to elevate the standard of college songs, and add new ones to our rather meagre collection. Single copies. \$ 1.00, or a dozen \$ 8.00, may be had of C. W. Stevens, Cambridge.

THE Editors of the *Harvard Magazine* hereby give notice that any articles that any persons connected with the University may wish to send to the University Quarterly (late Undergraduate) may be sent in to them, and they will take the responsibility of forwarding them to the Quarterly. Copies may be obtained at the University Bookstore.

THE
HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.

MAY, 1860.

No. 54.

The Stephensons
THE STEPHENSONS.

THE year 1832 was noted for the decease of a large number of distinguished men, such as Scott, Cuvier, Goethe, Adam Clarke, and others; but the dead of 1859 number undoubtedly more great names than any that preceded it. It seems hardly possible that the world has lost Brunel, Choate, De Quincey, Hallam, Humboldt, Leigh Hunt, Irving, Macaulay, Metternich, Prescott, and Stephenson, all within a twelvemonth's time. Of all these, no one is more honored and beloved by his countrymen, for a life of practical utility and ready benevolence, than Robert Stephenson. The Stephensons are famous, not perhaps as very great men, but as men who have done their country and the world a great deal of real, substantial good. If George Stephenson is known almost everywhere as the "Parent of the Locomotive," his son Robert is no less distinguished as the "Parent of the English Railway System."

We propose briefly to touch upon the lives of these two men, whose influence, directed in channels for the most part the same, has proved so eminently beneficial to all classes of the community. We believe that there is a great deal in the labors of self-made men, like the Stephensons, which is not only as full of interest as the records of the more nobly born, but is by far more efficient in promoting the chief end of biography,—i. e. furnishing

the man of to-day with condensed experience of yesterday. For most of the facts in the father's life we are indebted to the biography which Samuel Smiles has lately published, — a volume which, it is almost needless here to add, has been received with the warmest commendation in England and America.

George Stephenson was born at Wylam, near Newcastle, on the 9th of June, 1781. His father was a fireman in the colliery, at wages of only twelve shillings a week. George, who was obliged to work hard from his earliest years, at seventeen attained to the station of "plugman," thus distancing his father. He applied himself faithfully to his duties, frequently taking the engine to pieces to acquire a full knowledge of its parts, and early gained the reputation of a thorough workman. He was eighteen before he knew his letters. Though confined at his labor twelve hours out of the twenty-four, he found time for learning to read, and we find him, chosen by his fellow-workmen, at the engine fire dispensing the contents of the few newspapers and books that strayed into the village. Laying aside a part of his weekly wages, he mastered, at a night school, the difficulties of writing and ciphering. He also found time to fall in love, and making use of that perseverance which so distinguishes his whole career, he succeeded, not only in winning a wife, but (what is said sometimes to be much more difficult) in "buying the furniture," which industry and thrift allowed him to do in a respectable though humble manner. Robert was born on the 16th of December, 1803.

He sustained a severe bereavement in the early death of his wife, which occurred in the following year, just after his removal to Killingworth. In 1807-8, his prospects as brakeman were dismal enough. Wages were everywhere low, taxes uncommonly high, and chances of a draft into the militia, or a seizure by the press-gang, altogether too many for a poor man's comfort. Stephenson paid quite a large sum for a substitute, and had almost determined on

emigrating to the United States. He was luckily prevented, just as many are every day prevented from indulging in ruinous speculations, by a lack of money to start with. He applied himself to his work, however, with even more assiduity than before, improving himself in his profession, and studying at leisure moments the principles of mechanics. In 1812 he was appointed engine-wright at Killingworth, with a salary of £100, which enabled him more liberally to carry out a cherished plan of giving his son a good education. It was not long before the investment began to pay a dividend, for George Stephenson frequently acknowledged himself indebted in no small degree to the learning of his son Robert. About this time he invented the "Geordy Safety Lamp." It is on nearly the same principle as the more celebrated "Davy Lamp;" but it has been claimed as an independent and original invention. Without discussing the merits of the two, it may be remarked that the position of Sir Humphrey Davy gave him superior advantages, not only in perfecting his invention, but in bringing it prominently before the public. Lord Ravensworth and prominent gentlemen of Newcastle presented Stephenson with £100 and a silver tankard, as a testimonial for this invention.

But the great mission of George Stephenson's labors was not yet fulfilled. Railroads had been laid down as early as the middle of the seventeenth century, in the mining districts, and attempts had been made from year to year to bring them into more general use; but they were not regarded with much favor. At a later day, attempts were also made to introduce steam as a motive power, but they so regularly and so signally failed that the idea was considered chimerical. Prominent among the inventions which met with the usual early decease were rails with cogs, and teeth to correspond upon the rim of the engine wheel; also a combination of cylinders, cog-wheels, pistons, plugs, and pumps, which weighed six tons,

and which, on being set in motion, refused to make any headway, but spent its whole force in tearing itself to pieces. Stephenson believed the problem could be solved. His whole life's study and practice were bent to the task, and in July, 1814, he put upon the colliery railway at Killingworth the most successful engine that the world had then seen. The machine was clumsy enough, and the want of springs rendered it hardly possible for an ordinary man to endure the three miles of progress which the "Blucher" made an hour. His patient labors were at last rewarded by inventing the "steam blast," which doubled the capacity of the machine; he improved both the engine and the rails, and, in spite of all opposition, the Stockton and Arlington Railway was opened in 1825, furnished with three of his locomotives, which ran from twelve to sixteen miles an hour! England was filled with wonder, and Stephenson was a "made man." He now set up a locomotive manufactory at Newcastle, thus securing the combined work of the best mechanics in that department.

A movement was started to build a railway from Liverpool to Manchester. Stephenson said that it could be done, and that locomotives could be made to run thirty miles an hour! The first scheme many, including not a few distinguished engineers, pronounced impracticable; the latter almost every one set down as a proof of insanity; one of the most energetic supporters of the road-bill in the Parliament hearing frankly telling him, "if he did not moderate his views, and bring his engine within a reasonable speed, he would inevitably damn the whole thing, and he himself be regarded as a maniac fit for Bedlam." The railroad was opposed of course by the proprietors of the L. and M. Canal, and a large majority of citizens credited the expressed opinion of civil engineers, that the whole scheme would end in confusion and ruin. After a defeat in Parliament, a second bill was got through at a cost of

£27,000, and Stephenson was appointed engineer of the road. At that part of the work where prominent scientific men had predicted certain failure, he was completely successful. This was four miles of road over Chat Moss, an immense bog which some supposed to have existed ever since the Deluge. It was quite impossible to fill in a solid embankment, but a substantial floating one answered and still answers perfectly every purpose. This was the busiest part of Stephenson's life. The grand trial of engines on the Liverpool and Manchester road in 1829 will be recollected as one of the most useful, as well as wonderful, races that had ever taken place. The Stephensons built the Rocket, which took the prize of £500, making thirty miles an hour quite easily; a speed which she nearly doubled on a later occasion.

For the next ten years he was more or less connected with the great railway lines which were called for all over England, now that the question of their feasibility had been so successfully answered. It is noticeable that he did not mingle in the extensive speculations which attended the extraordinary creation of stocks. On the contrary, he warned multitudes of the risk they ran in engaging in them,—a risk that was not long in culminating in the downfall of Hudson, the "Railway King." His last years were spent in repose from a busy life, but by no means in idleness. He was working mines which he had purchased, or improving the lands connected with his estate; or assisting young men in the profession to which he had given a new impetus, in fact quite called into being; or communicating with the scientific societies of which he was a member. He died on the 12th of August, 1848, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

Robert Stephenson had a better education than his father, and proved himself an apt scholar. In 1820, in his seventeenth year, he went to the University of Edinburgh, for the six months' session only; yet such was his applica-

tion during this brief time, that he returned with the University prize for mathematics, which well repaid the father for the £80 that had such a worth to him in those days. After spending two years as apprentice to his father, in the Newcastle engine manufactory, he went to South America for the purpose of examining into the state of the gold and silver mines of Columbia. Returning in 1827, he aided his father in constructing and improving his inventions, and by writing able pamphlets on the subject of railways and locomotive power. He introduced several marked improvements in the building of the Rocket in 1829.

Like his father, he was employed as engineer of several important railways, the largest of which was the London and Birmingham which extended one hundred and twelve miles, and was completed in 1838 at a cost of twenty-five millions of dollars, not a cent of which was asked for out of the public treasury. It is said that he walked twenty times over the country between London and Birmingham before he was satisfied with his survey; and the skill and ability with which he carried through the entire undertaking gained him a world-wide reputation. He was often consulted by foreigners; and in one instance was invited by the King of Belgium to visit that country and devise upon the best system of railways to be introduced there. He was rewarded with the Cross of Honor, and was returned to Parliament for Whitby in 1847. The great works of his life were the tubular bridge at Conway, the Britannia bridge over the Menai Strait, and the wonderful work of art at Montreal, Canada, which stretches for two miles over the St. Lawrence. This was but just completed at his death, which occurred on the twelfth day of October last.

The life of George Stephenson does not present credentials of admittance into the circle of what are usually called

"men of genius." It is true that the success of his great invention startled the world as a flash of genius, but it did not startle him. He knew what the result would be, for it was the work of months and years. He did not wish it to be called a triumph of genius, but of perseverance; of no special gift of Nature, but of faithful, unremitting toil. Instead of sneering at Perseverance, as a worn-out expression to which only those of the most moderate ability give ear, Stephenson lived a life which attests the depth of its meaning. No one but a man of the greatest perseverance could have held out against all England as he did. "Make yourselves masters of principles, — persevere, — be industrious," he used to say to his pupils. This advice was not lost on his son Robert, who inherited much of his father's application.

A marked feature in the characters of these two men is the concentration of their powers to the great objects which they proposed to accomplish. Both were constantly busy, yet neither undertook more than one thing at a time. Trevethick was a man of large ability, but he had too little steadiness, and dissipated his powers over so large a field that he really perfected very few inventions. It was a happy circumstance for the Stephensons, that they began early in life to give direction to their efforts, thus gaining the advantage of selecting those studies and experiments which had direct bearing on their occupation. The nature of that occupation was one that drew largely upon accumulated experience, and they were acknowledged to be the most experienced in the world. It would no doubt be better if most of the students in our Colleges should decide before they graduate upon the profession or calling they intend to follow. Not that it is advisable to go into business as soon as possible after leaving College; but we think it no mean advantage to know early in life what direction we may best give our abilities, and what branches of education will best conduce to superiority therein.

The Stephensons were men of the strictest integrity; every one reposed confidence in them. Those who ridiculed George Stephenson's statements of the power of steam yet undeveloped, and the use yet to be made of long lines of iron rails, knew that he was speaking his earnest belief. They might have called him crazy; but they did not think him loose or careless in the account of what he had already done, and what he believed he yet could do. Robert Stephenson in directing public works won the friendship and esteem of every one under him, from the highest to the lowest.

Few men have retained in so remarkable a degree the best qualities of boyhood as these; at all periods of their lives they were proud to be called "boys." It is just such "boys" as these that England delights to boast of; boys who carry about with them the Anglo-Saxon pluck which does not shrink from its work, be it in the hard winter of a Crimean camp, or under a September sun before the walls of Delhi, or in the more quiet walks of peace.

October 4

A COUNTRY SCHOOL.

THE Thanksgiving recess is over, but instead of hastening back to the shelter of College walls, we remain far away from the sound of the Chapel bell, to fulfil an engagement to teach a village school for the winter. Previous to our being invested with authority pedagogical, we are examined, in common with a number of fellow-teachers, by the school committee. This august body is made up of a trio of village magnates, the reputed literati of the town. No shaft of our ridicule shall fall upon them. They proved themselves men of judgment, and are entitled to our sincere commendation; for did they not kindly ask

such questions as we could all answer, taking especial pains not to go beyond the narrow limits of their own attainments? And did they not unhesitatingly pronounce us amply qualified for the important office of village school-master? With their friendly wishes for our success, and the keys of our respective school-rooms in our pockets, we left the presence, and, suitably impressed, we trust, with the weighty responsibility to be assumed on the morrow, composed our minds to sleep. "So slept the great Conde on the eve of the battle of Rocroi; so Alexander the Great slept on the eve of the battle of Arbela; and so they awoke to deeds of immortal renown!" Aurora with rosy fingers oped the gates of day, and an early hour beheld us on our way to the scene of our prospective labors. On the summit of an eminence, no unfitting symbol of the Hill of Learning, exposed to the winds from every point of the compass, stood a modest structure of wood,—our Temple of Science. On one hand, the blue waters of the ocean sparkled in our view, and on the other, the hill descended precipitously into a deep morass, wherein lay a stagnant lake, discharging its dusky waters by a sluggish stream. We called it Styx, but the people who were so unfortunate as to dwell in its vicinity were satisfied with the Anglicized expression,—Black Water. As it was our purpose to conciliate, we entered into no controversy on that point. Wading through the sand of the highway which conducted us to our Temple aforesaid, we passed a group of eager-eyed children, who narrowly scanned the countenance of their new teacher. We applied our key to the weather-beaten door. It creaked on its hinges and we entered, followed by an impetuous crew eager to secure their seats, and manifesting an anxiety to get in, which was afterwards more frequently manifested in a direction quite the reverse.

Upon a dusty desk, which instinct pointed out to us as an appurtenance of the magister, stood a bell, cracked and

worn by hard usage, with a tongue which betrayed a perpetual anxiety to escape from the mouth, whose sallow lips seemed sharpened by long-continued friction. [Here your punning contributor would doubtless stop to draw a parallel between *this venerable bell* and another with an added vowel, but we disdain so ungenerous an act, and continue with our narrative.]

The bell is rung (shall we confess it?) with tremulous hand, and lo! seated in long rows before us is the little community entrusted to our charge. We scan the group. There are forty in all,—an equal number of each sex, and of every age, as we soon learn, from four to seventeen. A rapid glance shows us stalwart, sun-burnt farmers' boys, fresh from the autumn harvest-field, upon whose shoulders of manly breadth the new jacket just from the needle of a careful mother seems awkwardly to sit, merry-eyed, ring-letted girls just budding into womanhood, whose rustic beauty is not impaired by the neat dresses which their own skilful fingers have made, and an uneasy group of flaxen-haired, ruddy-cheeked children of both sexes occupying the small seats in the foreground.

O the preternatural stillness of that first day! O the inquisitive glances of sharp eyes, covertly following every movement of the new master, and the busy brains weighing him in the little balance of their judgment,—a test of character often quite as correct as the matured reason of manhood. As yet roguery lurks in the background, and the Deacon's boy (slyboots) wears for the nonce as grave a visage as his father on communion Sabbath. The first day suffices us to distinguish the strange names and faces, to settle all minor difficulties about seats, procure new books, and arrange the classes. By the third day the organization is complete, and moves on while a vigilant eye and a firm hand are at the helm, not less smoothly, in its humble way, than the complicated machinery of our University itself.

As the novelty wears away, mischief, which has hitherto remained latent, begins to manifest itself. The boys' desks, already hacked by the jackknives of many generations, receive new cuts. Those desks were a study. As the geologist reads the record of past ages in the different strata of the earth, so we fancy a student of human nature might find it not less interesting to trace the history of successive generations of boys, by removing the successive layers of green paint which annually covered the marks of boyish pencils, and furnished a fresh surface for the juvenile artist.

How many schemes of mischief it was our official duty to nip in the bud! How many times were we called upon to admonish urchins, who, true to their Yankee instincts, sought to add to their private fortunes by *swapping jackknives* in school-time! We were not long in discovering that "eternal vigilance," which is said to be the "price of liberty" in the State, is the price of order in the school.

Of all our rogues, we best recall the demure visage of a lad of fourteen, when in danger of punishment for some overt act against the peace of the school. When accused, his air of injured innocence would melt a stoic's heart. He was a bright, good-hearted boy, but with a natural *penchant* for roguery. If accused of whistling in school, he might say with perfect truth, as another boy once said: "I did n't do it, Sir, it whistled itself!" His ingenuity was surprising. Now it manifested itself in adjusting pins to the seat of a standing classmate, an act which acted as a spur to sluggishness, and culminated in an involuntary yell. [Great sensation.] Next he slipped a noose around the sleepy ankle of drowsy Will, which caused that interesting youth, at the call of recess, to measure his length upon the floor. [Renewed sensation.] All the while the arch-conspirator wore on his face an expression of calm seriousness, which would do credit to a politician prating to his honest constituents of virtues with which he is only

acquainted — by *reputation*! What could be done with such a Guy Fawkes, always ready to spring a plot upon us? Let us whisper a secret of the trade. Prevention is better than cure. What harsh punishment could never effect, tact could. The amount of copying which that boy did for his teacher, under the impression (generous fellow!) that he was conferring a great favor, but of no earthly use except to keep him out of mischief, he will never know.

We cannot adorn this truthful narrative by any of those stirring adventures which befell the hero of the Professor's story, who, it will be remembered, on one occasion, like the immortal Heenan, "travelled on his muscle," and defeated the champion of the village rowdies by a "hit straight from the left." Our gymnastic training, with a view to such an emergency, proved quite unnecessary.

What we should have done in case some robustious bully had appeared,

"On mischief bent, with full intent
To lick ye pedagogue,"

must forever remain to us a matter of interesting speculation.

But, after all, *management is better than muscle*, and in most cases all-sufficient. The day for brutal punishments is past. During its continuance, many an unfortunate wight made an ungraceful exit from his school-room in the strong arms of his big boys, — a method of putting a period to pedagogic labors, like the cruelty which provoked it, now happily out of vogue. We give it as a result of our observation, that a real lover of children, quick to perceive their natural inclinations, and, above all, possessed of a genial disposition, will not look upon the teacher's vocation as the mere drudgery it is often called, but find a positive pleasure in it.

A bright child is a shrewd detector of shams, and the greatest of shams in a teacher is a perpetual air of gravity. "The gravest of fishes is an oyster, the gravest of birds is

an owl, the gravest of beasts is an ass, and the *gravest of men is a fool.*" It is true, and young children know it as well as we. We never frowned when there was reason to laugh. Frequent participation in out-of-door sports, and occasional coasting and skating parties, we found excellent aids to school discipline. Make children understand that you applaud and encourage fun and sport, *in their place*, and you have won their hearts.

We referred to skating parties. We shall not attempt to describe one, for two reasons; first, our inability to do justice to the subject; and second, lest even our imperfect description should cause so many students to desert these halls next winter, that our honored University would suffer detriment. We generously forbear.

Let no one suppose that the country schoolmaster meets with no drawbacks to his comfort. Not Job, in the midst of his misfortunes, had need of more patience. The labor is not light. Saxe tells us, in his quaint poem already quoted,

" Well to rule the village school
It is no idle work."

The wearisomeness of constant talking, the monotonous drilling of stupidity, and the incessant watchfulness, tell on the nerves and fret the temper. One must learn to be content with small returns for labor. We shall not acknowledge how long a time our youngest boy, a budding genius of four, found it impossible to make the idea of P and Q coexist in his little head. One day P was uppermost, the next Q held possession and P was *nowhere*. We consoled ourselves under the circumstances by thinking of the day when, safely anchored in the snug harbor of Age, we should read, "with spectacles on nose," of the brilliant Congressional career of the same little boy who stood blundering at our knee. Somebody had to teach Cicero, Shakespeare, and Milton their letters,—the biggest man of all was n't born with the Alphabet,—that's a consolation.

The writing of compositions was one of the prescribed exercises of school. Candor compels us to avow that the standard of literary attainment was not high. A specimen by Clumsy Fingers (rough diamond) with corrections : —

THE HORSE.

The Horse is a very useful animal	Fact.	
he has two ears four legs and a tale	Indeed?	Sp.
horses run jump and galope	True.	Sp.
My father has a horse, we calls him pomp	Good.	G.
he is a black horse and will run fast	Ahh?	
good horses is wuth money and will bring	L.	
all they will fetch etc. etc.	What does this mean?	

The correction of a score of similar productions was an agreeable relaxation (!) for leisure hours.

Our Reading classes were a delight. How the little, old room used to echo! Mistakes did occur sometimes. We recall a drowsy December afternoon. Our first class were reading Patrick Henry's fiery speech. Patriotism ran low. After an energetic outburst on our part, upon the sentence, "It is in vain, Sir, to cope with so formidable an adversary," an awkward young Hercules on the back row rose to attempt the same. With the nasal twang of a Puritan chorister, he delivered himself in this wise: "It is in vain, Sir, to *corp* with so formidable an *anniversary*," and sat down covered with glory and blushes. A prim little maiden was reading along trippingly, as girls will, of the adventures of Robert the Sailor. "Robert was very spry and climbed the mast like a monkey," is the language of the author. But the unconscious reader, by the trifling substitution of a *d* for an *m* in the last word, suggested an image which upset the gravity of teacher and pupils alike. We must admit that whenever, as frequently happened, there arose an "irrepressible conflict" between our professional

dignity and our inclination to laugh, the latter always carried the day. No harm done, however, for that is a poor kind of dignity which is compromised by a laugh in season. The pictures in the Primer sometimes led to ludicrous mistakes. We have little doubt but Billy McCrate still pronounces k-i-t-t-e-n, *Cat*, as he always persisted in doing.

As in most small schools in the country, reading, writing, and the other "common branches," were the leading objects of attention. But we ventured to introduce an "*extra*." Boys and girls alike "spoke pieces" before the school, which had been previously approved and rehearsed. Even our youngest, a young lady of about four, entertained us with a piece, commencing as near as we can remember,

"I hath a thithter thix thears ole,
Wib bight boo eyes and thunny har."

Pretty little lady! Sometimes in the long afternoons the drowsy head would settle upon the desk and sink into the sweet sleep of infancy. Won't she thank us some day that we did n't disturb her, but "let her sleep on."

We have not spoken of the fair occupants of the large seats on the girls' side. Merry-hearted, unsophisticated country-girls! Several of them had reached the charming age of "sweet sixteen," and sometimes, methought, directed towards their masculine playmates "the bashful virgin's sidelong glance of love."

They are entering the age of sentiment,—read the love-stories of the magazines at recess. Their minds often wander from the dull book before them to the singing-school last eve, and the walk homewards with the youth whose initials they have idly scribbled on the margin of the page.

They were good girls! To our uncultured ear, their fresh, young voices in our daily songs were sweeter than the richest notes of a prima donna. One of that laughing group we shall never meet again,—the violets of May are blooming on her grave.

Examination day comes at last. Examination,—a notable event in the little district! For months we have trudged through drifting snows and driving rain up the sandy hill-side. Now we make the ascent for the last time. The scholars, acting as a committee of the whole, have given the little room a thorough purification. Chairs are brought from the neighboring dwellings until all the available space is occupied. The room is early crowded. On the platform sits the committee, flanked by the magistrates of the district. Each in his best, the children appear before the admiring eyes of their parents. The village matrons divide their attention between the inevitable knitting-work and the blooming faces before them. Class by class passes in review. The boys, mindful of the maternal admonition to “speak up like a minister,” sound their loudest notes. Writing-books, whose white pages have been blotted in the crude experiments at chirography of untrained fingers, are passed from hand to hand. It is growing late when the exercises are over. The committee detain the weary company with a few “remarks,” and with a few parting words visitors and scholars are dismissed. The elder pupils linger to shake hands with the teacher, the key is turned in the rusty lock, and we leave the Temple of Science behind us as the sun goes down.

We fear that what was very interesting in itself, has proved but tedious in the recital. We will modestly trust, however, that our attempt has not been wholly unsuccessful, to show that there may be much present enjoyment, and abundant food for agreeable recollection, even in the humble business of teaching A Country School.

CONSISTENCY.

THERE is no trait of character so often held up to admiration, nor one the want of which is so certainly and quickly noticed, as this of consistency. We are continually holding up to our neighbors the mirrors of their former selves, and if a single feature is changed, or an expression varied, we immediately prefer against them the awful charge of inconsistency. And oftentimes the delusion is practised on one's self, and if we are tempted to take a new step, or harbor a new thought, the ghost of our former self arises, and frightens away all our new aspirations, and we go away thanking our stars that we have one virtue left, that we are consistent. A politician favors a certain party one year, and when he sees the idea that gave birth to the party die out, he resolves to vote at the next election with another party. But his former confederates goad him with the charge of inconsistency, and his weak resolution soon submits to be yoked again to the former party, and he dies in the same harness, a consistent *Whig*.

We see the same fact in all walks of life. Consistency is falsely comprehended and falsely worshipped. It is thought to require that a man's life should be always guided by the same principles,—should always follow in the same beaten track. It requires, men think, that we should be to-day the same as yesterday, and to-morrow as we are to-day.

Now many evils follow from this mistaken idea of consistency. It is almost a necessity, from the fact that our lives are a continuous series of events, that, if such consistency is our aim, this series will be little more than a monotonous repetition of unvaried acts. For each man unconsciously considers each act in relation to the preceding one, and if he thinks that consistency forbids any

change in the mode of acting, there will be no chance of progress for him. I have seen men—do we not see them, indeed, every day—work out a certain theory, and then find it so stubborn when they try to put it in practice that they would immediately be led to question the theory, if they did not have such a strong faith in consistency of conduct. And we see them sometimes to the end of their days dragging along a wretched existence, in order to live consistently with a theory hastily formed in their youth. They have not dared to look back and examine anew their theory, for that would be inconsistent. Thus many are afraid to change for the better, because such a course would be inconsistent with their previous conduct.

This fact, though strange, is not unaccountable. Men see only isolated acts in our lives, not the inward principles that govern these acts. And since the same principle manifests itself variously, according to the circumstances under which it operates, men often wrongly attribute different and perhaps inconsistent motives to actions differing only externally and in appearance. This is what makes the charge of inconsistency so common and so easy always to be brought up against an opponent. It is this kind of consistency that makes bigots in religion, fogies in politics, and narrow-minded men in all walks of life. Many a so-called conservatist is but one of these consistent men in disguise.

But enough for the false idea of consistency and its consequences. Let us look for a moment at the true idea, and its legitimate workings. Consistency does not require that one part of a man's life should be consistent with a previous part, but only that the man should be *consistent with himself at any one time*. It requires that his countenance should not belie his character, nor his actions his professions. If a man avows certain principles, it requires him to live up to them. A consistent man cannot hold two contradictory opinions at once; he may be in doubt between two opinions, but he

must not give his consent to both. Finally, in a consistent man conviction and conduct will be in harmony. This is a very different picture from that which I have drawn of one who believes that consistency requires him to act always on the same principles. Before, we saw a bigoted conservatist; now we behold a character with no jarring elements, but all united in a perfect whole.

Such consistency is not an easy virtue; it is perhaps the most difficult to practise, but most beneficent, when faithfully carried out. It would disenchant many a favorite plan which we like to harbor in the mind, but whose folly is seen when we attempt to put it in practice. It would undermine many a theory of metaphysics which contradicts experience. It would rid the world of many a dogma of religion which looks very fair as theory, but would shock the feelings if adopted in common life. In fine, such consistency would purify politics, exalt literature, and introduce a new element of harmony into our too discordant lives.

THE THANK-OFFERING.

A HINDOO LEGEND.

"In thanks for the goods vouchsafed to me,
A thousand fruits of the mango-tree,
God of the Ganges, I vow to thee."

As into the river the servant train
Pour baskets of fruits again and again,
A poor man, weary, comes over the plain.

"Give me one of your fruits, I pray:
I've travelled a long and toilsome way,
With scanty fare for many a day."

The servants refused. His pains increased ;
 With daring hand he a mango seized ;—
 Wretch ! thou hast the god displeased.

But late at night as the rich man slept,
 A stately form to his bedside stepped ;
 A chill of fear o'er the sleeper crept.

The river-god spoke with voice divine,
 " Son, of that thousand fruits of thine,
I lack nine hundred and ninety-nine."

Ah ! would that Christians who sit at ease,
 And think to pay God with tithes and fees,
 Might learn that it is not gifts like these,

But what we do for the poor on earth,
 Dwelling among us in pain and dearth,
 That gives to our heavenly treasures worth.

"DUTY," "PLEASURE," AND SONG.

I don't understand it. Excuse me, dear reader, I believe you have not been told what I was thinking about. Well, I will tell you. I was thinking how strange it was that so few people seem to know how to live ; and then, I said that I did n't understand it.

Now, I beg you not to think that I am going to fill three or four pages of the " Harvard " with " heavy matter,"—some choice philosophical reflections, or imaginary dreams of human life in the abstract ; for that is a subject in which none of us feel the slightest interest, although from the pressure of circumstances we are obliged to have something to do with it in the world. No ! I was only thinking what strange ideas some people have of the object of life ; how

differently, and oftentimes how foolishly, men regard the necessity which they find themselves under of spending a life on the earth. (I call it a necessity, because it is popularly considered impolite to obviate the necessity by any of those quiet, though dangerous expedients, such as hanging, poisoning, and shooting.)

We need not go far to learn that there are two prevailing views as to the question, What is the best kind of life? One class of persons look only at the labor, the cares, and the responsibilities of life, and think and talk so much about the duty of faithful working, that at last they have come to consider it their *only duty*, and consequently have given to the vocations of life the technical name of *duties*. Among them belong those men of business who cannot hear a lecture mentioned at an evening party, without making a rough estimate of the probable net proceeds of the operation, and who interrupt every warm expression of admiration for works of Poetry or Art by the blank interrogatory, "After all, what is it worth?" In this class, too, belong those undergraduates who talk about Latin exercises at dinner, and expatiate to impatient friends, at home and in company, about "our men," a "great mathematical genius," and "the first half."

The other class of persons take a different view of the subject, and a manifestly different effect on their conduct is the result. They do not believe in work, either as a duty or a pleasure, but regard all the labor that comes to their hands as a necessary evil. Their lives, if they might be allowed to choose, should be purely of enjoyment, and no care should mar the unceasing summer of their delight. Venus, Bacchus, and Ceres are gods in plenty, and of the right sort for them; Thalia, Terpsichore, and Melpomene are better friends of theirs than Calliope and Clio. The right life, say they, is a life of *pleasure*, though the particular pleasures which constitute it are of the most dangerous kind both for body and mind, enfeebling and wasting both.

But here again we have fallen upon a word of illegitimate origin, the unnatural offspring of an evil fashion. Those persons who give way to their impulses, and choose, as the best possible lot, a life of idleness, fear to give it so harsh a name, and so call it one of pleasure. But both they, and the other class of persons who live to work, have made two egregious mistakes. They have mistaken the object of life, and then applied wrong names to the peculiar kinds of lives which they have chosen as best for themselves.

Labor is not a greater duty than enjoyment; and idleness is no more a pleasure than is toil. The great beauty of our nature lies just here. We are endowed with capacities for the greatest labors, and at the same time for the greatest enjoyment.

This brings me to my main idea, which I intend not to enforce, but only to illustrate.

We hear enough about the *duty* and pleasure of *labor*, as well as of its necessity; and so I shall not say anything about it. But the duty and necessity of *pleasure* is not so often a subject of comment, and this I have chosen to write about to-day. It surely is not because of its unimportance that this subject is so seldom treated among us; nor indeed because of its familiarity and simplicity, for real enjoyment is something not so common, if we can trust report; and it cannot be very simple, when, as has been already seen, those who make it the business of life, and claim to know best what it is, have only found a miserable substitute in those pleasures which in the end prove fatal to both soul and body.

I think that it will be easy to illustrate the nature of true enjoyment, as well as the duty and necessity of its cultivation, by the figure of the Song of Life.

Don't you remember that verse of Kingsley's farewell to his daughter, so full of deep and earnest meaning?

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream thee all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand sweet song."

To every man God has given a mind for labor and a heart for song. The dignity of human nature lies not, as some would have us believe, in the possession of an Olympian intellect, but rather, as a better revelation has shown, in the beautiful and wondrous *wedlock* of thought and love, blending their strange lights in the radiant image of the Creator, which shines reflected in the soul of man.

Yet there are some persons who tell us, with long and sad faces, that life is too short to waste; that we were sent into "the vineyard" to labor; that we must work while it is day, for the night comes when no man can work.

They forget, poor souls, that their Maker knows better than they what he made them for; and do not see that he is trying all the time to show them their mistake. They do not see, when the robin comes in the early morning of Spring, and sits opposite their window on the budding apple-tree, bathed all over in the glory of dawn, and sings his matin hymn to the rising sun, that God has sent him to sing them a lesson for the day. When from his swelling throat he begins to pour the low strains of prelude, coy and fitful, to invite a listener, and then rising clear and warbling his joyous carol gushes forth, and clearer, louder rings up to the sky in wild, tempestuous waves of melody, then varying sinks and rises like the winds, now flowing sadly in low, weird strains of pathos, and now rising again and struggling upward to the height of its great gladness, while the richly rolling measures burst forth tumultuous, as if that little feathery body were the sole portal of the realms of song,—they listen, smile, and go away no wiser.

Yet they are right; labor is a duty and a part of our destiny on earth. Labor is noble; and such is its nature, that it becomes a greater pleasure the more it is indulged, and reacts on the health and comfort of the whole man. But toil is self-destructive in its nature, and if made for toil alone, man would be but a pitiable, short-lived creature at best.

The birds, having finished their morning hymns, apply themselves to nest-building, to brooding or tending their young; but all through the day, an occasional song will ring through the woods, or a welcome cry arise, as the father pursues his search for food, and returns with it to his waiting mate.

Half of every person's life should be given to song. By song I here mean all that heart-life, all that yielding to the enjoyment of the warmer impulses of the soul, which refreshes the weary and labor-worn mind, and, what is of higher and more enduring profit, reveals the soul's capacity for enjoying what is best and purest.

The power of seeing and enjoying that in Nature which lifts the mind above itself to the realization of a wisdom and beauty not human, and of appreciating the good and forgetting the bad in the characters of those around us, needs to be carefully cultivated by those who would live the complete life for which they are endowed, — who would sing the song as well as do the work of life. Then, at last, when the unsatisfied but awakened soul begins to raise its hands toward heaven for that final and supreme delight of which it is capable and for which it yearns, it shall drink of the waters, till then not understood nor valued, which flow for all men in the revealed truth of God.

It is easy to see why all this may be called the song of life. When the STUDY of nature, of man and revelation ceases, then the ENJOYMENT of them begins. We must first read the notes, and then sing the melody. If there can be a chorus, all the better; there is nothing more delightful, and little more profitable, than singing as I have described in company; then every new thought, warm impulse, and noble purpose can be shared with another mind, and not locked up in eternal cold within a single breast. Friendship means nothing but this; and if I understand it, it means just this.

These two offices of our being are regarded noble in themselves, but never so noble as when united and relieving each other by contrast. Labor is never so beautiful as when accompanied by song, and song becomes a mockery when wholly separated from labor. The laborer, weary with the toil of hand or brain, seeks his home at evening singing as he goes; the wife sits in the cottage window, sewing in the twilight, or churns at the open door at day-break, and the music of her song sheds sunlight through the house; both prove the beauty and value of song when associated with labor, while the ribald, rhymed mockery that rises from a crowd of thieving truants shows how much it depends on such association for its dignity. Not only does labor honor song, but song in turn makes labor light and beautiful.

The sunburned old man swings his shining scythe again and again through the green grass with measured, weary stroke, while the July sun pours down on his bent form, and all the air is heavy with the breath of summer and the drying hay. But hark! a broken tune escapes his lips, and "I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger," turns the hot meadow into "the garden of the Lord," and you feel constrained to say "the angels are the reapers," but change the sentence to another, "a man of God at work and at song."

These are examples of song and labor, properly so called, but they need only to be interpreted in the wide sense of life-labor and life-enjoyment to bear with their whole force on the argument. The delight, the refreshment, the cheer, which noble longings, earnest thoughts, and holy contemplations furnish to the weary mind, are like the soothing strains of music on the ear.

But I have not forgotten that I am in College and not in the field. I am supposing that all who are here in College are so using their minds as to be said to be hard at work. May it be the truth for our own sakes. Suppos-

ing this, I am now urging the College to song. There is evidently room for improvement among us in respect to work, though this College will doubtless bear favorable comparison with similar institutions in the country in this point; but it is certain that, as a College, we are lacking in our attention to what I have endeavored to describe as the song of life. We have few literary societies where we may assemble to draw out each other's minds, get glimpses at each other's hearts, and exchange pleasant courtesies together. There is too much coldness, too little earnestness in religion, in amusements, in friendship, in social intercourse, in anything but study, at Harvard. All the merriment of life, the earnestness of action and enjoyment ought not to be left to those who do not work. What is more repulsive and dishonorable than a cold, unsocial scholar. Why is it a fact that this College can claim only a half score of original songs, while Yale has published two small volumes of songs written within her walls? The men of Yale respect our scholarship; let them see our heart.

It is pleasant to see that a book of College songs has appeared here; been welcomed by all, and already been the cause of inciting some of our classes to take up the long idle pen of the song-writer. May the Sophomores and Freshmen bring in their offerings to the musical genius of Alma Mater, and this prove the morning of a better day among us. Let spirited and original songs be written for all periods, of College life, either to some new tune, or, which is as well, to an old and familiar one; let us begin to sing as well as work in College, and that, too, with our own and appropriate songs; and doing thus, may we imbibe the spirit of song in its broadest sense, that our labor may appear more beautiful and more useful, and Old Harvard become a nursery of noble hearts as well as noble minds!

J. J. 1861

SNEAKS AND RADICALS.

THESE two classes of people form the opposite poles of Humanity. They are, respectively, the rear and the van of the army of civilization. Watching the advance of the great host, we see, first, some bold, venturous, ardent spirits that, eager for the fray and scenting the battle from afar, are a long day's march in front of their fellows. Right up to the cannon's mouth they charge; and there they have planted their own glorious banners before the main body of the army is in sight. Others, too, are in the van, the sturdy workers, the sappers and miners, that hew down the palisades, and fill up the ditches, and bridge the rivers, to make the road an easy one for their tardier brethren. But far behind the main battalions, skulking among the baggage-wagons, "hiding among the stuff," slink along the camp followers, ministers to the base passions of the soldiery, whose advancing bugles sound before them. Yet, when the struggle is over, the fortress taken, or the battle won, the foremost in the vile work of plunder, the most eager in stifling the moans of the wounded and stripping the slain, are these same sluggards and cowards.

These two sets of men represent, the latter the Sneaks, the former the Radicals of society. They do not, however, always muster under these names. O no! Your Sneak has many aliases. If you want to gratify his vanity, call him what his soul delighteth in, Conservative. This name, however, is usually applied to a certain hermaphroditic class in the community, who, perhaps, do not deserve the name of Sneak. This is made up of fat and plethoric old gentlemen who have much goods laid up for them in this world, and, done with using their brains, chiefly cultivate—excuse the word—their bellies. "They toil not, neither do they spin, yet even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Such men eat too much to have any

religion to speak of, read the largest—which is also the stupidest—of the Boston dailies regularly, and have hitherto voted,—the law being very lax in regard to the intelligence required in a voter,—as might have been expected, with the party lately dismembered at Charleston. Upon the whole, they are, except in the matter of voting, inoffensive beings, and form another proof of the goodness of Providence.

The Sneak proper may be divided into three classes, Literary, Religious, and Political. Now, it would be impossible to do justice to these latter classes without giving offence in some quarters. *Experto crede.* Let us take warning by the fate of the hapless wights that wrote in the March number. So we shall speak of the Literary Sneak. The chief variety of this noxious animal calls himself a Reviewer, purloining a name that belongs to his betters. Harpy-like, the human vulture pounces on the works of some young poet, perhaps just listening to, and childlike repeating, the song of the holy muse. With what unerring accuracy our reviewer counts the syllables of every line!—Sirrah, how dare you put eight syllables and a half in an octosyllabic verse? If there is a false rhyme, he scents it out, and holds it up for execration. Does the fancy of the young dreamer take perchance a lofty flight, with what coarse ribaldry and pelting of clumsy satire, does our caviller straightway curb his soaring! For examples of this style of profane scoffing, read Croker's review of Tennyson, or the same individual on Keats. Some of the most perfect pictures of the former sweet singer and his most felicitous lines are selected for fault-finding. As for Croker's libel on the *Endymion*, it is ascribing too great power to his brutality to suppose that the criticism, as it is often said, actually caused the death of Keats. No: "that fiery particle" was not "snuffed out by an article." Keats was death-bound before Croker's attempt at literary butchery.

To define the Literary Sneak ; he is a man who is too idle or too inefficient to betake himself to honest labor and write from his own head, and so preys upon the works of others more active or more gifted. No doubt reviewing must be done. But it may be done fairly and truthfully. We do not blame the Sneak for harsh censure, but for harsh censure of the wrong things. Byron's *Hours of Idleness*, for instance, richly deserved a sharp castigation ; and when Brougham applied the scourge, he did it no less justly than vigorously. Treat twaddle as it deserves. But, my dear critic, do not treat twaddle and Tennyson alike.

We have left little room to speak of Radicals. It may be, that they are censurable in the fact of being too rash, too eager in the onset. It is a noble fault. With such herds of worn-out and effete organisms, in our unhappy time, called patriots, politicians, party editors, it is truly refreshing to find a man that thinks and talks of something besides his own bread and butter, the inestimable rights of property, the perpetuity of this glorious Union. Thank God for such spirits as Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, and William Lloyd Garrison ! If they are wrong, — we do not say they are, — they teach us a noble lesson. They tell us, in these latter days, by their hero-lives, that there is something better in this world than money-getting, a higher law than that which regulates the chaffering at the counter or on the auction-block, a more noble aim than the nomination by a party or the presidency of a nation, a better religion than that which justifies the selling of men like the selling of sheep and babbles incoherently of Canaan and of Paul and Onesimus, a God of a purer justice than that which sanctifies negro servitude.

We have not room to develop our idea of the true radical. The three whose names we have mentioned approach the perfect ideal as near as it can be in this age and generation.

1861
THEN AND NOW.

“ When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks ;
 When great leaves fall, then Winter is at hand ;
 When the Sun sets, who doth not look for Night ?
 Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.”

WHATEVER is said of the future we are safe to let alone, because it may be true. But whoever misrepresents the past, leaves himself to the mercy of those who have had experience as well as he. Although we suppose Bulwer to have eyes and sense, yet when he compares the past with the present, in this language, “ Ages pass, and leave the poor herd, the mass of men, eternally the same,— hewers of wood and drawers of water,” we are tempted to examine the facts for ourselves, and see if we cannot make out a case more acceptable to those who claim that the mind is capable of originating thought.

When, in the beginning, God had created the earth, and separated the light from the darkness, and caused the dry land to appear and yield her fruit, and set in the firmament the greater and the lesser lights, and created the living creatures of the water and the air, He made a man, the crowning work of the creation, both in order and in excellence. And He commanded him to replenish and subdue the earth, and have dominion over every living thing that moveth upon it. Would God have given this command to beings incapable of executing it? Or can we suppose that the first representatives of the human race were prepared to accomplish it immediately? The earth was not altogether subdued, certainly, before steam and electricity were made to do man's will. Nor can we suppose that the work is completed yet.

Although Adam was created a man in physical perfection and in capacity of understanding, yet in experience he was but a child. He had a world to subdue, but, as yet, could not safely meet its wild animals.

The Arts and Sciences were then hidden in God and in Nature. But the key which was designed to open the door to the hidden and mysterious things of the universe, was the intelligence of man. And as the centuries have passed by, and men have multiplied and spread over the earth, discovery has followed discovery, now a law has been traced in nature and now a principle discovered in a science, so that each generation has made some slight advance towards subduing the world. The first of our race understood nothing of any of the natural operations, and looked upon them only with wonder and admiration. They saw the running brooks, and could not tell why the water moved; they beheld the lightning, and knew neither its nature nor its cause: they looked upon the rising and setting Sun, and had no idea of its great magnitude and distance. Yet they grappled with the unknown and unsubdued, each generation adding some truths to those they had received, till now even the growth of the plants is explained, the lightning is made to serve the purposes of men, and the Sun and Moon have been measured and weighed.

Yet some poor misanthropes take up, with Bulwer, the complaint that the world is making no progress, that men are neither better nor wiser than they were a thousand years ago. They do not, however, leave their own rash charge entirely unsupported. They find such remains of ancient art in various parts of Egypt as seem real prodigies to our most skilful artizans. Speaking of this, Champollion expresses his admiration in these terms: "I shall take care not to attempt to describe anything; for either my description would not express a thousandth part of what ought to be said, or if I drew a faint sketch, I should be taken for an enthusiast, or perhaps for a madman. It will suffice to add, that no people, either ancient or modern, ever conceived the art of architecture on so sublime and so grand a scale as the ancient Egyptians. Their conceptions were those of men a hundred feet high; and the imagination, which in

Europe rises far above our porticoes, sinks abashed at the foot of the hundred and forty columns of the hypostyle hall at Karnac."

The Egyptian pyramids are wonderful monuments of the power of the men of earlier years. Of these, the most remarkable are those of Djizeh, Sakhara, and Dashour. The dimensions of the largest, as given by Herodotus, are eight hundred feet high, and eight hundred feet the length of each side of the base. In the centre of this pyramid is a chamber hewn out of the solid rock, forty-six feet long, sixteen feet wide, and twenty-three feet high.

How such enormous rocks were ever brought together and piled to that imposing height, by human hands, is the wonder of the world. In the twelfth century a foolish attempt was made to throw down the pyramids. With this purpose, a great number of laborers, with their officers, were sent to one with orders to tear it to pieces. To execute this command, they encamped on the adjoining ground and exerted their utmost power for eight whole months. But their most strenuous endeavors could not remove more than one or two stones a day. At length the attempt was abandoned as hopeless, since that single pyramid seemed to be less easily shaken than the monarch's kingdom.

Herculaneum and Pompeii, which were buried in A. D. 79, by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, but which have now been partially uncovered, furnish, with Egypt, specimens of the arts of architecture, statuary, and painting, which still delight the eye of the scientific traveller.

But if we admit the superiority of those former times, in respect to these particular fine arts, we do not therefore admit the superiority of that age to the present in practical wisdom or in virtue. The *mass of the people* of that time were far more ignorant and degraded than they are now. This is the natural result of such forms of government and such systems of religious belief as they had then. The people were so superstitious and ignorant, selfish and cruel,

that they overlooked the necessities of the poor, the deaf, the blind, and the orphans. But all of these classes are now provided for in New England better than robust laborers provided for themselves then. Surely this is more to the praise of the age and the country than all the wonders of Egypt.

Christianity has enlightened and enriched the world since Egyptian slaves built the pyramids. Women have been raised out of degradation and servitude to a position of respect and honor. And with this advance in morality and general education, the sciences also have been rapidly progressing.

Ancient astronomers held theories which seem almost ridiculous to the masters of the science now. Were an astronomer who first viewed the stars from the avenues of the Pyramids, to look at Saturn now through Lord Rosse's telescope, it is doubtful whether he would recognize even that strongly-marked planet. There seems to be no ground of reason on which any one can say that Astronomy has not made great advancement within the last thousand years. Indeed, we may almost say, that what is now known in the science, has been discovered in that time. And with the progress of Astronomy other things have advanced which benefit more the common class of people: and very naturally too, for, according to Cicero, "The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs."

The invention of practical instruments and machines which lighten the burdens of the laboring class, are of the greatest importance and value, and contribute most to elevate the character and promote the happiness of the human family. "It has been asked, which are the greatest minds, and to which do we owe the greatest reverence? To those who, by the powerful deductions of their reason, and the well-grounded suggestions of analogy, have made profound

discoveries in the sciences, as it were *a priori*; or to those who, by the patient road of experiment, and the subsequent improvement of instruments, have brought these discoveries to perfection, as it were *a posteriori*? Who have rendered that certain which before was only conjectural, practical which was problematical, safe which was dangerous, and subservient which was unmanageable? It would seem that the first class demand our *admiration*, and the second our *gratitude*. Seneca predicted another hemisphere, but Columbus presented us with it." The admiration and gratitude, too, belong to men of late years rather than to those of ancient times. But if our age can claim one more than the other, it is *gratitude*. What are all the pyramids, the buildings, the statues, and the paintings of Egypt, to the steamboat, the railroad, the telegraph, the sewing-machine, and the various forms of horse-powers? What slavery is to freedom, ignorance to knowledge, vice to virtue, and superstition to Christianity, that is the Past to the Present.

WHAT IS POETRY?

CAN you tell me what Poetry is? I once heard it defined as "the æsthetic expression of an æsthetic idea." Does that satisfy you? Of course not; and why? Because there is no such thing as Poetry in the abstract, as something which may be defined. If you wish proof of this, consult the definitions given in the two great Dictionaries. Are they satisfactory? We all know what are the conventionally accepted characteristics of Poetry,—rhyme and metre, and a choice of beautiful words. But do these constitute Poetry? Far from it. The rhymes may be perfect, the metre exact to a syllable, the language faultless, and yet there be no Poetry. What we call Poetry we call so because we like it. That

which is Poetry to me, my next-door neighbor may sneer at as arrant nonsense; and what he delights in, I may heartily despise.

This is not because our ears are so differently constituted that what is a jangling rhyme to me is a smooth and sweet one to him, or because our judgments so vary that I shall approve a word which he considers vulgar or inharmonious, but because our feelings are differently moved by the sentiments presented to us by the words and rhymes.

Did it ever occur to you that all true Poetry is allegorical? It seems so to me. When I read a true poem — pathetic or humorous, it matters not — I am not merely moved by the sorrow or enlivened by the joy, charmed by the language or pleased by the rhythm. There is something more than these. Be the poem what it may, as I read the characters of the story vanish, the words on the page before me grow dim and misty, the rhythm sounds only like some sweet melody heard far off in the distance, but out of the dimness rises before me the *thought*, clear, distinct, tangible.

This thought may not be the poet's own. It may be only mine reflected from the surface of his conceptions, as the mountain traveller sometimes sees his own image reflected in gigantic proportions upon the clouds opposite him. The poet may have written from love to his art or from love to dollars, his sentiment may be genuine or hypocritical, his story probable or improbable; but if there is anything in his verses which will gain my heart, it will be because I find in them the symbol of a Truth to which my mind gives ready assent. It is not necessarily new to me. I may have been conscious of it again and again. It may even have become trite through familiarity. But as it comes to me now, it has a power, a life in it, which I have never seen in it before, and I receive it almost as a new revelation.

It seems to me that it is just in this fact, that we may thus separate the idea and lesson from the language and

expression, that we find the secret of the power of Poetry. A truth, when stated in simple prose, is a bald abstraction, a mere idea; when clothed in poetry, it is a living reality. We cannot sing a mathematical demonstration, for it needs the definition, the limitation which the prosaic statement will give; we cannot put Liberty into a formula to be learned, but we can chant the Marseillaise, and before every one's eyes will rise the great idea, real, though undefinable.

It is an old and oft-quoted saying, "Let me but write a nation's ballads, and I care not who make its laws," — but it contains sound philosophy. The laws are but formulas; they have no hold on the popular heart. A single breath may destroy all their power. But the ballads and patriotic songs have power which time nor distance, nor all the forces of tyranny, can break. And this is not because of their merit as literary productions, or of the pleasure which they afford the ear, but because they symbolize principles.

And so in that kindred branch of Poetry, our Christian hymnology. Every one knows the magic power of the songs of praise. Try those very songs by the cold standards of literary criticism, and how do we find the great majority of them? Full of blemishes, — infelicitous rhymes, harsh metaphors, and violations of grammar. But the Christian looks not at these when his heart is full of the Spirit of God. The words and phrases are only the accidentals, and not the essence.

Or if we go still higher, to the very fountain-head, the Word of God, even here, — and let me say it in the deepest feeling of reverence, — while we find some of the most perfect poetical writing, we also find similes and comparisons, which, were they to be introduced into a modern poem, would be called strained and unnatural, and which a writer careful of his reputation would shrink from using. And yet we never think of the language when we read in the true spirit.

In fact, the very occurrence of these, which might be

called faults, is evidence to me of the intensity of feeling which moved the writers. By the converse of what I have been saying, it would seem that they realized that the mind would the more readily receive a truth or sympathize with an emotion, if presented in a poetic form, even though that form might be rude and unfinished. Alas for that man who goes through the Bible with the measuring-tape of criticism, and that only. I pity him who reads the fifty-first Psalm — that monumental psalm, that great outcry of our human sin and sorrow — and stops at the fifth verse to quarrel about a dogma with his brother, with whom instead he should mingle his tears, and to whom the fact of our human helplessness is as real and as terrible as to him.

If the view of the character of Poetry which I have very imperfectly expressed is the true one, does it not seem to you that a reform is needed in our popular criticism? Does there not appear to be a tendency to exalt manner over matter?

Critics are not satisfied unless a poem contains some novel conceits. Simplicity goes for nothing now-a-days. As a consequence, much that is written and printed for poetry does not deserve the name. How the critics can be led to forget, in part at least, the rules of prosody, and to enter more closely into sympathy with the mind and heart of the people, is the question that awaits solution, and upon which, it seems to me, depends all hope for true Poetry, especially among us here in America. We are a practical people. Our hearts are far too little cultivated. A true Poetry would supply what is lacking; but how shall we obtain that?

COLLEGE RECORD.

ORDER OF PERFORMANCES FOR EXHIBITION, TUESDAY, MAY 1, 1860.

1. A Latin Oration. "De Viris Illustribus qui nuper mortui sunt." William Channing Gannett, Boston.
2. A Disquisition. "Mathematical Discovery of Unseen Heavenly Bodies." Charles Appleton Phillips, Salem.
3. An English Version. From the Romaic of Spyridon Tricoupea. Frank Warren Hackett, Portsmouth, N. H.
4. A Disquisition. "Graham of Claverhouse." John Torrey Morse, Boston.
5. A Dissertation. "The French Philosophers of the Eighteenth Century." Henry Freeman Allen, Boston.
6. A Disquisition. "The Varangians." James Haughton, Brookline.
7. A Latin Version. From Webster's Address on Laying the Corner-Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument. David Francis Lincoln, Brookline.
8. A Dialogue in Modern Greek. From Molière's "Malade Imaginaire." Herbert Sleeper, Roxbury; William Franklin Snow, Honolulu, H. I.
9. A Dissertation. "The New Crusade against the Moors." Lewis William Tappan, Boston.
10. A Disquisition. "John Robinson." Charles Alfred Humphreys, Dorchester.
11. A Latin Version. From Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." Scollay Parker, Boston.
12. A Disquisition. "Intellectual Characteristics of the Jewish Race." James Bryant Walker, Cincinnati, O.
13. An English Version. From the Apology for Socrates. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Boston.
- *14. A Greek Version. John Ritchie, Boston.
15. An Oration. "The Use and Abuse of Satire." George Gill Wheelock, Cambridge.
16. A Disquisition. "Philanthropy and Reform as Professions." William Gardner Colburn, Manchester, N. H.
17. An English Version. From Sallust's "Conspiracy of Catiline." James Putnam Walker, Bangor, Me.
18. A Latin Dialogue. From "The Two Buzzards." James Edward Wright, Boston; Samuel Dunn Phillips, Boston.
19. A Disquisition. "Virgil and Gray." Hersey Goodwin Palfrey, Belfast, Me.
20. A Dissertation. "The Three Napiers." Thomas Bayley Fox, Dorchester.
21. An English Version. From Berryer's Defence of Count Montalembert. Charles Christie Salter, Portsmouth, N. H.
22. A Greek Version. From Burke in the Impeachment of Hastings. Stephen Goodhue Emerson, Chelsea.
23. A Dissertation. "William Tyndale." William Eliot Furness. Philadelphia, Pa.
24. An Oration. "Imagination as an Ally of Thought." Julius Sedgwick Hood, Lynn.

1860 '61

EDITORS' TABLE.

EXHIBITION took place on the 1st of the month. Our new President — new to us only in his office — said, *Exspectatur*. Our friends, despite the lowering skies and chilly winds, filled the old Chapel.

There was cheering applause, there were bright smiles, and pleasant words for the orators, dissertators, versionists, and dialogists who charmed their hearers by their eloquence in familiar and unfamiliar tongues. For four long hours the tide of speech flowed on. You have all been to Exhibition, and you know what it is. You know how tedious it is even for us who feel a personal interest in all the speakers. What must it be for those who care for only one, and he perhaps among the very last upon the programme. Think of the patience with which they sit through it all, and even labor to show an interest they cannot feel, and thank them; for had it not been for some one who was to follow, many of those bright eyes which encouraged and animated you, as you stood shaking in your black gown, would not have been there.

One usual feature of the Exhibitions was changed. Our friends the Pierians were not there; the Germania Band of Boston filled their place.

H. J. Pier

OUR EXCHANGES (continued).

The *Beloit College Monthly* (Wisconsin) comes to us always with a bright and pleasant countenance. It is remarkably free from all affectation, and presents a freshness of style and vigor of thought that is very praiseworthy.

The *Nassau Literary Magazine*, although it is only twenty years old, has the staidness and dignity of forty. The articles are generally well written, but lack the vivacity of youth. We think that too much attention is given to literary criticism, and too little to original composition.

The *Erskine Collegiate Recorder* (Due West, S. C.) is unique among our exchanges. It comes to us with a new face each month. In the last five issues it has appeared in covers of blue, yellow, and green; sometimes plain with a simple border, and sometimes gaudy with a sea-view, and grand columns supporting an entablature inscribed with "*Scientia cum moribus conjuncta*," and with the names of the editors upon the base. The contents are not less striking than the covers. All the laws of spelling, punctuation, and the division into paragraphs seem to be set aside. We noticed ten misspellings in an article of only four pages, and another article of six pages comprised in a single paragraph. The style of writing is generally inflated, and often the thought is obscured by the words. Speaking of Italy one writer says: "It was there Galileo rendered himself immortal by his discoveries in natural philosophy. From the summits of her laughing mountains, he viewed the countless myriads of twinkling orbs glimmering through the infinite distance and immensity of space, and permitted

his philosophical mind to revolve around the astral orbs that deck the cerulean vaults as the grand centre of attraction."

But there are many pieces in which the fervor seems to be the warm glow of youth, or the ardor of a southern climate, and this is quite refreshing. Still a little more attention to thought, to the substance of the theme rather than its decorations, would be beneficial.

The *Centre College Magazine* (Danville, Ky.) is sustained very creditably. A praiseworthy spirit of reform pervades most of the articles. We only dislike the affected way of subscribing assumed names to the contributions.

The *Rutgers College Quarterly* (N. J.) has no marked peculiarity. The articles are written with a good deal of spirit, and there is a pleasant variety in the subjects.

The *Wabash Monthly* (Indiana) is in its first volume, and makes a very good appearance. In trying to have only matter of permanent interest, it has sometimes gone too far, and got matter of no interest at all. A greater mixture of light articles would be an improvement.

The *Yellow Spring Monthly* (Iowa) is an unpretending issue, but we found the articles quite well written and interesting. We wish it success.

THE
HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.

JUNE, 1860.

No. 55.

THE ADIRONDACS.

THIS title may suggest "*lucus a non lucendo*," the writer having never set foot among the Adirondacs. For the name, used particularly, belongs only to one range of mountains. But when employed in its more general and usual sense it includes also all that part of Northern New York in which the river Saranac rises, and through which it winds in its course to Lake Champlain. The Saranac region falls short of the Adirondac region neither as a hunting and fishing ground, nor in beauty and grandeur of scenery. Indeed, old Whiteface, the main peak of the Saranacs, is much the highest land in the State; and there is moreover all the pleasing diversity of scenery afforded by large and small lakes, mingled with ponds, creeks, and brooks without number.

But it is not intended here to give a geographical, geological, or botanical description of the Saranacs *alias* Adirondacs, nor even to name the many localities of interest therein contained. The first we could not do if we would, the last we would not if we could. We mean, by setting before them a few of the scenes and circumstances which went to make up the experience of a party in those wilds in the summer of '58, to excite in the readers of *Maga.* such an interest in the place as may lead them to seek a closer and more personal acquaintance.

Elysium in imagination may fall far short of Elysium in reality; but it certainly has this advantage, that on the wings of fancy you can reach its happy fields without passing through dread Tartarus. So in a trip to the mountains on paper you plunge at once into the happy consummation, and skip over the uncomfortable means of attaining it; namely, a long and dusty car ride. Let us begin then in the middle, and fancy ourselves on the bright waters of Lake Champlain, between Burlington and Port Kent. On this side of the little steamer you see the long range of the Green Mountains through which you have been riding to-day. They look bright and clear, for every part is lit by the glow of the setting sun. Now come to the other side, and hold on to your hat while you make out another long range, the Adirondacs, for which we are bound. It will be long before we have such another view of them, and then we shall be perched on a lofty three-seated wagon, impelled by horse, not steam power.

A stage ride of an hour and a half brings us from Port Kent to Keeseville. This place is chiefly distinguished for its iron-works and its *Chasm*. The latter phenomenon is a deep gorge, through which flows the river Au Sable, and was evidently intended by Dame Nature to surpass the Flume, her mistake being in locating it where its merits seldom attract the eye of appreciating travellers. Neither chasm nor iron-works, however, made so vivid an impression on our mind as the amazing dexterity of the village Æsculapius, who succeeded in extracting from our eye a cinder, which (*horresco referens*) had given us through the day a world of trouble and pain, flatly refusing to come out, so that we had settled down into the conviction that it was fated to repose there till long after the locomotive by which it was deposited should have gone the way of all locomotives, by sudden explosion, fatal plunge, or corroding rust. But a stick in the hand of Æsculapius proved more potent than oceans of tears.

From Keeseville to Baker's is a long day's journey, consuming much time and patience, and very detrimental to horse-flesh, and wagon-wheels. It is not till midnight that, with a whoop from the driver, and a spirited, because final gallop of the jaded horses, we thunder over a bridge which spans the Saranac, tear up a slight hill, and, dashing around the corner of a low house, — a little too good to be called a log house and a little too bad to be called anything else, — come to a dead stop. "What place is this, driver?" "Baker's, sir." "O, indeed! — well, — hem, — looks rather dark and inhospitable; what does it mean?" "Late, sir, all gone to bed." So it was. Guests and landlord had all retired. *Sopor fessos complectitur artus*. A morning view of the landlord convinced us that a man of his "joints" must have made a good armful for *Sopor*. Much banging and hallooing had its legitimate effect. The oblivious Baker was at length aroused to the fact that there was a new arrival, and that he, Baker, must gird up his loins and admit us, the newly-arrived, to the house, and provide accommodations. "So indeed he did." The feeble impression made by our boisterous advent on the inmates of the house, at first a matter of astonishment to ourselves, was afterwards fully explained by our own experience. For if any of our readers be troubled with wakefulness, let him take our advice, hie to Baker's, get up in the morning, and having donned the worst garments in his wardrobe, ask Mr. Baker what to do next, get his answer, and then go and do it. If, when the shades of night descend on mountain and valley, and he betakes him to his cot under the unplastered roof, he is awaked by nocturnal wayfarers, be their lungs never so powerful, and their boots as thick as — they ought to be in that region, then is his case incurable, and for him there is no virtue in heavy fowling-pieces and skiffs with small boys to propel, in big strings of trout and bags of duck, in venison steak, fried eggs, and snowy bread.

After a day or two at Baker's we are again in motion.

But now begins a new experience. For wagons, drivers, and hotels give place to boats, guides, and tents: instead of the dainty products of culinary skill, with chairs and tables whereon to sit and eat the same, we eat what we can pick up, and use Mother Earth for a chair and ancient and prostrate monarchs of the forest for tables. Such, through inexperience and some bad management, is the poverty of our outfit, and such the fickle fortune of the woods, that the eyes which to day gloat over dripping steaks of venison and delicate trout, to-morrow hungrily contemplate a few dried loaves and a bottle of Worcestershire sauce.

Baker's is at the foot of the Lower Saranac Lake. Up towards its head, on the serenest of afternoons, push our three boats, containing three gentlemen and two ladies, three guides and two dogs. Two of the guides hardly deserve the name, being young fellows of little experience and unequalled laziness. But Cort Moody is a character. The Moodys are famous hunters and guides, and of them all one only disputes the palm with Cort, and doubtless this would not be if he were not deaf, a serious obstacle in the path to glory, when that path is a deer-track, it being of the first importance to catch the sharp cry of the dogs in pursuit. He has his rifle ever loaded and within reach, and would take away the prize from the Cadets at two hundred yards. Tall and gaunt, dressed in a blue shirt, his brown face expressing much shrewdness and determination, he is a perfect Leatherstocking, only less laconic; for Cort is a real sailor for telling yarns, among which his own exploits make a large figure. His ancestors' fearful adventures with bears and Indians are narrated with the precision of an eyewitness; and when these give out he betakes him to the praises of his wife, whom he would match against the shooting and rowing world.

The sun is low when we take our last look at the Saranac Mountains and pull into the mouth of a little river flowing from the Upper into the Lower Saranac

Lake. But now the reader must jump suddenly over two days' journey, leaving out the Sabbath Camp on the Indian Burying-Ground by the shore of Spectacle Pond. Here we are again, having pulled through Stony Creek, stemming the swift Racquette, startling ducks and fish-hawks with gun and shout, till we come to the Falls. Here is to be our second camp.

The spot merits description. The Falls being extended over an inclined plane of many hundred feet, you seem when looking up river, to be at the foot of quite a hill. On the left bank, where a high rock is surmounted by a lofty pine, now leafless and dry, is pitched our tent. Behind are the wooded hills; in front looms up the opposite bank of the river, so perpendicular and so near, that, discharging your gun at it, you may discern the mark made on the rocky cliffs ere the flattened shot drop with a splash into the dark waters below. Swimming in the pool, a few feet from the tent, are trout in abundance.

Nothing can be more romantic than the first impressions of camping out in such a place as this. With the approach of night the effect is greatly enhanced. It is now nine o' clock. Come away a few rods from the tent and survey the scene. The moon is shining through the gap in the trees just over the summit of the Falls, and the whole expanse of water glances in its beams, as it whirls and splashes over the rocks. In front of the tent, and illuminating every square inch of its white surface, is a huge fire, useful not only as good company and a terror to mosquitoes, but to maintain a comfortable supply of caloric, for the mist hangs thick and cold over the river. The opposite bank and the woods behind for a small circuit gleam a little in the firelight. The distant forest and the river winding below are wrapped in darkness, made more impressive by the contrast, and but slightly relieved by the pale moonbeams. Silence reigns, save when one of the guides throws a log on the fire, or a sudden splash in the water startles

you from your reverie, and you hasten to join the little group so comfortably seated by the fire. Cort is entertaining them with a graphic account of an ancestor who being pursued by Indians to the edge of a precipice, put on his snow-shoes hind side before, retraced his steps, and concealed himself behind a log, while they, thinking from the direction of the tracks that their white foe was dashed in pieces over the rocks, proceeded to feast their inner man, ranging themselves along the identical log. Up jumped the ancestor and popped all the Indians with one ball.

There are two ministers in the party. What? you are joking! No; there you see one. Not that man lying on his back, with neck braced against an inverted camp-stool, beard a quarter of an inch long, and shirt of intensest red, thick cowhide boots, the whole surmounted by as shocking a hat as ever graced the middle of Ann Street? I thought him a returned Californian. But what means this thin cloud of vapor rising in his vicinity? It is not possible — yes, on my word, the noxious weed! What! the odor of sanctity to give way to the odor of tobacco! the ministerial mouth to harbor the “sooty retainer to the vine”! “Can a user of tobacco be a Christian” minister? *We* think he can. But even the famous Trask himself ought to confess that it is better that flagrant whiffs should be exhaled from the clerical mouth, and his finger and thumb wield “Bacchus’s black servant,” than that the clerical countenance should be the field of action for midges and mosquitoes, and his hands wage fierce warfare with all the insect tribe.

But the moon is sinking behind the trees, and Cort, as the shadows deepen, begins, like an owl, to bestir himself, for there is to be a Jack Hunt. Who shall go with him? The lot falls on us, and we descend to the river and sit on the middle thwart. To the bow of the boat is attached, on a pole, a rude lantern of birch bark, contrived to show the light of the candle ahead, leaving the boat in darkness. Cort kneels just under the lantern and holds his trusty rifle

in hand. "Push off, Ben." Ben pushes off, and inserting the paddle in the water, propels us noiselessly over its surface. Deer come to water in the night, and often pass hours in trampling the bushes and feeding on the moist grass and lily pads. If one be on the brink when you approach, he is startled by the advancing light, and looks up quickly. But, dazzled by the brightness, instead of plunging into the deep woods, he will stand still, often till you are near enough to touch him with an oar. Under these circumstances he is an easy prize.

Gliding over the smooth, black waters, we seem to be motionless spectators of two long panoramas of bushes and trees, which, leafy or bare, smooth and straight, or jagged and overhanging, rush forward into the light, then slowly pass into the dark shadow behind. Among the various objects we look anxiously for deer, and at every stump or fantastic bough expect to see the rifle go up to Cort's shoulder; but he is quiet, only now and then nudging us to listen to the crashing in the bushes beyond our sight, where our own ears have already informed us that somebody is evidently having a high time. But at length with a grunt of dissatisfaction, he beckons to Ben to turn homeward, and throwing down the rifle, explains to his disappointed audience that the Racquette has been hunted to death this season; and that the deer after being frequently alarmed will no longer come out into sight. Another time we shall be more successful.

But we must stop. Before many days, and with a different method of hunting, i. e. with dogs, success crowns our efforts. On the shore of "Big Tupper's" our camp is hung with the products of the chase. The setting sun shines on a cheerful scene, faces burning with delight and the heat of a blazing fire, while, tender and juicy stakes are revolved on forked sticks. Our rural couches are spread by hands made willing by the good fortune of the day. Such is our

forest life, till the eighth day brings us back, after travelling over a hundred miles in boats, to Baker's.

The winter of our college discontent is passed.

"Solvitur acris hiems grata vice versis et Favoni."

The students' thoughts turn from books to Nature, from the temple of knowledge, to the groves of Pan and the Fauns. Tired of civilization, they long for the woods, the mountains, the much-sounding sea. Friends, make a good choice. Do not forget the Adirondacs. In those shady retreats, where the foot of man seldom treads, and whose praises are not chanted in the columns of newspapers, but only by the breezes that make music in the tree-tops, dull care assails you not. The ill turns of Fortune are consigned "to dumb forgetfulness a prey." But from under those "leaves grene" you bring home memories that never fail. The fragrance of those patulous Fages lingers with you among the sober duties of everyday life. The memory is better even than the actual experience; for, while the wet feet, the hot sun, the dry bread and azure cream, and the hard lap of Mother Earth pass from recollection, ever fresh in the mind live the beautiful woods, the clear, bright waters, the cry of the water-fowl, the fierce cry of the dog on the track of your first deer, and the flavor of fresh venison.

CLASS FEELING.

THOSE who have memories tenacious enough to recollect the various accounts given in different newspapers of the football match of 1858, may perhaps recall the very lively and animated description which appeared in the columns of the New York Evening Post. This was by far the longest and most spirited account of all, and to outsiders not acquainted with the present state of class feeling in the Col-

lege, seemed to have been written by one who possessed an intimate knowledge of the things whereof he spake. Most probably they attributed it to some recent graduate, or perhaps to some of the officers of the College, inasmuch as two or three of them, even before the establishment of our excellent gymnasium, were known to have a fondness for athletic sports. But one paragraph, near the close of the article in question, was sufficient to convince even the most unsophisticated Freshman that the author was at present in no way connected with the College, and if a graduate of it at all, was one of many years' standing. The passage to which I refer, and which did not escape the critical notice of the editors of the Harvard Magazine for the next month, was the one describing the ceremonies after the contest was over, and running as follows: "Then 'all College' is called, and all form one huge ring, boys and men, in no order of class or age. 'Auld Lang Syne' is sung in full chorus, and then the ring breaks up." Now that any conceivable event of college life could thus link together, "without distinction of class," the hands of Sophomore and Freshman, Senior and Junior, is indeed a most absurd and preposterous idea to any one at all conversant with the state of class feeling existing here. Nothing less than some moral earthquake could bring about such a result. That the two former classes stand in any other relation to each other than that of the wolf to the lamb, as "hazers" and "hazed," — that Freshmen could have any nearer connection with Seniors and Juniors than to act as messengers for summoning them to receive "publics," "privates," "prizes," or "parietals" (the alliteration was unavoidable), or as the recipients of second-hand furniture at double price, is something so absolutely and utterly at variance with the established order of things here, that the mere mention on the part of this writer of all joining hands together "without distinction of class" was sufficient to convince every undergraduate of his ignorance

of college matters. What! not observe on all occasions the "distinctions of class"! Why,

"The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order,"

would have been the indignant reply of any student to whom such an idea had been presented.

The intensity of this class feeling is, in fact, that which principally distinguishes Harvard from the other American colleges. Though we no longer make use of the "crow's-foot" as an external token to distinguish one class from another, and though the privilege of having Freshmen to run on errands is now (alas for the Seniors!) reserved only for that august body who discuss the affairs of the College every Monday evening, yet the lines of division between the various classes is more distinct and sharply defined here than elsewhere. Everything is done by classes, nothing by the College as a unit. We have class suppers, class orators, class poets, class societies, class songs (to say nothing of class dogs and class caps), and doubtless if we could have things as we liked, each class would have a separate chapel and chaplain for morning prayers.

This class feeling pervades all, from the Senior who has finished his course to the Freshman who has not yet begun. Students who have been educated at the same school, and have known each other for years, who have joined in the same worship, and who are of similar tastes and habits, meet in distant places with only a cool nod of recognition, because, forsooth, one chances to be a Junior and the other a Senior. And, on the other hand, we see those who have hardly a single thing in common, who socially, morally, politically, and in their intellectual tastes and habits, are as far asunder as the north and south poles, clasping hands and joining in fraternal embrace under the old elm on Class-day, and displaying in their accidental meetings elsewhere a

cordiality and warmth of feeling seldom exhibited even among kindred.

If any one should ask what is the nature of this tie which binds thus closely together such discordant and incongruous elements, and erects such a barrier of pride and reserve between those whom we should naturally expect, even if not intimate, to be at least friendly and civil towards each other, to this it need only be very briefly replied, that the reasons why there should be *any* class feeling or *any* difference between the sentiments which one entertains towards the members of his own class and those of another are so *very* obvious that they need not be mentioned in a college magazine. But why it should be more intense here than elsewhere is a fit subject of inquiry, and I will briefly state what, in my opinion, are the principal causes which have brought this about, and then consider it in its relation to college feeling.

The reasons why class feeling is stronger here than in the other American colleges depend mainly upon three circumstances; namely, our location, our numbers, and the absence of any common exercises save morning prayers.

The greater portion of the American colleges are located in the country, at a considerable distance from any large town or city, and comparatively few of their students live in their immediate neighborhood. Coming thus from a distance, and having but little acquaintance outside the college, they feel themselves isolated, as it were, and are thus drawn closer to each other. Intimacies naturally spring up between those who come from the same section of the country, or whom accidental circumstances may have brought together, without very particular attention being paid as to whether they belong to the same class or not. With us it is very different. More than one half of our numbers live within ten miles of Cambridge, and spend two days of the week at home. Their intimacies are not limited to the College; they experience none of that feeling of lonesomeness

or homesickness which leads a person to cultivate the acquaintance of anybody; they know their own class, and are as a general thing indifferent about knowing more. In the country we seek to multiply acquaintances; in the city we are more exclusive. In the one place, proximity of residence and similarity of occupation necessarily imply acquaintanceship; in the other, the face of your next-door neighbor, even though his pursuit may be the same as yours, is often totally unknown to you.

Moreover, in many of the other colleges the number of the students is comparatively small, sometimes scarcely exceeding that of a single class here, and there is but one, I believe, that in this respect equals or exceeds ours. Every man knows and is known to every other man. All live together almost as one family, and class feeling is proportionately less than here, where it not unfrequently happens that we hardly know all our own class until Senior year.

In many of these other colleges, too, there are some exercises in which all take part, or some societies embracing members of more than one class, and everything which brings all the members of a college together for social, literary, or devotional purposes makes them better acquainted with each other, and tends to soften down any little asperity or rivalry of feelings, which a total disconnection of classes is apt to engender. In this respect the Greek-Letter Societies exercised a beneficial influence, although I would not for this reason advocate their revival. Naturally then, so far as location, numbers, and community of exercises exert any influence we should expect more class feeling here than elsewhere.

But which begets and precedes the other, class or college feeling? We hear it said not unfrequently, that we do indeed have more class feeling, but less college feeling here than at Yale and other colleges; the inference being that the one tends to diminish or supersede the other. Now I deny that it is true in point of fact, that we have less college

feeling here than elsewhere, or that class feeling has any tendency to weaken our affection for the College as a whole. What are the circumstances by which we are to judge of the latter?

Obviously we are not to look for them alone amongst undergraduates. Perhaps it may be said, devotion to the College is exhibited chiefly among those who have been some time separated from it. For it is principally by the donations bestowed upon it, by the numbers who throng around at its annual gatherings, by the readiness to repel any insinuations that may be cast upon it, and the eagerness to forward any plan that looks to its advancement, and the just pride taken in those illustrious men who claim it for their cherishing mother, that we are to judge of the college feeling which animates her sons. It is not merely class feeling that is at the root of all these. Judged by these circumstances, who will say that in anything which concerns the whole College the sons of Harvard manifest less interest than the graduates of Yale, Amherst, or Dartmouth?

But among the undergraduates of the present day what circumstances can be brought forward to show that college feeling is less ardent here than elsewhere? I know of none. Does not the enthusiastic joy manifested at the success of Harvard boats at a regatta, or the feeling of mortification at their defeat, pervade every one, from the youngest Freshman to the oldest Senior? And in the interest taken in anything in which the whole College is concerned, are we one whit behind the other colleges of the United States?

Those who maintain that our less comprehensive attachments weaken and diminish those of greater extent seem to put the question upon mathematical grounds. They appear to take it for granted that there is a certain definite and fixed amount of feeling for the College, and also a certain amount for the class, and that as we add to the one, we diminish in a corresponding degree the other. But there is a very evident absurdity in attempting to apply the principles of numbers to gauge our affections and passions.

But those who maintain that this intense class feeling has a tendency to diminish our affection for the College as a whole are fundamentally wrong in assuming, as they do, that the latter begets the former. On the contrary, our larger and wider attachments are but the development of our smaller and closer. As it not unfrequently, perhaps we may say generally, happens that the man who cherishes the warmest affection for his own family, who best fulfils the duties of husband and father, is found upon emergency to be the truest and most loyal patriot, so in our own little college-world (as we are fond of calling it) it will be seen that he in whose breast the fire of class feeling glows the brightest is the one who is most keenly alive to anything which affects the honor or interests of the College as a whole. The one does not supersede nor diminish the other, any more than affection for our native town or State lessens our love for our common country.

Neither facts, then, nor *a priori* reasoning go to show that class feeling diminishes college feeling. The first is prior, both "logically and chronologically," (to borrow Hamilton's phrase,) to the second. Just as in the child the love of parent precedes, and is the ratio of the love of country, so with us class feeling precedes and is the measure of college feeling. And as the child has to await a certain development before love of country is superadded to love of home and parents, so perhaps it may be the case that some of us while in College may never get beyond class feeling. Yet this, without losing any of its own strength, will ultimately generate and nourish a true and genuine college feeling.

Here is, perhaps, the proper conclusion of the article, but it may be well to add a word, lest any one should so far misunderstand it as to consider it as an attack upon, or an attempt to disparage or undervalue, class feeling. This is not my purpose. For it is from this tie between members of the same class that spring the most pleasing associations connected with our college course; and may we not believe

that "classmate" is one of those magic words whose full significance no verbal definition can adequately express, and the mention of which in after life will excite within us a tide of associations and recollections only inferior in force and power to those we experience when we think of home and kindred. Nor would I desire to abate anything from that just class pride which leads any class, or any members of a class, to reject honors and rewards tardily extorted from reluctant authorities, and which, inasmuch as they are (to borrow a medical phrase) but *placebos*, can only be received through a sacrifice of their own dignity. May such a class feeling as this be ever kept alive. But as state pride may degenerate into sectionalism, and love of family into a churlish clannishness, so an intense class pride may exhibit itself at times in an absurd and ridiculous manner, and be fairly open to censure.

"THE HARVARD."

COLLEGE magazines have become almost a necessity of our college existence. It is a moral impossibility that several hundred young men, assembled for the pursuit of liberal studies in a free country, should not write; and that at the present day they should not publish their articles. The most natural form of such publications is the magazine, which may therefore be said necessarily to exist. Since it exists, it is proper that it should be criticised. This task I therefore attempt at the risk of being sunk to the nether "pole of humanity" by the next impertinent tyro who shall undertake to divide creation into two classes, and vituperate the one from which he omits himself. Such peril I confess I shall await with the utmost calmness. Expecting as I do that the blow which is aimed at so many of the great and

good of the past will only teach the aggressor his own impotence, I can smile at his madness. But if a race of literary barbarians has arisen to destroy the civilization they cannot appreciate, martyrdom in such a cause is an honor which comes but seldom. Possibly I may escape the contest altogether; for to the production which I have indicated indirectly (because its title contains a vulgarism not to be quoted),—to this I shall make no further allusion in any way whatever.

For a little more than six years the Harvard has been steadily sustained, and has furnished much entertainment and advantage to those who have sustained it. It was natural that it should do so. Its aspirations have been modest. It has "laid no claim to the highest literary excellence." It has been content to recognize its contributors for what they were,— "young and undisciplined writers." Its authors have wisely waited the ordinary process of growth and development, and have thus been generally natural and interesting. There is indeed a certain truth in the saying, that "those who would shoot high must aim at the sun;" but there is a sort of ambition for unnatural attainments which is sure to be rewarded with the fate of the frog in the fable. Pompous imbecility is the sure attendant of "young and undisciplined writers," who seek to appear anything else. I would not be understood to deny all literary merit to the articles which such a magazine as ours may contain. Literary merit they often have, and that of a high character; but it is a juvenile merit. "The Harvard" has contained many pieces which their authors need not blush to include among their works, if they should become as famous as they aspire to be. Yet these have always certain characteristics that would mark them as among their earlier writings. It is precisely because they did not seek to escape such peculiarities that they wrote successfully. Because they refused to fetter their limbs with the stiff robes of dignity, they appear to advantage in the lighter dress suited to

their years. Still less would I throw discredit upon the endeavor after the higher excellences of authorship. I need not enlarge upon the necessity of such endeavors. Without them improvement is hopeless. I would only condemn that affectation of seeking to display a maturity which has not been attained. Nothing is so unpleasant an exhibition of juvenility as the assumption of an impossible manliness.

Our articles, too, have generally been characterized by much good feeling and good taste. Exciting matters of dispute have commonly been avoided. It has been possible to read a number through from beginning to end without having one's special prejudices rudely attacked, or feeling deeply imbued with the controversial spirit. Or where a discussion has been carried on, it has been without any bitter personal or party feeling. Propriety of language has been especially observed. The contestants have shown sufficient ability to meet each other with vigorous logic, and sharp satire, without being driven to the cheap methods of nickname and abuse. Hence the Harvard has generally been a very scholarly publication, which a competent critic might look over without finding much to shock a refined literary taste, or to rouse party feeling, and with the certainty of finding some evidences of original thought and classic culture.

On these merits it would be needless to dwell; for the Harvard requires no advertisement, especially in its own columns; but of late there has appeared in numerous articles a tendency to reverse all this. Many articles have appeared written in a decidedly school-boy style. There have been the same array of familiar facts, the same inflated commonplaces, the same poverty of thought, and destitution of natural, practical interest, by which those productions are commonly marked. Such pieces certainly do little credit to two years of University discipline. Societies, or correspondence, or college exercises, should have somewhat

modified that crudeness of intellect, which follows a phantom of style, without any fixed aim and to the utter neglect of thought. Upon this point, however, I am not disposed to insist. Such efforts have at least the merit of being harmless, and the writer will learn better in time. There is another class of articles, of which so much cannot be said. I refer to certain enunciations of extreme opinions, which within the last twelve months have found place in the Harvard. As all the prominent subjects of innovation have been duly "improved," it may be not unseasonable to consider the lessons we have received.

The articles to which I refer I do not wish to particularize, as mere personal discussion is what I seek earnestly to avoid; I consider them, therefore, merely as a class. Their number has been remarked by all, and the same characteristics have appeared in them all. They have all contained sweeping schemes of reform, pressed upon the immediate attention of college students by illogical declamation. A worse combination of qualities in a magazine like ours could scarcely be brought about.

In the first place, a sweeping scheme of immediate reform is one of the most ridiculous of all things, except when its projectors have executive power enough to make it the most terrible. According to a strong simile of Carlyle, the human character "is a chaos of infinite possibilities, bridged over by a thin earth-crust of habit." Is this sustaining crust to be shivered to atoms because a few weeds chance to grow out of it? Will you violently reverse the ordinary principles and modes of action of a whole community, in order to inaugurate some pet improvement of your own, or remove some single evil? This seems to be the sole end and aim of some men. They are born with the spirit of innovation. They cannot conceive of the propriety of anything being fixed. They see some evils in everything human, and indulge themselves in morbid reflection upon those evils, until their existence becomes intolerable. At

the same time, they devote themselves to an ecstatic contemplation of the glorious possibilities of humanity, until they become citizens of an ideal world, beautiful perhaps as a vision, but as impossible to realize. Both these characteristics unfit them for common life; they arise indeed from the abuse of noble qualities, but as they appear in men, they are the faults of a most ill-proportioned character. These persons have a clear perception of the greatness which man might achieve, of the imperfection of his actual attainments, and of the broad gulf that lies between. Such views are granted to but few. Rightly studied they would become the motive to a life of earnest, persistent, charitable, philanthropy. The fault of these men is that they read them wrongly. They do not seek means by which men may be safely and gradually led around the chasm. They bridge it in a day by a formula, and then would crowd shrinking, trembling humanity upon this untried passage towards a fancied Elysium. This is the folly we condemn. Because they refuse to consider the frailty of man, and the possible failure of their own schemes, those who might be noble benefactors of the race become only passionate zealots, who with power in their hands are among the greatest curses of Heaven. With the best motives possible they are sure to be hurried into acts of cruelty and injustice.

History does not lack instances (as among the Jesuits, the fathers of the Spanish Inquisition, and the French Reformers) of men who sincerely designed to benefit their fellows, and yet prepared only present misery for them, and future execration for themselves. Such examples should put us upon our guard in reference to reform. Those who think themselves ordained to that great work should make their calling very sure. They should consider that their very attempts at improvement, if mistaken efforts, may be the greatest evils of their age. Humanity, even when diseased, is not to be the subject of remorseless experiments. The means which fail to alleviate, are sure to increase the disor-

der. When all known means fail, the sharp remedy of revolution may be tried, but Heaven save us from the quack who continually parades it, and is constantly on the watch for "a beautiful operation"!

But to others I leave the task of opposing their schemes in detail. I have said thus much merely to show that they are not necessarily a superior order of beings, nor to be venerated for their benevolence if they lack common sense. One who affects to carry a dozen gigantic reforms easily upon his shoulders, reminds us forcibly of that pastor who "could write a sermon a day and *make nothing of it*." I would not throw discredit upon a single earnest, patient laborer in the cause of human reform: I condemn only those conceited, intolerant men who fancy that the abrogation of all terrestrial evils has been reserved for their own time and their single arm. Such have yet to learn the alphabet of reform. A due consideration of the failures of those gifted men who have appeared already might teach them a salutary lesson of their own insignificance, and of the greatness and sacredness of the work into which they would so heedlessly intrude. Until they have attained this becoming modesty, the Harvard is no place for them.

This Magazine is supported by men of all political and religious opinions, who are united by belonging, not to a single party or sect, but to a single University. Among them are not a few of great diligence in study, vigorous intellect, and comprehensive views, who hold opinions upon some subjects opposed to those of the community and the time in which they live. They may be totally wrong. They would admit the possibility of it themselves. But a decent respect for their attainments should lead an advocate of opposite views to assume some appearance of modesty, in those articles at least which he forces upon their attention.

Whether this has been done, any reader of the Harvard during the past year can judge.

If this single point were attended to, it would remove the greatest objection which lies against such articles. An appeal against any college evil, if temperate and generous, would excite resentment among very few, even of its defenders. Students are not so opinionated that they will not submit to be told of their faults; but they retain so much of human perversity, that they will not submit to be driven even to their duty. It should be remembered, however, that the occasions for such set addresses in a publication like ours come but seldom. It was said in the early days of philosophy, that "he who would be a philosopher must banish prejudice, passion, and sloth." In the advanced state of modern learning, it is still true that he who would be a scholar must do no less. There are exciting questions now at issue, requiring all the strength of superior intellects to settle. To those who deal with them they must be of absorbing interest. But College is a place, not for action, but preparation. There are presented to us here the means for a varied culture and extended information. Many single studies are of such a nature that they alone would seriously tax the mind, and by their combination, and the wholly different treatment they require, the difficulty is increased; and he has no slight task before him who would gain the full advantage of college life. It is not assuming much to say that this is beyond the reach of one who is intent upon the stirring matters which occupy other men. With these prominently before his mind, he may study, he may acquire a partial proficiency, and this may even suffice for his position. But it is not that for which the College exists. He cannot thus acquire that complete and symmetrical development of mind, and that various knowledge, which constitutes the scholar, and which is essential for the highest manhood. For the attainment of this, a sort of cloister life is necessary, not to isolate, but to seclude us from the busy world. We need not banish its issues, but to hold them in abeyance. We should seek to develop the mind, and keep

it open, that we may have honesty to change our opinion, if it is wrong, and power ultimately to defend it, if it is right. Scholarship should be our immediate, prominent object in College.

We should therefore avoid, as far as possible, the political and sectarian issues of the day, which would divide us from each other, and hinder our advancement. By a united study of the great past, ignoring present disputes, we may come, if not actually to agree, yet to a reasonable understanding of our differences.

The extent to which I have pursued this single branch of my subject has compelled me to omit many interesting portions. I will not stop now to deprecate the use of a newspaper style, full of the popular corruptions of language, among those who should be the guardians of its purity. It is needless to protest against the employment of vulgarisms to give wit and point. I regret that this article has been so devoted to condemnation of a part, where so much has been worthy of praise. But I could not do otherwise. It is because I am proud of its past, and desire for it an honorable future, that I protest thus earnestly against the persistent prostitution of the Harvard to partisan purposes.

A FISH BEFORE BREAKFAST.

"HALF past two o'clock, sir, and a fine breeze blowing;" — such were the words that woke me from a sound sleep one morning in July last. The person who uttered them was as fine a specimen of the New England fisherman as you will meet in a long day's journey. Bluff, outspoken, with an honest, manly face, and a hand, which, when it griped your own, convinced you at once, not only of his sincerity, but also of his strength. I see him even now,

clad in an oil-cloth suit, which has seen many a blowy day, and has passed through many a "nor'wester," with his bright blue eye, well-cut features, and bronzed cheeks, looking fully equal to

"the best sailor
That sails upon the sea."

Scarcely had the echo of the whispered words died away ere I was out of bed, and, arraying myself in a flannel shirt and an oil-cloth suit, in a few minutes I was prepared for a fish before breakfast.

—You must know, O Reader, that, at the time of which I am writing, I was a sojourner at a little island, just off the coast of New Hampshire, which has already been portrayed to you in the pages of this Magazine. For this reason I will not bore you with another description of it,—suffice it to say, that there is no better deep-sea fishing off the whole coast of New England than is to be found a few miles from its shores.—To return to my "muttons," however. On descending to the piazza of the hotel I found Jim, the afore-spoken of fisherman, expectant of my arrival, and bearing in his hand a small basket of what the valiant Captain Dugald Dalgetty was wont to call "provant," carefully prepared the evening before by kind-hearted Mrs. L—— (in whose opinion, by the way, that "no one ought to start off fishing so early in the morning without something to eat," I perfectly coincide; and so would you, my friend, were you to try it once without so doing).

Now we are fairly started, and are going along the rocky pathway to the cove where lies our boat. Let us stop for a moment and look around us.—There is a profound stillness, everything seems asleep. The stars are gleaming but faintly, the moon is riding high in the heavens, and, save the ripple of the wave against the little beach and the rush of the breeze, there is not a sound to be heard. And what a breeze this is!—soft, and at the same time so bracing that every particle of sleep that was in you is driven off, and as

you draw in large mouthfuls, you gather new strength and lightness every moment. Before us and behind us is the sea, glistening in the moonlight; on either side are rocks, vast, and piled up in masses, — such masses that one would think that fragments from the mountains hurled by the Titans against Jove had fallen here. — But we must hurry along to the boat, as Jim is getting rather impatient. A hearty shove, — a jump, and we are in the middle of the cove; in a few minutes our sails are hoisted, we have rounded the little headland, and are steering boldly for the open sea.

After we get outside the breeze freshens and our boat dances merrily along, and as she flings herself from wave to wave, dashing the spray from her bows, and giving vent to her spirits, as it would seem, by a series of little jerks and bounds, a new sense of exhilaration springs up in us. Now is the time to dip your cracker in the salt water, now is the time to devour the doughnuts, &c., spoken of above under the head of “provant.” Having done this, take a pull at your brandy-flask, (have mercy, most worthy members of the Temperance Society! though we do imbibe a little occasionally, we are not one of those who “rush to the football field — DRUNK!!”) and then a pull at your *meerschaum*, (pardon, most *sane* Anti-Tobacconist!) and now you are in a fit condition to pull up anything, from a hake to a fifty-pound cod.

We have long since passed Star Island, and the light-house is far in our rear, and we are steering due east, — straight towards that dark heavy-looking bank of clouds. Our fishing ground is now near at hand, and presently we shall be there. A few minutes more and the boat is brought up into the wind and the sails stand flapping to and fro. Down come the foresail and mainsail, and there slides the killick over the bow; in a moment or two the rope floats on the surface of the water, we haul it up a few feet to see whether the killick has caught, then secure it, and now we

are ready to begin our preparations for fishing. Having cleared away the ropes and sails, Jim draws out his tub of bait and prepares our hooks; plash goes the lead into the water, and is soon lost to view. A few seconds and the line floats on the surface; you draw in a few feet of it, and then await a bite in anxious suspense. Presently another plash is heard, and over goes Jim's line, and now your eagerness doubles; for to catch a fish before Jim, even though you do have some minutes the start of him, is no small feat, I can assure you, as there seems to be some magnetism about his hooks which invariably draws the fish to them, if there are any fish in the neighborhood.

Ha! was that a nibble, or was it merely the drifting of your line? Again it comes, and with a rush, too; you give your line a sudden jerk, and then, with a strong, steady pull, hand-over-hand, you haul in; for this is no light matter, to pull up sixty or seventy feet of line with twenty or thirty pounds of struggling matter at the end; your arms will weary long before you get it to the surface. Almost at the same moment Jim too begins to haul in, and now it is to see who shall get his fish in first. But what means this sudden diminution in the weight of your line? It can't be! It is too much! A pull or two more, and then the sad truth breaks upon you that your fish has escaped,—that the "biggest fish I ever hooked in my life" has, without the slightest consideration for your feelings, departed, carrying your bait with him. More in sorrow than in anger you slowly haul up the few remaining feet of your line, and proceed to rebait your bare hooks. Before you have finished this Jim thrusts a ten-pound cod, which he has just caught, right under your nose; this is the "last straw," and, with an imprecation on your luck, you again fling over your line, but not quite so impetuously as you did at first. And here let me remark, by way of parenthesis, that if you are not a member of a religious society, but simply a young man of moderately good morals,

“ A sad good Christian at the heart,
A somewhat heathen in the carnal part,”

and should let fall that “ short, strong little word which sometimes slips from the best regulated mouths,” the Recording Angel (if he ever went fishing) would probably blot it out, not with a tear, but from a fellow-feeling.

Another bite now awakens you, and your mind is somewhat calmed by finding a noble cod at the end of your line. Again you fling out, and again haul up, with varying success, until, after an hour or so, you rise to your feet, in order to stretch your limbs and straighten your back, fatigued by stooping. But what is this change that has taken place while you have been so deeply engaged in your sport? Two hours ago that bank of clouds to the east was as dull and sombre-looking as Cambridge on a rainy day (this is the strongest simile I can find), and now it has a dark, purple hue; its edges are fringed with gold,—a brighter gold and richer purple than ever monarch wore,—which serves to render its fantastic and ever-changing outline clearly, and at the same time softly, defined. Deeper and deeper grows the purple, till at last it becomes as burnished copper, and then from out this lustrous canopy uprises, slowly, and with exceeding majesty, the flaming day-god.

An hour's more sport, and then it is time to wind up the lines and start home; and if this breeze holds good we shall reach there in an hour and a half.

Coming back we see the hills of New Hampshire, shrouded by the blue haze that surrounds them, and the long, flat range of coast, with the green of forests rising up in the background. Jim regales us with some of his fishing experience, or gives us a lesson in navigation (*not* according to Peirce, so don't start, my Sophomore friend), and so the time passes till we are about a mile from home, when the wind dies out, and we are obliged to pull out the sweeps and set to work to pull the rest of the way;—not very pleasant work, this, but it will give us an extra appetite for breakfast.

We pass Star Island again, where the fishermen are out in their boats endeavoring to harpoon a horse mackerel. We stop to watch them for a moment, and to see how that tall, active-looking fellow in the bow of yonder whale-boat will fling his harpoon. The fish rises within a few feet of his boat,—the lance flies from his hand like a stone from a sling,—it has missed, and the horse-mackerel, with an impudent flirt of his tail, disappears under the surface. “Lubber!” says Jim, and we set to work again.

Here is the Cove at last, and Little Island, where those delicious perch are caught, which we hope to partake of at breakfast. Joyfully we moor the boat, and betake ourselves to shore in a painfully small and unsteady punt. After several narrow escapes from tipping over, we are at last on firm land once more, somewhat fatigued, it is true, but that will be remedied soon, for it is only a quarter past six, and we have time to take a refreshing plunge in the Cove, which will set us all right again. This done, and having experienced a change of raiment, we betake ourselves to the breakfast-table, and then,—woe to the perch and omelette!

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

It is an old theory that there is more romance in truth than there is in fiction. More poetry and more heroism lurk unacknowledged in the pages of the historian than could be collected from all the flaunting productions of the novelist. But the difference between the history and the novel is like that between a quartz-mountain, all teeming with gold, and a jeweller's show-case. In the mountain there is a vast amount of the hard rock, while only here and there does a glittering speck or a gleaming vein betray the presence of the golden store. Upon the jeweller's counter,

on the other hand, we find the precious metal in pure masses welded and wrought into forms of taste and beauty. Just so in history we find politics, wars, murders, genealogies forming the bulk of the work; and only at rare intervals, amidst a paragraph of names and dates, steals forth the unnoticed sparkle of a tale of romance. Whereas in the novel we find the coveted article all unalloyed and thrown into a form as tempting as the artist-touch of the author can bestow. There is probably scarcely an acre in all the boundless domain of history wherein we could not find rich mines of this valued article had we only the requisite patience and skill in noting the marks on the soil, and in digging a few feet below the surface. But the keen search and the toilsome process of smelting exhaust us. Nor indeed is this very surprising for the proportion of the dross to the pure metal is verily exceeding great. Tantalizing as all ores are, this far outdoes them all. As Hamlet says of the player, —“he out-herods Herod,” even so may we say of this, — it out-ores ores. Thus it has happened that the teeming land of history has been allowed to retain most of its rich treasures undisturbed in its bosom. Yet occasionally — once perhaps in many centuries — a magnificent lump, pure, brilliant, resplendent in the sunlight, astonishes with its lustrous glories the eye of the disconsolate laborer. Such an ingot has become the joint property of England and of Scotland. It was bequeathed to them by a son whom they drove with violence and contumely to seek refuge as a wanderer beyond the seas.

We may wend our way far back among the hoary years to the days when the heads of half-a-dozen infidel Saracens rolled on the dusty plains of Palestine before a single sweep of the ponderous two-handed sword of the lion-hearted king, — to the times when Robin Hood and his merry-men in their coats of Lincoln green held the good forest of Sherwood, forcing profane curses from the lips of pious abbots, and soft kisses from the lips of village belles. Here seem

the very halcyon days of romance. But even here we must beware of bending too critical an eye upon the glowing picture before us, else we may see more than we would. Civilization was then in the rough heyday of youthful blood. She dipped her brush in brilliant and fanciful colors; she laid them on with a dashing and a lavish touch; and at a little distance her picture is fair to look upon; but too close inspection shows that her colors were all too thin and watery. Here they have run together and produced an unseemly blotch,—there they have left bare the coarse canvas which they should have concealed. Thus the fact of the existence of a dark under-layer of ignorance and brutality is too often forced upon us. Since then many generations have grown old and passed away. Chivalry is dead, and the age of utilitarianism has come. But for the mind of man there is an elixir of eternal youth which keeps it from entirely drying up into a desert waste. And thus still Romance continues to live and to bloom; for even amidst steam and electricity she has not broken the magic sceptre of her ancient fascination. But though she may charm our thoughts, yet in the active world her golden cord, her silver bowl are broken. She cannot rule the *deeds* of men. At Valley Forge the spirits of heroism, of devotion, of patriotism felt themselves rightfully at home among the starved and bleeding soldiery. Romance would fain have been there too. But when she looked upon the deadly pallor on the gaunt cheek of the warrior, and then felt the rosy warmth which blushed upon her own, she fled away in shame. When the trampled grass was red at Waterloo, Valor and Gallantry were there. Romance came likewise. But amid the mathematical squareness of those grim platoons, amid the cool regularity of those heavy rolls of volleying musketry, amid the measured precision of military manœuvres, she felt that there was no room for her. When the knight-errant buckled on his armor and rode forth to do battle for oppressed innocence wheresoever he might find it, when the

valiant Crusader drew his sword in contest for the Holy Sepulchre, Romance was happy. But what business has she with Howard in the cold, damp cell of the shivering criminal, or with Wilberforce amid the partisan benches of the House of Commons.

Once, however, she had affairs all her own way. For a few brief months the coarse brutality of the olden time, the practical common-sense of to-day seemed alike paralysed and dead. Without impediment or rival Romance ruled supreme, from the Isle of Skye to the city of London, whilst her pet hero made, first his daring foray and then his marvellous escape. It was on the eighteenth of July, 1745, that the Chevalier Charles Edward first set foot, after a life-long exile, on the heather of Scotland. Young, high-spirited, sanguine, with a handsome face and a manly figure, and a power of fascination absolutely weird and magical in its force, he seemed the very temple wherein Romance had become incarnate. He had brought with him from France but seven comrades. His warm expectation of crowds of friends thronging to the shore, struggling to greet him and emulous to lay their swords and their lives at his feet, were exchanged for cold refusals and dark and bodeful prognostications. But his gallant resolution was not thus to be damped. By the sparkling electricity of his irresistible eloquence, he won to his side the generous young chieftain of Lochiel. At once strengthened and inspirited by the alliance of this kindred spirit, ardent and chivalrous as himself, he straightway resolved to proclaim at once to friend and foe his presence and his intentions, by performing the time-hallowed ceremony of "raising the standard." The place chosen for this act was the Vale of Glenfinnan, a sequestered spot, surrounded by dark and naked Highland hills. When upon the appointed day the Chevalier entered the trysting glen it was silent, lonely, — and as his glance wandered over the cold heathery walls which encompassed him he experienced a sad feeling of desertion and sickness at

heart. Was it indeed possible that none would answer the summons of the stricken outlaw! Had the name of the Stuarts indeed lost its power even in this its last stronghold! Thus many an anxious hour crept slowly by ere there at last arose upon the clear, still air the swelling notes of the national music,—the tones of the world-renowned pibroch and bagpipes. Then soon appeared, defiling through the gorge at the upper end of the valley, a band of tartan-clad children of the North. At sight of the Prince a wild, enthusiastic cry broke forth, and the air was dark with the blue bonnets which in their ecstasy they flung aloft. The standard was planted in the ground by the aged and trembling hand of the loyal old Marquis of Tullibardine. And Charles looked around with pleasure upon as daring and devoted a band of retainers as ever followed any hero to the field. It was a noble and a chivalrous emotion which thrilled in those rude Highland breasts. It was to no abstract principle or form of government that they pledged their lives and fortunes; but every heart there beat true and warm for the good House of Stuart, every warrior felt the bond of a personal attachment binding him to his young and spirited Prince. For these wild unlettered sons of the hills had nursed among their rugged mountains a high loyalty, a noble chivalry, uncontaminated by the demoralizing and selfish influences of large cities and advancing civilization. For some days after the ceremony troops of Highlanders came pouring into the camp. But they came half naked, many of them without any weapon whatsoever, and even the best accoutred armed only with the blade of a scythe fastened to a long pole. These deficiencies of equipment were, however, more than compensated by their physical hardihood and their wonderful bravery.

Having waited a week for all his new levies to come in, Charles finally began his march for Edinburgh, at the head of twenty-five hundred men,—a meagre force for the conquest of a kingdom. On the road he passed many a storied

field or castle, which must have movingly reminded him of the valor and the glories of his ancestors. There was the ancient palace of Scone, where of old the Scottish kings had been crowned and anointed, — the field of Bannockburn, — the heathy waste of Sheriffmuir, where not many years before his father had done battle in the same cause wherefor he now marched, — the palace of Linlithgow, where the few happy and innocent days of his beautiful ancestress, Queen Mary, had been passed. And on the very night of his entrance into Edinburgh, the capital of his forefathers, the time-worn halls of royal Holyrood again were made merry by the music and the dance of a court-ball. Thither flocked all the beauty and the fashion of the metropolis. And the handsome and gallant Chevalier proved himself as usual the pet hero and paragon of all the ladies of the city, the cynosure of all eyes. In sooth it may be said, almost without exaggeration, that there was not a woman in Scotland who was not a Jacobite; and many a most welcome addition to his ranks did Charles owe to the untiring and energetic exertions of these enthusiastic lady-admirers. Indeed, the Prince's chameleon-like power of shining in every department was truly marvellous. Those same legs which now led the dance so gracefully in Holyrood, had a few days before fatigued, with their long untiring stride over heath, bog, and hill, the stoutest walkers among his mountaineers; and they were fated a day or two afterwards to carry him with equal honor over the bloody grass and warm corpses on the field of Preston Pans.

The gray mist of the second morning after these gay revelries rolled slowly up from the broad and level plain of Preston Pans, and gave to view the opposing ranks of Prince Charles's little army and of the Hanoverian troops. No sooner were the Highlanders able to see the red coats of their foemen than they became riotous for the battle. The chieftains well knew that it was only by the headlong rush of fierce enthusiasm that the undrilled clansmen could hope

for success. Unwilling, therefore, to fret and chagrin their impatient spirit by delay, they gave the word to "*charge*." For one moment the fiery host paused, — not in fear, but with bended heads to mutter a word of prayer. In an instant more, with a significant gesture they pulled their blue bonnets ominously tight over their brows. Upon the run they dashed forwards. As they neared the hostile lines they fired their guns — threw them away — drew the redoubted claymore, and, heedless of bullets and bayonets, they bounded among the very muzzles of the cannon. The regulars were no cowards; they would have fought well in an ordinary conflict, but what now ensued confounded and terrified them. The shrill piercing note of the pibroch and bagpipes, the hoarse, guttural shrieks of the clansmen, confused and stunned them. In a hand-to-hand struggle they were no match for their athletic and muscular opponents. The sword and bayonet went down before the fearful stroke of the claymore. Even the uncouth scythe lashed upon the long pole was busy in the work of death. The Hanoverians were unable to hold their own in such wild, fiendish fighting. In ten minutes they were fleeing in panic-stricken masses over the battle-ground, — each one running for dear life, anywhere, everywhere, only off from the field and out of reach of the bloody Highland devil who came so hard on his heels.

Besides the simple advantage of the victory, this contest brought to Charles two other benefits. In the first place, it at once astounded and terrified his opponents, who had looked for nothing of the kind; and in the second place, it inspired both himself and his chieftains with a confidence in the conduct of their troops when opposed to drilled battalions which they had not previously been able to feel. Thus Charles was enabled to employ the consequent flush of ardor and enthusiasm to overcome the ancient superstition of the Highlanders which forbade them to cross the Border. The route which the eager and impetuous Cheva-

lier adopted led straight to London. In their march through the midland and southern counties the clansmen excited no small astonishment by the disclosure of two facts, — that in physical formation they resembled ordinary specimens of the genus *homo*, and that their habitual repast did not consist of young and tender child-meat. For they had always been regarded by the peasantry very much as the Centaurs and Lapithæ were regarded among the ancients, — as huge, misshapen monsters whose passions and forms were alike a terribly distorted and exaggerated copy of the worst types of humanity. They came, uninterrupted in their progress, to within a day's march of the mighty capital of three kingdoms. Charles's heart swelled high within him, and already he was discussing in what manner it would be advisable for him to make his entry into the palace of St. James, the royal abode of his ancestors.

But bitter and sudden was the disappointment which even at this eleventh hour was in store for the ill-starred Prince. Even as his fingers closed around the coveted treasure, envious Fortune snatched it from his grasp. A council of war, held in his tent on the eve of that day which he fondly hoped would witness his entry into London, decided almost unanimously that their only safety lay in immediate retreat. The astounded and heart-broken Chevalier addressed them with prayers, arguments, reproaches; but they met his entreaties and his indignation with stubborn facts. None of the expected risings had occurred among the Jacobite gentry of the South. An overwhelming force was encamped in their immediate neighborhood. All around was danger, — salvation lay far in the rear. Charles gave in his submission, but it was uttered in a cold and unnatural tone. The whole man was indeed altered by the force of a blow such as few men have ever received. The sun within him, which a few hours before had filled his whole being with its cheerful rays, was now in these few evening hours quenched forever. His soul was left in cold

and outer darkness. Upon the homeward march he was a changed man. His buoyancy, his energy, his gayety were fled; even his physical powers seemed to droop and flag; and he whose indefatigable stride had been so notorious, was now among the first to tire.

But dark as was the cloud which had settled athwart his fortunes, its portentous blackness was yet to be illumined by one magnificently brilliant lightning flash: the royal fugitive shot one Parthian arrow at the Hanoverian foe. Upon the storied field of Falkirk, where once before the Scot and the Southron had mingled in the mortal fray,—once more a contest took place. Again the wild Highlander drove the terrified red-coats in disastrous flight. But it was not destined that Charles Edward should come out of his last fight a victor. Yet a third battle-field was marked down upon the map of his fate. One other time again was the heathery soil of Scotland to be trampled by the rapid tread of the tartan-clad squadrons, charging for the House of Stuart. But this time they did not march to victory. The plains of Culloden, which echoed to the tramp of their fiery charge, echoed likewise to the hasty step of their promiscuous rout. Even at the beginning of the contest the Jacobite forces were worn out with fatigue and starvation. One powerful clan, from a romantic notion of injured honor, refused to fight. At the same time, too proud to flee, they suffered themselves to be mowed down like sheep in sullen and unresisting silence. The issue of the hapless conflict left Charles a lone and outlawed wanderer, with a tempting price set upon his head. Many weary weeks did he lurk amid the Highlands waiting a transport to the shores of France. The story of these wanderings is a sad list of sorrows, humiliations, and hardships. But its gloom is lightened by the noble and heroic conduct of the beautiful and noble-hearted Flora McDonald,—a woman of whom her sex may well be proud.

When the unhappy Prince reached France, as though he

had not yet suffered enough, malignant Fortune struck one parting blow. The royal Princess of the House of France, with whom he had long since changed the vows of love, now asking naught of his true deserts, feeling naught for his unequalled disappointment, ignored everything save the fact of his failure. She spurned him with contempt. Now nothing was wanting to steep his heart in the most deadening bitterness of utter despair. The last star which had peeped between the black clouds that settled so heavily all around was now quenched in darkness. It is said that in his after years, as it were paralyzed by this total blasting of every hope, he sought to drown the anguish of remembrance in the wine-cup. If he did, who will be the man to condemn him!

JUNE.

"In these green days
Reviving sickness lifts her languid head;
Life flows afresh, and young-eyed health exalts
The whole creation round."— *Seasons*.

THESE last two lines of Thomson to me are full of the spirit of this blest month of June. I thought of these lines when I rose this morning; as I looked around, "exaltation" seemed to express perfectly my feelings, and they were in perfect harmony with everything in nature. The sunlight had a new glory, and the sky, after the rain, was of such a perfect blue, and it had its exaltation: it seemed lifted away from earth, and I could look so far into its deep purity! The breeze came from the northwest, not boisterous nor languid, but it moved over the meadows and through the trees with a contented strength, as if it came for a morning walk. The most perfect of June's flowers were offering the incense of their fragrance to their life-giver, the sun. It seems to me that there are no flowers like those of this

month; they have all the delicacy of the earlier and more fragile blossoms of spring, and all the beautiful coloring of the later and gaudy flowers of summer. They are so full of the "new life," and the roses, love's own flowers, are so animate with growth, that they seem to burst their hearts shedding its crimson treasure over their blushing petals. Love might utter all its thoughts with roses. Young love would wear a soft bud in her bosom, and that riper affection, soon to be crowned with possession, might carry a garland of the white flowers whose yet unopened centres are shaded with the faintest blush.

In this month the most barren hillocks are green, and a youthful vigor seems to animate the old trees, and the scattered branches that the storms have left grow young with June's rich green.

Death, with his persevering helper, time, gathered in his great harvest just before the spring flowers came. Now the invalid, who has one year more, grows stronger, and old age does not lean so heavily on his cane. All that lives feels the exaltation of this fresh life. June is the month of hope and of promise; there is promise in all the fields, and the hope of harvest cheers the farmer as he toils among his young crops. The smile of Nature calls out an answering look in man, and all his feelings and experience are changed. I think that there must be less of ill-temper in this month than in any other in the year: think of a sour temper on a June morning! We have got rid of our cruder humors; we have ceased to be nourished with those grosser meats which engender them, and are satisfied with, and even crave, fresher and lighter food, — white bread and rich milk, fresh vegetables, juicy foreign fruits, strawberries and cream. Our taste is more ethereal, and partakes of the general exaltation, and I might believe you if you told me that that pure-eyed sylph only ate a cherry and sipped a dew-drop for breakfast.

O, this month of romance, sentiment, illusion, and decep-

tion! To say nothing of the new life in the body, the soul is animated with hope and happiness, and the better thoughts shine through the face. Man looks nobler and woman more lovely. This melancholy man has smoothed his wrinkles; and this patient maiden, whose heart grew chill when her last birthday's clock struck thirty, has dropped a decade from her face and form; this mantle of years she will put on again in November, like a cloak and hood against its storms. If it is so with her, what must be the danger in the presence of the maiden radiant with "all Hebe-bloom"? O thou who art already too well inspired with all soft sentiment, shun twilight, moonlight, rose-scented breezes, flower-bordered walks, sheltered garden-seats, if she is present. Sweet graces are shed around her like the soft odor of the blossoming grape, which is now shooting out its delicate tendrils. Trust not your strong support near her; those tender shoots that gently clasp and twine gain a wonderful strength. The stout elm that frantically swings his arms in the storm-wind, cannot shake off the vine that wooed his support in the soft, still days. Dear youth, thou knowest not thyself nor her, and in other days thou wilt look with other eyes.

My friend the Prophet came to me the other morning, his face somewhat pale with a happy melancholy. "O R——," says he, "I have suffered everything this week, and I was with her last evening; but I won't do it!" He spoke this last, not like the utterance of a strong resolution, but like a frantic exhortation to a yielding will. The spell of the month was on him,—I saw it. Says I, "Don't you do it! You are going away for some years, perhaps, and when you come back you will have another pair of eyes, and it may not be June." He was a Senior; and the presentiment of loneliness, as my friend C—— remarked, has a good deal to do with the engagements which come off in the last term. The idea of separation at hand is sad, and the Prophet was softly repeating to his heart, "It is not good for man to be alone."

EDITORS' TABLE.

Our present number, which should have come out in June, will not appear until July. Such an unusual delay certainly requires some apology; the very fact that it is unusual points to the fact that the editorial corps have been faithful to their duty heretofore. The delay has been occasioned by a delinquent contributor. The "proof" of the Harvard was out in the first week in June, all except the last article, due, according to solemn promise, from this delinquent. We will do him the justice to say, that he has before been very prompt and trustworthy. Class-Day, with all its attractive preparations, tempted him from the path of duty at first; and since that happy day, regrets and remorse have made him their prey.

Although this number was due on the first of June, it is allowed to speak of what has taken place since. Class-Day has come and gone, and it would be superfluous to repeat again the thousand and one glorifications and congratulations upon the perfection of the weather and the success of the exercises of the day. The somewhat boastful pleasure we take in commenting upon that day is quite natural, and it is not wholly absurd to gather hope from the happy incidents of that day. The same feeling which led the warriors of classic fame to seek for all good omens possible when starting upon some expedition, leads "our class" to find pleasure in the thought that the Great Eastern was on that day and week making her successful voyage, that a new comet has appeared in honor of our graduation,—although once a comet was an omen of evil,—and this comet does not carry a drooping train, but its caudal glory is proudly erect. I was about to call it the very peacock of comets, but the peacock is a vain bird, and the lion, the king of beasts, "suffers the same thing."

One enthusiastic Senior found comfort for the awkwardness of the S in the illuminated "Sixty," in the fact that it made a figure eight, the highest mark given, and prophetic of the mark "our class" would make in the world.

This is not all folly, and the feeling is akin to that which leads us to make so much of the day itself, and this feeling is very kindly in its effects. After all, the great pleasure we take is in the entertainment of our friends, and we are only happy in seeing them proud and happy. We certainly do not enjoy the feasting, for we have no appetite on the occasion, and our friends have to eat for us; we work like as we never have before, and the only doubt is whether we shall last until the last song is sung before Holworthy, and yet if the day is propitious we are never so happy; with good reason, for do we not, each one of us, take into our hearts all the delight of a hundred friends.

In the extract from Thucydides given in Felton's reader the historian has painted a graphic picture of rejoicing; you almost see the outpouring of libations and hear the peans as the gorgeous fleet sweeps from the harbor. We are disposed to call it folly; but do we not do the same thing? Sea-sickness, hard fare, hard rowing, and hard fighting must come in our case as certainly as it did in theirs. We have had a touch of the sickness already, as we have seen the

pleasant rooms of a college home dismantled and their familiar ornaments encoffined in rough boxes, and as we have shook hands with those who have left for foreign lands; we may not see them for long years. Those few of us who are obliged to linger about, begin to feel the insignificance prophesied by our Class-Day Orator, and then we have our regrets as we think that perhaps we might have done more, all these give us a little heart-sickness, as our little boats work farther out to sea and draw into the grand swell of the deeper and bluer waters. Happy is he who feels, that as far as in him lies he is well equipped for the voyage, who dreads no rottenness in his ship's timbers, whose compass and chronometer are adjusted, and who, above all, has determined the course he will sail.

This is the last number brought out under the auspices of the present Senior editors, and they would like to leave a word with their successors. The first, or Financial Editor, who deserves all credit for his care in keeping *Maga's* accounts, and for the hard work he has done, is brief spoken, and only says, "A solid money basis is the best warrant of success in any enterprise; pay as you go! Subscribers, pay the Editors! Editors, pay the printers, and keep clear accounts!"

The second, or Historical Editor, advises that "the history of most interest is that which shall be the truest picture of college life, — both life of events and the life of thought. One great value of *Maga* is that she will lay up a store of memories for the future. The bound numbers of the *Harvard* will increase in value with waning years, and those articles alone will be read with eager interest, then as now, which are peculiar to college life and feeling, and not those essays which only rival the newspaper wisdom of any and every day."

The third Editor, or the Chirographer, would remark to both contributors and Editors, that "if there is anything pleasant to the eye of a printer, it is a fair, clear-written sheet, brought on in good season."

In conclusion, we would all say that our editorial life has been happy. We have met with the most cordial support, both in subscriptions and contributions. So far, we have paid as we went, and we have had plenty of manuscript to select from. We are as far as possible from grumbling, and we leave our respective "chairs" with most hearty thanks for the past and the best wishes for the future, and to each of our successors we say, "*Macte virtute.*"

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A LAST WORD. *Harvard*

Two years ago it was our privilege to address the College, through the medium of this Magazine, on the subject of the annual football game. We knew well that we had to deal with a delicate matter, overgrown as the game was with the respectable sanction of many years, and hedged about on every side with deep-rooted prejudices. Our feelings, however, were greatly roused; and knowing that any custom or institution which is worthy to stand can bear any amount of investigation, and defy all attacks, we had no fear that the right would suffer from an honest expression of our opinion, and so resolved to speak, *vel cum periculo offensionis*. In an article which appeared in the June number of the Harvard Magazine for 1858 we endeavored to set forth our views in relation to the game in question. They were, in brief, as follows:— We objected to the game at the outset, because we deemed it the offspring of those distinctions between the classes which were formerly much more strongly marked than now, and which, we are glad to think, are fading away every year. (Of course we referred only to such distinctions as serve to pit the classes against each other, to render one the butt of the rest, or to make any stage of the college course more odious than another.) We thought the perpetuation of the game tended to keep alive

old differences, and to create new ones. We urged next the brutality of the game, which many will deny, but none can disprove; the unfairness and inequality of the contest, which takes place so early in the term as to deprive one party of the greatest source of strength,—unity; and the immoral concomitants of the game, among which we specified drunkenness.

Deeming the game unnecessary at any time, even when freed from these evils (which some people call abuses), and now especially, when it has come to be only a disgraceful fight, we claimed that it ought to be abolished. We called upon the then Freshman Class, as having the power to exercise it for the termination of the game; it is needless to say with what result. The opinion we had formed of the character of that class inspired us with hopes we were only too ready to indulge, and our disappointment was therefore great.

Our article, though intended solely for the College, was not allowed to stay at home. It was replied to, of course, in the following number of the Magazine itself, but it also formed the theme of newspaper correspondence outside the State, was criticised by Boston editors and others, and so awoke a degree of public interest which could not have been without some good effect. If it did no more than to let people know that such a game as we discountenanced existed at Harvard,—and, for our own part, we were ignorant of the fact before we came to College,—it yet availed not a little. We would that the question might be discussed in every family which has a son in College,—yes, or which is to send one there,—and then, if parental influence or authority were strong enough to exercise its due weight in the matter, we believe there would never be another football fight at Harvard.

Bad customs, like puff-balls, spring up in a single night. Ask the College Government how long it takes to eradicate them. Many a college generation. Our life within these walls is short; the work to be done, the manners to be

improved, habits corrected, morals purified, laws bettered, is great. These reforms can be achieved only by the constant, patient toil of successive laborers; and unhappy the year and the class which can show no contribution to the common industry!

“Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side.”

So once to every class here is presented the opportunity of putting down the wrong, and lifting up the right; once to every class comes the necessity of looking this football game in the face, and of perpetuating or destroying it forever. These considerations have led us to make this, our last appeal, to the consciences and the hearts of those who, having the power, lack only the will to do their duty in the case in hand.

We desire, as briefly as possible, to go over the argument for the putting aside of the football game. In our former article we characterized the game, in effect, as unfair, brutal, drunken; and we intend now to stand by those words. As to the propriety of the first epithet, we think no one will dispute with us for a moment. Certainly the friends of the game cannot deny what is apparent to the most superficial observer; for, to leave out of sight the advantages of the Sophomores on the field, in respect of position and the privilege of the first kick, the time appointed for the struggle, as we have already remarked, renders it impossible that the opposing parties should meet on equal terms. To quote our own words on a former occasion:—

“We see, on the one hand, a numerous body of disciplined men, well known to each other, confident of success, stimulated by their defeat in the former year, and thus in purpose, feeling, and action a unit. On the other hand, a squad of awkward Freshmen, hurried to the field on the third day after their first meeting, distrusting each other, with no bond of sympathy, with no expectation of success, awed by the united phalanx opposite, ignorant of the bounds, of the rules of the game (if there be any), ignorant even why they are there,—scattered, irresolute, impotent.”—*H. M.*, Vol. IV. p. 182.

If this description be a true one, it appears plainly enough that the intention never was to have a fair game of football; for in that case the stronger side (by presumption) would have sought only to appear magnanimous towards its opponents, giving them equal chances on the field, and a decent interval for preparation. Look, for confirmation of this, to the game in other colleges, — Brown, for example, — where the game had to be omitted last year, because the Freshmen, in a proper spirit of independence, fixed the time of meeting to suit themselves, and stuck to it, though the Sophomores afterwards appointed an earlier day, arrayed themselves on the field in order of battle, got drizzled on and wet through, and finally went away, proclaiming themselves victors! While the game lasted at Yale, it is true, the Freshmen were allowed some time to become acquainted with each other; though when the game had, as here and everywhere else, degenerated to a fight, this course must have rendered the conflict more formidable, perilous, and brutal than ours.

The best proof, however, of the unfair and cowardly nature of the game, as now played, is found in the fact that, in the first three games of the series, the Sophomores avenge their drubbing of the year before on — whom? their late antagonists, the Juniors? O no! Whom then? Why, on those who have given them no offence, but are in a fit condition to be imposed upon, bullied, and knocked round generally. Look at it, for a moment! A gives B a thrashing, and, by way of retort, B turns round and pummels C most unmercifully (*eo immitior quia toleravit*)! The spectacle would be a ludicrous, were it not a lamentable one; and yet an attempt to do away with this state of things encounters what odium, what opposition!

The brutality of the football fight ought to be as little contested as its unfairness. Every fight is brutal and brutalizing, and this one is no exception to the rule, both in appearance and in reality. A respected friend of ours wit-

nessed the so-called game of last year, for the purpose of judging of the truthfulness of our article in this particular; he went away shocked and disgusted with what he saw, and satisfied of the justice of our charges. Who does not know that the game is made an occasion in which to wreak private spite and malice upon individuals? that victims are deliberately selected beforehand, and as deliberately sacrificed on the altar of brutality? Denial of these glaring facts would be gross and preposterous. But let us listen a little to testimony in regard to the game here and in other colleges. Hear, first, the voice of Yale:—

“The yearly football contest between the Freshman and the Sophomore Classes, which had come in these degenerate times to be no exercise of skill or agility, but a struggle of mere brute strength, hazardous to life and limb, has been abolished. Much credit is due to the Class which has just left us, in establishing the precedent of declining this battle, as well as for other changes for the better, which their independence and mature manliness led them to make.”—*The Undergraduate*, Vol. I., No. 1, p. 219.

Brown shall testify next:—

“It is probably generally known that it has been the custom, for many years, to have a game of football played after each yearly commencement, between the Sophomore and Freshman Classes. The real object of the contest is known to no one; but, in the progress of the game, many an unceremonious introduction is likely to take place, and the greatest familiarity is encouraged on both sides. The manner of salutation is not confined to bows and shakes, but blows and kicks, perhaps, are often the prelude to a close alliance. The result of it all is, that one class is *beaten* collectively, each class individually. It affords talk for the winter; and the bruised limbs, black eyes, and cracked heads are carefully treasured up by the Freshmen as spoils of the battle-field, to be *du(al)ly handed* down to the incoming class of the following year.”

A full confession of brutality and cowardice! Now for something about ourselves. A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, writing from Cambridge under date of September, 1858, says:—

“Efforts have been made, the last year or two, to discontinue this annual match, on the ground that it has degenerated into a fight, attended with danger of serious injuries. Last year, a young man's eye was so injured that its recovery was, for a while, doubtful; and another was carried off the field nearly insensible. This year, however, there were no cases of serious injury, though there were many throws, falls, bruises, and a few swelled faces and black eyes. It cannot be denied that there is too much fighting. In the huddles, all use of strength seems allowed, and good pugilists are as valuable as good ball-kickers. Yet this need not be; the game can be reformed without being abandoned. In ‘our day’ it was a *bona fide* football match, and blows with the fist were not allowed. We should be sorry to see it given up,” &c.

We extract from the *Boston Courier*, we believe, the following passages, from an article entitled *The Battle of the Boys*:—

“We had the pleasure (!) of seeing a fight yesterday,—not in anger, but in sport,—and yet, in truth, a very pretty fight. . . . It was the accustomed game of football, such as in other days had often led us into the thickest of the *melée*, bearing thence some of these results which flow from the too violent concourse of congregated atoms.

“In the present case, it was no mere promiscuous struggle of individual contestants for the triumph of skill and strength. . . . In good faith, when we first glanced over the field, it seemed a rather more serious thing than we remembered in days long past. The shock of battle had just come, the combatants were closely mingled, the ball was for the moment forgotten; some sturdy champions lay prostrate on the sward, fists were played with a spirit which spoke of a will, if not a skill, and really it was, as we observed, a very pretty fight.”

Lastly, from the *New York Century*, we take the following:—

“The Harvard game of football, at the opening of the new college term, has been witnessed (we have been told by the Boston papers) with the usual relish by the good people of that city and Cambridge. It elicits no further comment; and yet the history of these annual contests, if told without a shade of exaggeration, would make nearly the same impression on the public mind as a Spanish bull-

fight.* In fact, they are more dangerous to the combatants, and hardly less brutal in any respect. The contending classes prepare for the game in the true spirit of the 'ring,' the ball affording a pretext for a general rough-and-tumble fight, in which the fists are as lustily employed as is customary among regular bullies. Boys, or young men, are pitted against each other by scores and fifties; they knock each other down, tear off each other's clothes, and inflict all the personal injury which their utmost strength will allow. After the contest is over, eyes are bunged up, faces are black and bloody, shirts and coats in rags, and shins broken. The arena of this brutal exhibition is surrounded by hundreds of ladies and gentlemen from Boston and other places, whose presence cheers on the fighters, and nerves them to strike blows which are severe enough to cause lasting injury, and which not unfrequently leave marks for life. All this is known to the Professors of the University, and they have repeatedly endeavored to put a stop to it, but without success. We are well assured that the President regards the practice with anxiety and dread, and that he has used his earnest influence to discourage it; but it is one of those time-honored customs of college boys which they conceive to be an affair of their own, and outside of the College authorities. This is the only explanation or excuse for it; yet it is quite within the scope of the civil authorities of Cambridge, and ought to be arbitrarily prohibited. If nothing else will cure it, a fatal blow will some day be struck, and the practice will then cease."

We have made these quotations partly for the students, who need them least; partly for those, whosoever they may be, into whose hands this article may fall, and who, perhaps, are in ignorance on this subject, without the means of obtaining information; and partly to show that the reputation of the College is in danger, when such statements as are presented above have been circulated by the press, and cannot be gainsaid. We proceed to our next point.

* "In Spain, the Marquis de Niza has brought before the Cortes a proposal for the abolition of the usual bull-fights which take place in Lisbon during the summer months. . . . It is to be hoped this relic of barbarism may be swept away." — *Boston Traveller*, June 15, 1860.

We accept the omen!

The prevalence of the use of ardent spirits among the students of this College crops out on the Delta on the evening of every football game. It is an easy and a common thing to detect those of the combatants, on either side, who have been deepest in their potations before coming to the field. We have known one Class to pass the word around to take liquor previous to the conflict, though the faint-hearted of both parties, who would gladly stay away but dare not, probably need no such suggestion to bolster up their courage. A small Sophomore Class, to whom defeat seems likely, generally adopts as its motto, "*Drink* renders the weak equal to the strong," and proceeds accordingly. The disorderly bands that parade the streets at night when the fight is over bear witness to the possibility and the probability of their having had dealings with the cup; and indeed the character of those who are loudest in their defence of the game is what justifies one in conjecturing how many of the participants therein, in any given instance, have previously been drinking to a greater or less extent. In arriving at the result proposed, this fact will be of service; that about two thirds of the students are what might be called moderate drinkers,—as opposed to total abstinence men,—comprehending under the term those who drink pretty frequently, and those who drink only on occasion. The conjecture which we offered in our former article was made without this fact for a basis; and though we were thought by almost every one to exaggerate, we are now convinced that, if we did, it was only in respect of the reality, and not of what might reasonably be expected.

There are four great occurrences every year which, more than anything else, contribute to the general corruption of the students: to wit, the Football Game, the Sophomore and Senior Class Suppers, and Class Day; of all which the use of liquor is an invariable accompaniment. The first-mentioned is by no means the least injurious of these occurrences; and, if space permitted, we should like to investigate

this important branch of our subject to its uttermost. We shall now, however, simply refer to the peril to which life and limb are exposed in the annual fight, from the fact of the irresponsible and ungovernable state of mind in which many of the combatants find themselves. The natural excitement of the conflict must of itself be intense, so that the additional stimulus of the liquor which has been taken, in however slight a degree, must increase this excitement well-nigh to frenzy. In such a condition, who can moderate the blows which he is wildly dealing? who can be sure of going just far enough in the infliction of injury? who, indeed, will undertake to determine in hot blood what he could not if he were sober,—what amount of injury constitutes “enough”? Why, in short, as the *New York Century* has remarked, should there not one day a fatal blow be given, to make the game infamous when it is too late? We beg for this point an attentive consideration.

The supporters of the football game declare that it ought to be perpetuated for two reasons; first, because it is old, and second, because it affords good exercise. To the first we reply, in the words of Mrs. Browning, —

“that crime with a precedent
Doubles the guilt of the crime,”

and that the longer this bad game continues, the stronger are the reasons for its immediate overthrow. And, as for the second, what is a whole day, even, of exercise to a single hour of vice and brutality? To judge from the arguments of our opponents, one would think that if the football match, which comes once a year, were taken away, the students of Harvard would be utterly destitute of means for exercise. Surely there must be more force than even we should be willing to allow in the “blows from the shoulder” which are given in the fight, if the increase of muscle resulting therefrom can last for a twelvemonth! But the fact is, that we have plenty of opportunities for increasing our bodily vigor. We have the Gymnasium, in the first place,

always open-armed to receive us ; we have pleasant walks for those who prefer them ; we have the river for bathing and boating, and we have the Delta for field-sports. To these last, football, ball, and cricket belong, and all are valuable. The lesser (or rather the only) games of football, which are played in the autumn months, are far more healthful and invigorating than the great misnomer, though the taint of the latter sometimes affects even them. Cricket has come latterly into much favor among us, and the match games between the two higher Classes, and especially the games in which the picked men of the four Classes were fused without distinction,—which took place a month or two ago on the Common,—seemed to us to be a promise of “the good time coming.” The utmost good feeling was apparent throughout them all. If any party was beaten, it was by the exercise of skill only, and skill which might be acquired by practice. There was no appeal to the baser passions, no reason for getting excited by tippling or otherwise, no need to have recourse to trickery or unfair dealing ; but, instead, a just and healthy spirit of emulation, directed in a proper channel.

We expect the abolition of the football game to come about in consequence of two pressures,—an inside and an outside one ; it is the purpose of this article chiefly to help create the former, though the latter has not been out of view. If the friends of the College who agree with us in disapproving of the game would lend it their discountenance by staying away from its annual performance ; and if, especially, the women of this vicinity, who might point to this game as a result of a one-sided education, would avoid it in like manner, the outside pressure were already created. But to abolish the game from our own convictions of right, from the inside pressure of conscience, would be vastly more to our credit than to do the same thing for the sake of the good opinion of others.

Once more, therefore, we appeal, in the name of all that

is manly, in the name of fair play and of virtue itself, to the Class which is soon to have the power of settling this whole question,—decisively, if for the right; temporarily, if for the wrong. We do not say, reform the game, because we think it in its best estate of questionable value, and particularly because we know that it would never stay reformed, or if it did, would fall into universal neglect. Only its worst features now preserve the game; for what Class within our recollection ever prided itself on its superiority at genuine football? The so-called abuses, therefore, are really the essence of the thing. No more honorable act, then, could adorn the annals of any Class, than the abolition of a custom so vicious, so corrupting, and so dangerous, as the football fight. When the last day of student life has come, how mortifying must be the reflections of those who can look back upon nothing done by them to leave the College better than they found it! Above all, how accusatory the consciences of those who, having the power, refused to use it for the accomplishment of a great and noble end! May such not be your reflections, nor such the state of your consciences on that day, members of the Class of '63!

"HOW UNCERTAIN ARE HUMAN AFFAIRS."

It was hot; the tired leaf scarcely stirred on the bough,

As lazy and languid we strolled up from tea;

"Come, come, 'tis too bad to keep pestering now,

Or say, at the least, what my subject shall be!"

"Will you pledge me your honor you will not refuse

The first subject," quoth he, "that my will may suggest?"

'T was a shame thus to bind me; not e'en dared I lose

Help from him, for "mens stulta" I freely confessed.

So I whispered "Yes," mildly, and watched for his word

Just as you watch when summoned and "publicked" for prayers,

His keen black eye twinkled; I groaned as I heard:
 "Write," he said, "'How Uncertain are Human Affairs.'"

My good genius, where was he? I needed him then;
 He'd have whispered, "Beware! I see sorrow and cares!"
 But I trusted my friend, — he, the falsest of men:
 Ah me! how uncertain are human affairs.

Such is life; when the sun of your fortunes is high,
 With its beams your dear friend gilds the smile that he wears,
 Let it set, — there is naught but dull clouds in the sky,
 And you find how uncertain are human affairs.

'Tis the fate of us all; when we hold up the cup,
 And the light turns to blood in the rich juice it bears,
 Crash! it shivers and falls as we bend o'er to sup,
 And we sigh, "How uncertain are human affairs!"

When to College I came, all save study I hated:
 Such honor as Newton's was dear to my prayers;
 When I'd well learned his "law," I myself "gravitated,"
 So uncertain, believe me, are human affairs.

'T is a pleasure, they say, at the black-boards of Science,
 To flourish a pointer with elegant airs;
 Some sharp query soon sets your wits at defiance:
 "How uncertain," you mutter, "are human affairs!"

Next week, for a supper! the wine shall be rosy!
 We'll have Russes and ices sent out fresh from Mayer's,
 Next morning you're summoned, "The country is coöey;"
 Alas! how uncertain are human affairs!

* * * * *

The Yale men sit firmly; each muscle is swelling:
 The past lends assurance right warm to their prayers;
 Do you hear those loud cheers, *Harvard's* victory telling?
 They shall find how uncertain are human affairs.

THE STRANGER'S STORY.

It was Saturday evening. The first full moon of June was sailing in the cloudless sky, when I left my college room for a walk to Boston. I was in the full enjoyment of that delicious but indescribable feeling of repose peculiar to that night when the labors of the week are over, and the shadow of the next is not yet upon me. Burns sang the delights of the Cotter's Saturday Night. Have we no bard to sing the Student's Saturday Night? I passed slowly beneath the elms, and watched the shifting spots which flecked the lawn where the moonlight trickled through the overarching boughs. The lofty walls of University cast a sombre shadow in my path, from which it was a relief to emerge into the full effulgence of the Queen of Night.

As I drew near to Gore Hall, I paused to view its graceful outline revealed by the mellow light. Surely there was nothing in its clean and freshly wrought stones to remind me of a ruined abbey, crumbling to decay. Here were no moss-grown gateways or turrets ivy-crowned; no serpent coiled about its fallen pillars or gloomy owl hooted from its shattered casements. But, obeying an impulse I cannot explain, I repeated aloud Scott's familiar lines,

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

Here I paused, when a clear voice near me, but from an invisible source, continued,

"For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray."

Advancing a step, I saw standing in the deep recess of the doorway the figure of an aged man. I could scarcely have been more startled if Michael the Wizard had appeared to me. He was uncovered, and the moon beaming clearly upon him, distinctly revealed his form and features. His ample brow was crowned with the almond blossom of age,

but his eye was penetrating and clear. His countenance was stamped with that benignity with which elevation of mind and purity of life never fail to glorify the hoary head. Though of small stature, there was an air of dignity about him which challenged respect. Although evidently far advanced in years, he appeared to possess much of the vigor of middle life. The human fruit was fully ripe, but as yet bore no marks of decay. Such was my momentary impression of the man. Seeing my embarrassment at this unexpected interview, the stranger stepped forward, saying, "Pardon me, sir, for the fright I have given you. Your quotation so harmonized with my thought at the moment that I seemed to repeat my own words and not yours." The stranger's tone and manner confirmed the impression which I had already formed. The charm which travel and familiar intercourse with polished society can alone give attracted me. I informed him of my destination, and he replied, "I am also going thither, and will accompany you, if your young legs are not impatient of an old man's pace." I gladly accepted his offer, and we walked slowly along. I have learned that nothing quickens the tongue of an aged person so much as respectful and attentive hearing. I claim to be an excellent listener, and the interest I evinced in his conversation seemed to open the old man's heart. He informed me that he was a native of New England, but had taken up his residence in a foreign land.

After an absence of thirty years, he had recently returned to pay a brief farewell visit to the place of his birth. His talk abounded with recollections of foreign travel, and anecdotes of distinguished persons and places. One story of his own experience thrilled me at the time, and has since often recurred to my mind. I shall endeavor to relate it as nearly as possible in his own words.

"Forty-five years ago, I was as you now are, a student in yonder time-honored University. My college life—I remember it as yesterday. I noticed to-day many changes

in the outward aspect of Old Harvard. Several buildings, though new and beautiful, you will forgive me for saying, seemed like intruders upon the spot which I have seen in fancy so many times, in my foreign home. Some of the old landmarks I rejoiced to find unchanged. I stood to-day in the door-way of old Massachusetts. A feeling I could not resist led me to my old room. I mounted the stairs, but not with the elastic step with which I last ascended them. I knocked at the door, and the youthful occupants courteously admitted me. Ah! there it was, the same old room — the same low ceiling and sloping floor, the same broad window-seat, where I studied and dreamed in boyish unconsciousness of the future. I was at home again. 'Jack, chum, this is life, is n't it, old fellow?' I was dreaming. Jack, my light-hearted chum, after attaining a distinguished rank as a divine, died, in the height of his fame, full fifteen years ago. It was only yesterday I read the inscription upon his marble monument. 'Sacred to the memory of Rev. J—— F——, D. D.' My old classmates, — where are they? Most of them in their graves. A few still remain with faces as care-worn and hair as white as mine. When I meet them, clasp their trembling hands, and gaze into their dim eyes, I discover little to remind me of their bright and buoyant youth."

Old memories seemed to steal over the aged speaker, and he walked for some distance in silence, — a silence I was not so thoughtless as to break. At length he resumed the quiet flow of his conversation. "My young friend, I would not sadden you by my recollections of the past. Trouble comes soon enough to every one, and God knows I do not find it in my heart to cloud for a moment your happy present. Let us talk of other things." I begged him to continue his personal reminiscences, if not too painful to himself, assuring him that nothing could interest me more. He continued: "It was upon this street that I met with an adventure which has made a more vivid and lasting impression upon my

mind than any event of my life. But a few words of introduction are necessary. While I was a Senior it happened to me, as to so many young men at that susceptible period, to be ensnared by the wiles of Cupid. It was in Spring, when, as Tennyson says, 'a young man's fancy lightly turns to love,' that I was thrown by accident into the society of her whose gentle nature was destined to exercise for years a controlling influence upon me. Her calm, sweet voice restrained my impetuous temper. She was my guardian angel at a period when all other restraints were weaker than ropes of sand. To whatever of manly character I may make claim, I am indebted to her, my first and only love." The old man's voice trembled and a crystal drop glistened on either cheek. "Her parents resided in Cambridge, in immediate proximity to the College,—a dangerous proximity. Dangerous, I mean, to those parents who would preserve their family circle unbroken. And yet this is a peril to which, as you may have remarked, parents seem strangely insensible. I remember how a romantic attachment adorned the days, which had before been 'white days,' with a prismatic splendor. Many a clear night like this has yonder luminary seen me promenading beneath these Cambridge elms,—and not alone. Many of these trees have grown much since then. But one, which bears the illustrious name of the Father of his Country, remains apparently unchanged,—a fitting symbol of a mutual affection which I must believe remains unchanged, though she left me and this world long, long ago. Beneath the majestic elm our vows of love were spoken, while the noble old tree spread his protecting arms over our heads, and the summer breeze which rustled its green leaves whispered a benediction.

"But I weary you. Let me hasten to my story. Two years had elapsed since I sang Auld Lang Syne with my classmates, while we joined hands around the College Tree. The legacy of an uncle had barely sufficed to meet my college expenses. I entered upon the world at twenty-three,

with a good education, a fair reputation, but no money. I engaged in business, and by assiduous application and strict economy at twenty-five had opened for myself what seemed a sure path to fortune.

I had erected a neat cottage in the vicinity of the city, and was awaiting its completion to be united in marriage to her whose faithful love had been the solace of my labors. It was the last day of the old year when my cottage was pronounced ready for its occupants. I had arranged to pay for the house upon taking possession. At evening, having drawn the requisite amount from the bank, I was about starting from my office in Boston for my lodgings in Cambridge, when an unexpected matter of business, requiring immediate attention, was brought to my notice. It was late when I finished my work. Carefully depositing my money in a breast-pocket, I hastily put on my overcoat and gloves, and hurried towards Cambridge Bridge. It was intensely dark, and the streets were silent and deserted. The east wind, laden with snow and sleet, blew fiercely, stinging me to blindness, and chilling me to the bone. I sought shelter for a moment under an arched doorway. Should I turn back? My wedding was appointed for an early hour on the morrow. No! I would push on. As I turned a corner, a light gleamed upon me from a low window opposite; I crossed the street and entered a cellar restaurant. I ordered a cup of tea, and the steaming beverage was soon brought me. When I entered, the waiter was parleying with a coarse-looking man. On stepping to the counter to pay for my refreshment, I found I had no small change. I therefore drew my wallet from my breast-pocket, and took a bill from the roll which represented to me the value of the cottage of which I was soon to be the happy proprietor. As I received back my change, my eye met the eye of the rough stranger, who seemed intently watching me. Carefully replacing my pocket-book, and feeling much refreshed by the warm draught, I set out once more upon my comfortless walk.

As I approached the bridge, the sound of a church-clock met my ear, and I paused to count the strokes. It was midnight. A dreary ushering in of the New Year thought I. The lights of the bridge were all extinguished, and I was obliged, in the pitchy darkness, to grope my way by the railing. The tide was at its height, and beat upon the bridge with a dismal splashing. Ever and anon a fierce gust seizing the crest of a wave drenched me with the icy spray. I seemed in the midst of an angry sea. I kept bravely on, however, comforting myself with the thought of the warm seat by the fireside that awaited me, and the happy event of the morrow. Once I paused to take breath, when I fancied I heard a step behind me. I listened intently, but could distinguish no sound save the tumultuous roaring of the elements in their mad conflict. I had reached, as I supposed, the centre of the bridge, about where we now stand, when I distinctly heard a heavy step close behind me, and in an instant my arm was seized by a burly ruffian, who, with a gruff voice, demanded my money. The true state of affairs flashed upon me at once. This was the stranger I had seen in the cellar. Involuntarily I shouted for help,— Watch! Murder! Murder! On such a night, I might as well have sought aid from the waves which mocked me by their roaring. I was unarmed, and but a child in a giant's grasp, but the strength of desperation nerved my arm. The money at length was torn from me, but in the contest I had inflicted a wound upon the villain's face, which would mark him for recognition. But the money did not content him. It was his fell intent to remove all evidence of his crime. He sprang upon me anew, and with herculean strength strove to hurl me from the bridge. With muttered oaths, the assassin swung me to and fro in his muscular arms. I seized the railing, and clung to it with the terrible energy of one contending for life. My wrists were sprained, my fingers cruelly lacerated. I foamed at the mouth, and big drops of sweat poured down my face. I sicken to recall that desper-

ate struggle. It lasted a long time, — so at least it seemed to me. At length my head grew dizzy, my bleeding hands loosed their hold, I shrieked, fell, and in an instant was struggling with another combatant scarcely less fearful, — the foaming sea. The shock of the icy water restored my waning consciousness. The tide, which was now ebbing, swept me beneath the bridge. When near the centre, as I judged, my hand fell upon one of the piles which support the structure. Claspings my arms about it, and twining my torn fingers together, I clung to this my only hope of life. My fever heat was now succeeded by benumbing cold. As the tide ebbd, the sea-weed which adhered to the pile, flapped its slimy fingers in my face.

“O, that dreadful, dreadful night! To be so near the realization of my brightest hopes, and suddenly cast out to die the most terrible of deaths! The thought drove me mad. In my delirium I shouted, cursed, and prayed by turns. As the benumbing cold crept nearer my heart, my raging frenzy was succeeded by a pleasing languor. My whole life passed in rapid review. A delicious calm, as of approaching sleep, crept slowly over me, — welcome, welcome, death. . . . Hark! a sound of voices and the rattling of rowlocks near me, arouse me from my stupor. The sound draws nearer. I'm saved! I'm saved! With a feeble cry, I lapse into complete insensibility.

“Two hardy sailors, while securing to a wharf a vessel which had partially broken from her moorings, had heard my cries in a lull of the storm, and by their noble exertions saved me. Long weeks after, I listened to the story of my rescue. The scanty remnant of life which that fearful night had left, had been cherished by the loving skill of faithful friends. To them I owed my life, and most of all to the devoted attentions of her who afterwards became my wife.

“Two years after, at a southern seaport, a wretch was condemned to death for piracy. On the gallows he *confessed the murder* of one who at that moment was rejoicing

in the final possession of that home of which the robbery had so long deprived him."

With breathless attention I had listened to the Stranger's Story. We had now reached the foot of the Common. Here we parted. "You will pardon an old man's garrulity," said he, as he clasped my hand. "The novel circumstances of our meeting, and the interest you have manifested in my story, have rendered me unusually communicative to a stranger. In two days I set sail for my home across the sea. I shall visit once more the green grave of my wife, and then bid my native land a last farewell. Farewell to you, my young friend, and God bless you!"

As he spoke, the moonlight clearly revealed once more his noble and benignant countenance. It was a face I shall not soon forget. The venerable stranger turned into an adjacent street, and I saw him no more.

1844

THE GROANS OF A VICTIM.

At the present time, when such tremendous preparations are making for the boat-races with Yale College, when our Sophomore Class has entered into the spirit of the thing, has already accomplished so much, and is still doing its utmost not to be excelled; and when even the Freshmen, roused from their usual obscurity by the interest and activity about them, are making no contemptible exhibition of their abilities and capabilities, it seems as if a word upon the subject of training would be neither out of place nor uninteresting.

I suppose it would be impossible to ask an individual in Harvard whether he knew what training was, without receiving an answer in the affirmative, and yet I do not think I err in asserting that scarcely two dozen of them all have the least idea of its uses and requirements; I am of course

well aware that any student is ready to shout, "Absurd!" or something more emphatic on reading this statement, and equally likely to throw down this humble article, wrap himself in his conceit and a wreath of cigar smoke, and doze away to dream on the general folly of mankind, and their especial ignorance of aquatics and all that pertains to it; but let me inform him that I am prepared, not only to defend, but also *prove* my affirmation. I am one of that numerous and respectable class who, to quote some of the prevailing slang, "Say little, but think a *heap*," and when they have pondered upon a subject, and have finally come to a decision, and last of all have seen fit to commit it to the lips or pen, are no more to be shaken from their position than the everlasting hills. It is hardly probable that any one would be so senseless as to choose training as a subject, even when his readers were acquainted with it in all its details, — far less when they merely *supposed* themselves to be so, — had he not some new ideas to offer, and were he not tolerably sure of his ground.

Having, I trust, impressed my reader with the difficulties he must encounter in endeavoring to refute my statements, or at least secured his silence until I gain time to explain myself further, I will at once proceed with my subject. And now as I am about to relate my own experience of training, and do not intend to draw instances and illustrations from that of others, the few words which I propose to say will of necessity possess something of an egotistical flavor.

No extraordinary prodigy or commotion in the heavens is said to have preceded or followed my entry upon life; nor did the deities in any way interfere with my years of infancy, which resembled those of all other mortals. There was, however, one accomplishment in which I surpassed all the "young ones" in the neighborhood; it was that of eating. This slight digression is not as might at first sight be supposed, unintentional or useless; but was inserted in this

place to prove that no natural antipathy to food or abstinence-system carefully inculcated in youth had prepared me for training, and had rendered the prospect of rigorous diet a delightful one, and to make manifest therefore that naught but the purest motives of patriotism and disinterestedness have brought me into the position which I now occupy, that of a trainer.

Nearly all of us like rowing, in theory at least, and thousands who have heard sung, and sung for themselves, Moore's Canadian Boat Song, adore it. That beautiful idea of the voices keeping tune while the oars keep time. Delightful, is n't it? And how simple it all seems in the poetry! Who ever thinks of associating with rowing muscular exertion, perspiration, &c., while listening to that graceful and mellifluous verse? None! none! Ah, no! Beneath them flows the glassy river, not a dimple on its surface, above and around hang the twining branches with their rich and varied foliage, through which the rays of the setting sun are glimmering softly, or the queen of night is looking down tranquilly upon her twin sister in the stream; while the cool air steals among the leaves, and kisses their cheek with its perfumed breath. The atmosphere is vibrating with the melody of song. The oars beat time. The light bark glides onward, and the stars while listening forget to twinkle.

Such, then, is rowing as pictured by Moore. How is it without the poetry and the imagination? How is it with a training crew? They are rowing up the river, and beneath them, with an ebb tide, rushes the dirty water roiled by an opposing wind. Above them is a lurid sky, with the broiling sun rolling in its centre and pouring down its pitiless heat upon their heads and backs. Against them, like the blast of a furnace, comes the scorching air. No music but the puffing and panting of the unhappy victims, and the shouting of the bow to "keep time" (which the oars obstinately refuse to do), lends a charm to the scene. And is this rowing? I would gladly deny the fact if possible; but, alas! the picture is too true.

Some might express a doubt as to the tide's always being on the ebb, in which case I should merely answer, that I am relating my own experience, and that I never pulled from Cambridge to Boston when the tide was not coming in, or back again when it was not running out. All *sceptics* may go into training and satisfy themselves upon this point.

Just as the man who is unable to pay his tailor "*at present*" is constantly, and in the most awkward manner possible, encountering that individual in the street, so the man in training, and unable to drink water, is perpetually bringing up opposite a pump, and to one with an interior like a sand-bag, the torture is, as you may suppose, extreme. It has in past years been my custom to repeat "The Old Oaken Bucket" upon every warm day, and after pondering awhile on that refreshing composition (in which I always imagine myself as drinking until the old vessel is turned bottom up, and drained to the last drop) to carry out its suggestions to the letter, and to revel in the sparkling liquid. But there are no such dreams for me now, nor happy realizations of them. They have all "kicked the bucket" and departed. No draught of water moistens my parched lips or dried throat. And this is *training*! That *natural* state of perfect health and good spirits! Ye gods! if this be nature, I thank ye that refinement and luxury have been able to do so much for us.

Nothing has been more pleasing to me than, in the early Summer, to wander through the shady lanes, across the flowery fields, and in the quiet groves, or to climb to some lofty hill-top, and there, stretched at length on the rich green sward, sheltered from the sun by an o'erhanging rock, to dream away the lazy hours, to trace the outline of some lovely landscape, or, inspired by the beauty of the scene, to address a glowing apostrophe to Nature or the Seasons. Alas! 't is all over now! Should I walk, no grateful shade must protect me, heat and perspiration are alone to be sought. No pleasant hill-top or cooling breeze! No! no! Remember you are *training*!

How I loved in the quiet nights to stroll along the pleasant streets and under the walls of the venerable "College Buildings," and in company with one or two "kindred spirits" to rouse the sleeping (I had almost said *tutors*) echoes with a song. The good old angles, when once awake, seemed glad to repeat the strain, and all but joined the chorus, with a touch of sadness perhaps, for the memory of the thousand youthful voices that came and went long ago, and now are silent forever.

At this hour, around the Delta again and again runs the wretched trainer, thinking of nothing save the pounds of flesh he is losing, and the discomfort of his present situation; his breath anywhere but in his body, and the huge drops of moisture falling from his brow. Why make myself miserable with the thought, and yet I can not restrain my feelings. Class-day is coming, and although I suppose the intellectual portion of its ceremonies should be the first object of consideration, yet those nice *spreads*! Well! well! There will be a rare opportunity to gain reputation for gallantry, and perchance gay conversation and bright eyes may transport us to other regions, where the cares and trials of the body are forgotten in the pure enjoyment of the soul.

But apart from all the little romantic oases upon life's desert, which are swept away by the training hurricane, what could be more mortifying than to be outdone on every side by men who are following the customs of civilization, and that too in mere petty feats of strength, which I always thought contemptible, and now regard as doubly so? And then again to have one's brawn patted by companions, who look upon it as a right to handle, and examine into the condition of the "class crew." Would that Spartacus were alive! I'd take him by the arm, and he and I would rail together against this barbarous practice.

Then, moreover, with the fair sex! This training business leads to so many awkward and impertinent questions

about one's age, class, and the comparative muscle of different parties, and necessitates so many long-winded arguments with deaf old gentleman, to prove that you are not shortening your life, that I confess I am heartily sick of the whole matter.

But I forget myself. A moment ago I entered calmly upon this subject, with the determination of proving logically that *training* was a *bore*, and *I* a miserable *victim*; but my feelings were too much for me. And my ideas, which, if properly cooked and served, might have been palatable, suddenly boiled over in a conglomerate mass, and have left me dry and useless.

The only excuse I can offer (and may my experience be a warning to others) is, that I am *training*.

Chlorine

WOMAN IN COLLEGE.

He is a bold and a rash man who will venture to affirm to-day, that the next fifty years are not destined to witness the greatest changes in the condition of woman. With old prejudices dying out upon all sides, with the gradual admission of woman into one place after another, where before the doors had always been barred against her, with the rapid establishment of numerous institutions for her benefit, — we have everything to admonish us that woman's future is to be something very different from a copy of her past. It is true that, as yet, she has gained not a tithe of what her advocates have claimed for her; still, the advances which she has made have not been small. Scarcely a year passes without some fresh legislation in her favor; repeatedly has society been forced to relax or annul some of the tyrannous restrictions by which it cramped her movements and limited her sphere of action; and nearly all the time we may hear

of the ascending walls of some new shrine of learning dedicated to her. These great changes in the past, of which even ourselves have witnessed many, are the auguries of still greater changes in the future. If so much has been accomplished for woman while the great majority of the people have taken no interest in her struggle for improvement, what may we not expect when every man and every woman comes to understand how important it is for the best hopes of humanity, that she should take her place, side by side with man, as his equal partner and co-worker in every honest labor!

But it is not my intention, at present, to attempt the consideration of so wide and comprehensive a subject as "Woman's Rights." I only propose to discuss a question, which, I think, must have some interest for every collegian — a question which probably all of us, in the course of our lives, will frequently hear debated, and which, I believe, must ultimately be answered in the affirmative by every institution of learning in the land. That question is, — "Ought women to be admitted to our colleges?"

I shall not deem it necessary to demonstrate here the intellectual equality of the two sexes. The man who appeals to the history of the past to prove the inferiority of woman, forgetting the oppression under which she has labored, and the ten thousand drawbacks which have checked her progress, has, it seems to me, neither a logical mind nor a generous heart; and I trust there is none such in my circle of readers. But while, throughout this article, I shall assume that woman, though differing from man in her constitution, is nevertheless his equal both intellectually and morally, I yet wish it to be observed that many even of the strongest arguments for opening our colleges to women lose none of their strength, although such equality be denied.

Neither shall I attempt to establish the fact that one sex has no claim to an education superior to that which we allow to the other. If woman is gifted with intellectual

faculties equal to those of men, she is entitled assuredly to equal advantages for their cultivation; if she is to perform that equal part with man in the work of the world, for which her Maker has fitted her, then, most certainly, she needs, as much as he, the instruction and the discipline which have been found most suitable in preparing him to sustain the labors and discharge the duties of life. The prescription which for centuries has thrown the portals of learning wide open to man alone cannot alter this truth; and six thousand years of oppression only enforce the demands which woman urges for speedy and entire justice.

But it is sometimes maintained, even by those who grant woman's right to an equally thorough and comprehensive education with man, that the interests of both sexes are best secured by separating them during the period of their education. Such persons dwell upon the dissimilarities in the mental constitution of the two sexes, and argue that nature herself plainly indicates thus, that the same studies are not appropriate for both; they enlarge upon what they call the impropriety and indelicacy of placing young ladies in the same educational institution with young men; or finally they hint obscurely at certain prudential considerations, which must always render it inexpedient to allow of free intercourse between young persons of opposite sexes, not under the eyes of their parents. I shall not stop here to refute these objections; all of them, however, will be noticed in the course of this article. In proceeding to set forth the benefits which both sexes would receive from the introduction of young ladies to our colleges upon the same terms as the young men, I shall divide my subject into three parts, and treat separately of the intellectual, the social, and the moral advantages to be gained from the proposed change.

First, then, how would the mental training of both sexes be affected by uniting young men and young women in the same educational institution? It is argued sometimes, as has already been noticed, that the two sexes differ greatly

in their range of faculties, and are not fitted for the same studies. Woman's intellect, we are told, may be as perfect as man's, but it is not the same. We should, therefore, it is asserted, be doing violence to nature and compelling one sex to undertake an uncongenial task, if we obliged either man or woman to pursue the studies which are most appropriate to the other sex. But let us test this argument a little. What studies are there which we attend to at Harvard which a woman might not engage in with interest and profit? Will you say the languages? or physical science? or mathematics? or metaphysics? Examine, then, the course of study of any of the better class of Female Seminaries, and you will find that proportionally the same amount of time is there devoted to each of these departments of knowledge and thought as with us. It does not appear, then, that there would be any practical difficulty in instructing classes composed of both sexes, or in arranging the course of study so as to accommodate all.

The intellectual diversities of the two sexes would not, therefore, prove an obstacle to the proposed plan of education; let us look a little further and inquire if we may not derive from them a strong argument in its favor. What is, then, the chief difference between the character of man's intellect and woman's? I shall not, of course, attempt in this place to investigate this question for myself; it will be better to adopt, at once, what is recognized, I believe, as being its best answer,—an answer which will, I think, be found to accord with the experience of us all. Man's intellect is naturally inductive; woman's, deductive. Men are disposed to reason from observed effects to causes yet unknown to them; while women, with a rapid intuition, seize at once upon the cause and trace it speedily to all its effects. Men usually over-estimate the value of the inductive method and unduly disparage the deductive. They exalt that in which their superiority lies, at the expense of that in which they are deficient. Perhaps it arises from the same cause

that men undervalue the deductive method, and that they have so long held in low esteem the intellect of woman ; they are unable to appreciate any excellence which is not shared by themselves. But it might serve to moderate our conceit and to raise our opinion of the value of woman's quick insight, if we did but remember that God never reasons ; with him, all is intuition.

But the point which I wish especially to emphasize is this, — that in order to obtain a perfect understanding of any subject, it is desirable to examine it from as many points of view as possible. For instance, are we studying physical science ? It is not enough, then, to combine one fact with another, to proceed from narrower to wider generalizations till we arrive, at last, at a far-reaching and wide-working cause ; it will serve to give us a better idea of the connection of one phenomenon with another, and of one department of science with another, — a better idea, therefore, of the Creator's plan and of the harmony of his works, — to reverse the process by which we ascended to the cause, and *deduce* from the one grand law its various and multiplied effects. Neither the inductive nor the deductive, neither the male nor the female mind, is complete in itself ; each is the complement of the other. Every student should seek to understand the value and the use of both the inductive and deductive methods ; and here the man must learn from the woman, and the woman from the man. Woman is ever ready to acknowledge the power of man's ponderous intellect ; let not man refuse to recognize the superior keenness and agility of her more nimble faculties. Let him seek through intercourse with her to acquire a portion of her speed ; let her endeavor to gain something of his sureness and uniformity of action.

Next I am to consider my subject in its social relations. I shall reserve what I have to say of the effects which the proposed change would produce upon the real character of the students, till I come to treat of the question under dis-

cussion in its moral bearings; under this head I intend only to notice slightly how the manners of both sexes would be benefited by being accustomed to meet in the recitation and reception rooms. It will not be necessary to dwell upon this point; the mere mention of it will suggest almost all that there is to be said. Perhaps it may be doubted whether there was ever formed a gentleman without the society of women, or a lady without intercourse with men. Without a mingling of the sexes, the manners of both would want polish, grace, and courtesy. We very well know that a man's conduct towards men is often marked by coarseness and bluntness; and it is to be feared that women do not always treat those of their own sex with all possible consideration and courtesy. But intercourse between the sexes effects great changes. Awkwardness becomes gracefulness; coarseness is softened into politeness; and rough words are modulated into kind and gentle language. I shall not insist upon these benefits at greater length; for important as they are, they are of far less consequence than the intellectual and moral advantages which would be gained by the joint education of the two sexes. I have, however, one remark more to make. We do not observe, perhaps, at Harvard a great deal of uncouthness or roughness in each other's manners; for nearly all of us have enjoyed considerable social advantages at our homes. But in our country colleges, where young men often gather from the farm and the workshop, to devote themselves to study, marked awkwardness and rudeness must frequently be displayed. We cannot, therefore, judge correctly from what we see at Harvard of the need of some change in order to improve the manners and deportment of collegians.

I come now to speak of the effects which the presence of both sexes in the same College would produce upon the characters of each. In this connection it will be necessary to discuss some delicate topics which, if I might, I would

gladly leave untouched. I shall endeavor to treat of them in such a manner as to avoid giving needless offence; but in order to speak effectually, it will be necessary to speak plainly. The moral benefits to be derived from the presence of women in our colleges may be divided into two classes,—those which the mere presence of woman would necessarily bring with it, and those which both young men and young women would reap from friendly contact with each other. The first class of benefits relate chiefly to the external conduct of the young men; those of the second class affect the real worth and the moral strength of both sexes.

We all know very well how low, in some respects, the standard of morals is at Harvard; we know how prevalent the foul vice of licentiousness is amongst us. Perhaps not a few who read this have been guilty more than once of a breach of the moral law which commands chastity to all. In our sober moments, I believe there are none of us who do not regret the existence of such a state of things; who are not, at times, almost ashamed of their sex, that so much unholy passion and guilty indulgence is tolerated among us without meeting as severe a rebuke as it deserves. Still, the state of morals at Harvard is not, I fear, improving; vice displays itself as freely as ever; and shameful houses in Boston are in no present danger of losing their infatuated customers. Something may be said, indeed, in behalf of the young men who have thus offended. The force of the temptations to which some of us have been exposed may subtract somewhat from their guilt; but for none who have sinned can a sufficient excuse be found. Is it wished to heal this sore? Do we desire henceforth to be pure? Are we willing to give up our vice? It is the duty, and it is in the power of every one of us, to resolve to be clean from this iniquity; and there is not one among us who has not the ability to keep such a resolve. Yet I should speak falsely and deceivingly, if I allowed that there is any hope of a thorough reform in college morals, except by introdu-

cing young women among us to be fellow-students with ourselves. And would we but resort to this expedient, we should find it to prove an almost perfect remedy. The fast men, who now hardly endeavor to conceal their vice, would be constrained to discontinue their excesses, or at least to hide them carefully from the eyes of the world, and put on outwardly the garb of virtue. For who among us would not sacrifice a few moments of guilty pleasure, rather than have his vileness known by his female classmates, and his condemnation recorded in their pure hearts? Who would not rather say *nay* to the seductions of the harlot, than be subjected to the mortification of being disowned and despised by those very members of his own class upon whose esteem and respect he would set the highest value? And it is to be remembered, that in College it would be difficult to practise vice entirely in secret. If you are licentious, it will be known; and if there were young ladies among your classmates, they too would know it, and avoid you accordingly. Do not think that they would regard you with the favorable eyes of complacency after they had become acquainted with your immorality; for although the *roué* may not be excluded from the circles of fashion, although ambitious parents may seek to ally their daughters with the impure and dissolute, notwithstanding this, I cannot doubt—I believe you cannot doubt—that the uncalculating hearts of the great majority of young women, guided by the true impulses of virtuous womanhood, and strengthened in their position by the support of their sisters' influence, would scorn to receive you as a friend when your true character was known.

Neither is licentiousness the only vice which the presence of females among us would repress. Admit woman to Harvard, and we should scarcely see again the disgraceful sight of drunken students upon Class-Day; nor should we have another occasion to be ashamed of a Class-Supper, from which some of the partakers rise in all stages of intox-

ication from the silly to the sottish. The wine-cup would cease to be circulated so freely among us, and the lighted cigar would in very many cases be put out forever. And it may be hoped that the respect which we would all accord to the presence of young ladies in College would lead us not to re-enact the scenes of brutality which may be witnessed every year upon the Delta, on the evening of the Football Fight.

Thus far I have considered only the moral effect which woman's presence in our midst would have upon the external conduct of the young men in College. I desire now to exhibit the changes which would be wrought through the same means upon the real characters of both sexes,—changes which we shall find to be in no respect less beneficial than those effected in the outward deportment of the male sex alone. If we should contrast man's character with woman's, we should probably agree that the distinguishing feature of the male character is strength, and of the female, refinement and delicacy. We should probably agree further, that, unless such a tendency be checked, the man's strength is in great danger of deteriorating into coarseness and brutality, while woman's delicacy is no less exposed to the risk of degenerating into a weak and mawkish sentimentalism. Put the two sexes together in College, or elsewhere, and these tendencies are corrected. Especially among young students, whose characters are in the process of formation, and whose minds are peculiarly susceptible of changes from external circumstances, the reciprocal effects of one sex upon the other would be felt with peculiar power. Every part of the young man's character would acknowledge the refining sway of woman; there is not a single element of his nature which would not be raised and purified, and spiritualized by intercourse with her; there is not an animal passion which would not be deprived of its grossness; there is not an aspiration which would not be ennobled through the gentle but irresistible power of a true

woman's voice and heart. If, for the sake of decency, when she was introduced into our company, the young man had abandoned the vice of licentiousness, he would soon learn to abhor it when he felt the beauty and the power of his sister's purity. Had he been habituated to any other vice, he would find a fresh rebuke for his sin, and a new incentive to virtue, every time his glance rested on the innocent faces of his female classmates.

And if the young man's character was purified and ennobled by the society of woman, hers too, I believe, could not fail to be invigorated and dignified by intercourse with him. If she were weak, her weakness would be transformed to strength; every true womanly feeling would be deepened and intensified; all exaggerated sentiment would be eradicated; and the result would be a well-developed and fair-proportioned type of womanhood, which, without any loss of feminine refinement, would yet exhibit a dignity and a majesty which none could fail to admire. Do not tell me that it would be improper or indelicate to open our colleges to woman; do not pretend that her character would lose its charms by contact with our coarser natures; do not endeavor to argue that alike our own interests and hers would be best secured by our separation. God placed us in the world together for mutual help and improvement; do not attempt to amend His plan, nor blasphemously assert that you have found out a better scheme than His. Remember, too, that the same arguments by which you endeavor to prove it indelicate for the two sexes to be educated in the same college, would prove it equally inexpedient for man or woman to meet anywhere in society. If you shut woman out of College, you should also, for the sake of consistency, shut her out of the parlor and the reception-room.

Can it be that you will urge that, instead of securing by the proposed change any of the advantages which I have enumerated, we should only produce a greater evil than any which it is our wish to remedy? Will you tell us that,

instead of cleansing the young men from the stain of licentiousness which rests upon them, we should only pollute the spotless purity of our sisters; and that, by our endeavor to repress the lust which now gratifies itself only upon the fallen, we should entrap the innocent in a fatal snare, and turn the College itself into a brothel? Who is it that brings such objections? Who is it who reckons so low the moral strength of woman? I cannot believe that any one who is himself pure, whose opinion of woman's character has not been debased by an intercourse with the abandoned of her sex, will dare to throw such doubt upon her inviolable virtue. At the very commencement, indeed, of the experiment there would perhaps be danger lest some unsuspecting girl might be betrayed by the guilty arts of the seducer, and it would, no doubt, be necessary to adopt precautionary measures against such a mischance. The same danger exists in all society; but there would, I believe, be less reason to fear it in College than almost anywhere else. Public sentiment among the female portion of the college community would frown so severely upon every lapse from virtue that such a scandal would seldom, if ever, occur; and in this a safeguard would be found not less effective than the watchful eye of a parent and the protecting influences of home. Besides, every year the new system was continued would diminish the apprehended perils, and make college life more and more a life of innocence. The purifying effects of woman's presence and society would be constantly and increasingly felt, and the young men, it is to be hoped, would soon learn to despise and tame the unholy passions which many of them now so shamelessly indulge.

COLLEGE RECORD.

ODE FOR CLASS-DAY, JUNE 22, 1860.

BY WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT, OF BOSTON.

THERE 's a smile in the eye, but it lights up a tear,
As the sun sadly glows through the mist ;
Every heart yearns to heart, for the parting is near,
And we now, brothers, keep our last tryst.
From the meeting of mirth to the last sacred rite
Due to memory, — all is now o'er ;
Our last chorus has died on the echo of night,
And the old places know us no more.

Good-by to thee, mother, who ever art young,
Ever beautiful, loving, the same
To each new band of children who round thee have clung,
Or will learn to repeat thy sweet name !
When we first whispered "classmate" beneath thy roof-tree,
Each home had then yielded its boy, —
Now we take back the manhood presented by thee,
And with it a measureless joy.

For in weakness and sorrow, in struggle and doubt,
As the weary soul longs for its rest,
Then Friendship's strong voice shall recall the old shout
When we stood side by side to the test, —
The heart, all untuned, shall again catch the beat
That it throbbed with in days long before,
And the old aspiration again we shall greet
That together we thrilled with of yore.

With this faith in the past, we will welcome the new ;
Our eager thoughts press to the strife, —
Now on with your armor ! Be earnest and true !
Are we ready, O brothers, for life ?
Are we ready to strike for the right and the truth,
And failing, to strike yet again ?
Come, brothers, fill out the bright promise of youth !
Now help us, our God, to be men !

BOWDOIN PRIZE DISSERTATIONS.

The prizes for the academic year, 1859 – 60, were awarded as follows: —

Resident Graduates.

To Henry Walker Frost, of the Law School.

Senior Class.

To James Champlin Fernald, a First Prize.

To William Gardner Colburn, a Second Prize.

Junior Class.

To George Hart Mumford, a First Prize.

To James Kent Stone, a Second Prize.

BOWDOIN PRIZES FOR LATIN AND GREEK COMPOSITION

Were awarded, —

For Latin Versification.

To John Prentiss Hopkinson, of the Junior Class.

For Greek Prose.

To Henry George Spaulding, of the Senior Class.

HARVARD MATHEMATICAL PRIZES, FOR THE CLASS OF 1860.

Two equal prizes were awarded to Calvin Milton Woodward and Charles Appleton Phillips.

ELECTION OF EDITORS.

The following gentlemen have been chosen editors of this Magazine for the next collegiate year: —

From the Class of 1861, Wendell Phillips Garrison, of Boston.

“ “ “ Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., of Boston.

“ “ “ Albert Stetson, of Kingston.

From the Class of 1862, John Richard Dennett, of Woburn.

“ “ “ Mayo Williamson Hazeltine, of Belfast, Maine.

“ “ “ Charles Edward Grinnell, of Baltimore, Md.

. We have only space for a brief abstract of the recent regattas in which the boating-men of Harvard have won fresh laurels.

CHARLESTOWN REGATTA, JUNE 17.

Course, two miles.

Two College boats entered. The "Thetis" (Freshman boat), rowed by the Harvard crew; and the "Haidee" (Sophomore boat), rowed by H. H. McBurney, H. Mathes, John Reed, S. F. Emmons (Junior, supplying the place of W. Hedge), W. T. Washburn, A. Sibley.

The "Thetis" was disabled by an accident; but the "Haidee" took the first prize in 14.23.

FOURTH BEACON REGATTA, JUNE 23.

Course, three miles.

The "Thetis" entered, rowed by the Harvards, C. Crowninshield, C. M. Woodward, E. G. Abbot, W. H. Ker, H. Ropes, J. H. Wales. Took the first prize in 19.37.

SOUTH BOSTON REGATTA, JUNE 25.

Course, two miles.

The Harvard crew, in the "Harvard," took the first prize in 12.38.

BOSTON CITY REGATTA, JULY 4.

Course, three miles. Race for lapstreaks.

The "Sophomore Class Boat," rowed by H. H. McBurney, H. Mathes, S. F. Emmons, (in place of Mr. Reed,) W. Hedge, W. T. Washburn, A. Sibley, took the first prize in 19.21; and the "Thetis," rowed by C. W. Amory, J. C. Warren, E. D. Boit, H. S. Dunn, A. Lawrence, W. Greenough, took the second prize in 19.37.

Race for shells. The first prize was taken by the "Harvard" in the quickest time ever made in this country in a race, in 18.53½.

EDITORS' TABLE.

WHEN we are tired with writing, we like to relieve ourself by talking to our chum. He is a peculiar fellow, and has some queer notions. The other evening he said: "I am a Pythagorean. The old doctrine of the metempsychosis in its literal sense was only the rude outline sketch, and bore the same relation to the truth which it represented that the school-boy's figure of a man with triangular body and hands like the tip of a lightning-rod bears to the conception of humanity which inspires a Phidias or a Michael Angelo. The real metempsychosis takes place in every man's experience. The falling of Elijah's mantle is a perpetual symbol. When the king dies, the herald proclaims, 'The king is dead; — long live the king!'

"The old doctrine made the life principle of man — the $\psi\upsilon\chi\acute{\eta}$ — pass from his body after death into that of some one of a different order of existence. This conception is gross and material. The true conception makes it unnecessary that there be any such violent change as a physical death. It only requires that the directing principle in a man whereby he performs any office should pass from him into another. Were the king to abdicate, the herald need only change his phrase to 'The king is not; — long live the king!' Then, although the same physical being who had performed the functions of royalty might still exist, it would not be the same *man*, for the principle of kingship which characterized the man, has transmigrated from him to the one who now holds the sceptre. So in our lesser lives, when we are succeeded in the positions of our labor by others, we feel that a portion of ourselves has passed from us and into them."

"Yes," said we, "we had some such feeling the other night when the new corps of editors was elected."

"Don't interrupt me. The nuclear part of our humanity — τὸ ἀνθρώπειον — is not a simple thing; it is complex, like a nest of Hingham boxes. You smile at the comparison; it will serve me. Of that nest of boxes, one carries, in the pleasant June days, the luscious strawberries to market; another reposes contentedly in the garret, laden with dried sage and pennyroyal; while a third, fitted out by a loving mother's hands, with needles and thread for her sailor son, sails with him down the fierce Atlantic, round the stormy Horn, up the broad, blue Pacific to the islands of the sea, or mayhap to the dreary whaling-ground in the ice beyond Bhering's Strait.

"So our nature is a system of capacities, and our life-work is to separate these from each other, fit them out, and then transfer them to others. In the child, these capacities are fresh and untried. As he grows older he exercises them one by one, as he becomes in succession the school-boy, the college-student, the active man. But mark you, he becomes these *in succession*. To-day he ceases to be the school-boy; he has finished the training of one capacity; it has left him. He has experienced the metempsychosis. Some other child has to-day become the school-boy. So these capacities leave him, one after another. We say, that, as the man grows older, he grows thin and pale and wrinkled; it is the shrinking

of the integument as the nucleus within grows smaller and smaller. You know how hard the struggle is at the end ; how the old man clings to life. Ah, yes ! for the old man knows that what we call death, is the dismission of the last, the most cherished, of his capacities, — the capacity of *life*. But slowly and surely, despite all resistance, the last metempsychosis takes place ; the old man becomes a — *nothing* ; and some mother's heart rejoices that a child is born into the world."

We were silent for a moment, thinking, after chum ceased speaking, and when we looked up to answer him, and tell him that we could not wholly agree to his views, we found that he had gone.

CLASS-DAY, this year, was bright and beautiful, and the omens for the five-score new witnesses for her which Harvard sends forth into the world were most flattering. God speed them !

A WORD now in farewell. The present number closes the labors of the present editors. We have enjoyed the pleasures, the work, and, we may almost say, the vexations of our office. The pleasures we shall gratefully remember ; from the work we hope to reap lasting benefit ; and the vexations, if we recall them at all, it will be only to laugh at them. How we have succeeded in rendering this volume of the Magazine worthy of Harvard others must judge. We hope that our successors may be blest with a prosperous editorial year ; and for this end, we bespeak for them punctual contributors and prompt paying subscribers.

As we say Good-by, we offer the wish that the HARVARD MAGAZINE, which now closes its sixth volume, may flourish, at least until all the good wishes that its subscribers, contributors, and editors have for the prosperity of our College shall reach their fruition.

C. A. HUMPHREYS,	{	Editors for the Class of 1860,
J. T. MORSE,		
S. W. DRIVER,		
W. F. SNOW,	{	Editors for the Class of 1861.
T. H. KNOWLES,		
J. K. STONE,		

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